July 1, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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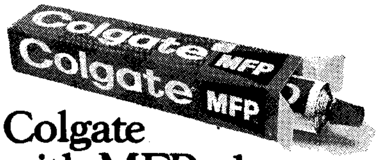

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack, Cynthia Harris, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Candide—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4. at 3.)

In the Deepest Part of Sleep—As its final production this season, the Negro Ensemble Company is presenting Charles Fuller's play about one crucial day in a household under great emotional strain. The script has its weaknesses, but the performance, under Israel Hicks's direction, is very strong. The extraordinary Mary Alice appears as a middle-aged woman on the verge of a second mental breakdown, and she is ably supported by Charles Weldon, Todd Davis, and Michele Shay, as husband, son, and trained nurse, respectively. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:40; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, July 3.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportunities. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays, except July 2, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able English actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind

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the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Friday and Saturday at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Saturday, June 29.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—The eminent lyric-writer Sammy Cahn literally strutting his stuff. He is assisted by some pleasant young singers and a good piano player. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

he World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ong Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,897 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4.). . . **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 3.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 26-28, at 8; Saturday, June 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 30, at 1 and 7.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A five-week engagement by a hundred and twenty dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 20.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Aug. 10.—Tuesday evening, July 2: "The River," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Some Times," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 3-4: "La Bayadère" (company première), "Fancy Free," and "Petrouchka.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 5, and Saturday matinée, July 6: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 6: "Apollo," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, June 26, and Friday evening, June 28: "Theatre," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 27: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 29: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 30: "Theatre," "Sephardic Song," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 30: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 2: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Sephardic Song," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 3: "Intermezzo," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 4: "Intermezzo," "The Tzaddik," "The Gods Amused," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 5: "Theatre," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 6: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Ron Carter, Frank Wess, Roland Hanna, and Ben Reilley—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute, piano, and drums, respectively. Starting Wednesday, July 3, from nine to three.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Art Farmer—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet and flugelhorn, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty (Saturday from nine). Through Saturday, June 29.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio. Thursdays and Fridays, from nine to one.

Bobby Hackett—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Trumpet, leading a quintet that includes Hank Jones, Urbie Greene, and Oliver Jackson. From nine until one, Tuesday through Saturday, July 2-6.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, with his quintet, from nine to three. Through Saturday, June 29.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, July 2.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, heading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. At ten and midnight, through Saturday, June 29.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone and vocals, respectively, with a sextet. Nightly at ten, through Sunday, June 30.

Horace Silver—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, with his quintet, from nine-thirty (Saturday from nine). Through Saturday, June 29.

Doc Watson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar and folksongs, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Sunday, June 27-30.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A long, narrow closet of a night club with uncomfortable wooden pews built to accommodate four but often seating a cramped six. Esther Phillips, whose singing has been heavily influenced by Dinah Washington, appears here through Monday, July 1. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Roy Haynes takes his young quintet in and out of some moving, if familiar, material. Through Saturday, June 29. Ted Dunbar, an able, bluesy guitarist, works with a quartet Sunday, June 30, and Tuesday, July 2. On Wednesday, July 3, a combo comprising four fine musicians—bassist Ron Carter, flutist Frank Wess, pianist Roland Hanna, and drummer Ben Reilley—begins trading solos. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Botton Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. On Wednesday, June 26, Canned Heat, a rock group specializing in California blues, alternates with another rock outfit, Kansas. Doc Watson, who is from the mountains of North Carolina, is, at fifty-one, already a legendary folk musician. He sings and stunningly flat picks a repertoire that ranges from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whiskey" to "The Sheik of Araby." Thursday through Sunday, June 27-30. Steeleye Span, a purveyor of folke-rocke—English, Irish, and Scottish ballads and songs interpreted by electric guitars—arrives to perform Tuesday through Thursday, July 2-4. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, except Tuesday through Thursday, July 2-4, when there will be just one show, at ten. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, provides the music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is one of the most agreeable spots in town: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. His sextet is exciting and talented: saxophonists Sonny Fortune and Sal Nistico, John Bunch on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and, on the congas, Jimmy Maeulin. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—West Coast pianist Calvin Jackson, leader of a thirty-one-piece symphonic jazz orchestra in California, is here by himself to collaborate with bassist Rusty Gilder Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Chuck Folds takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered on the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Alaina Reed, a capable and vivacious young performer who spends too much time programming her act rather than just simply singing, is onstage through Saturday, June 29. Beginning Tuesday, July 2, Marilyn Sokol, a promising comedienne and a passable singer, begins performing. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue. Or one can listen as a lively swing trio leaps into what amounts to a tribute to Duke Ellington. The senior member of the threesome, drummer Sonny Greer, worked with Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white metal lamps, a formica butcher-block bar and tables, and lots of cold space. Wayne Wright and Mike Moore form a guitar-bass duo that is on hand through Saturday, June 29. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Art Farmer, a very fine flugelhorn player, leads a quartet opposite composer and pianist Horace Silver's fivesome through Saturday, June 29. On Monday, July 1, Chuck Mangione, another but more eclectic flugelhorn master, brings in his quartet. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band swings along. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to three-thirty; Saturdays from nine to three; and Sundays from nine to two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist David Steinberg participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. On Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band, beginning at nine. Sundays, other musicians visit these quarters.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these cramped, humid, second-story quarters could be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. The Deadly Nightshade, a fine country trio, performs on Wednesday, June 26. The three attractive, long-haired women, who seem sturdy, strong, and pioneer-tough, sing and play standard rural instruments—fiddle, guitar, bass, washboard, and kazoo. The group, based in South Hadley, Massachusetts (a long way from Tennessee), usually plays the Amherst-Smith-Mount Holyoke circuit. Thursday through Monday, June 27-July 1, the Moogy Klingman Revue shares the dampness with the Steve Lyons Show, a mixed-media affair. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an oversolicitous wine list, this club has lately established itself as the Village comedy center. Jimmie Walker, a standup fugitive from a TV situation comedy, recites his own lines through Sunday, June 30. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Pianist Johnny Guarnieri, who worked with Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, and numerous other jazz artists of the forties, is currently leading a swing quintet—the Gramercy Five (originally a group led by Shaw that included Guarnieri)—comprising Cliff Leeman, Don Nottingham, Phil Bodner, Major Holley. Through Saturday, June 29. The impeccable Bobby Hackett will lead a quintet that includes pianist Hank Jones, drummer Oliver Jackson, and trombonist Urbie Greene for just one week—Tuesday through Saturday, July 2-6. Nine to one are the hours. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Thursday through Saturday, June 27-29, wily drummer Chico Hamilton energizes his lively young quintet. Joe Beck, a deft, tasteful guitarist, co-pilots a quartet with alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne Thursday through Saturday, July 4-6. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. The front dining room, a considerable distance from the stage, is decorated with red-checked tablecloths and is provided with speakers and a closed-circuit-television monitor, which pipes in the show that is progressing in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over, brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. The adjacent bar, comfortably fitted out with red-leather banquettes and armchairs, offers a view of the stage for patrons paying only a short visit. Singers Marta Heflin and Bruce Roberts trade sets through Saturday, June 29. On Tuesday, July 2, singer Linda Hopkins returns to present her cult-conscious program of Bessie Smith blues. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gap between shows. Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-style sets. With her small, delicate voice, she sings songs like "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," all of which convey what used to seem cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with accompaniment provided by her pianist Jimmy Lyon. At ten and midnight, through Saturday, June 29, after which the doors close for the summer.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. The lyrical alto-saxophone musings of Lee Konitz are featured here Wednesdays and Thursdays, when he works with his trio (which occasionally becomes a quartet if Chet Baker happens by with his horn). On Fridays and Saturdays, drummer Al Dreares heads up a trio. Sundays are dominated by the smooth guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Saxophonist Pharoah Sanders heads up a sextet that features singer Leon Thomas. Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer, has, since 1968, frequently worked with Thomas, who in 1960 replaced Joe Williams as Count Basie's vocalist. Currently, they share an interest in, and an uncommon capability to produce, African-rooted, intensely percussive, repetitive, incantatory music. Their songs include "Selflessness," "Love Is Everywhere," and "The Creator Has a Master Plan," with Sanders playing tenor sax, singing, or banging on a Bundt cake pan, and Thomas singing, yodelling, or playing flute. Through Sunday, June 30. On Tuesday, July 2, thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones descends the stairs with his quintet. Mondays belong to the eighteen-piece Collective Black Artists Ensemble and its vocalist, Joe Lee Wilson. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for pianist Brooks Kerr, saxophonist Russell Procope, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and vocalist Annie Hurewitz. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, an outfit led by clarinettist Art Miller, works Wednesdays. Guitarist Tiny Grimes, who, as a regular member of the Art Tatum Trio, took time off to make some of the earliest bebop recordings with Charlie Parker in 1944, leads his own trio here on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, a quartet headed by ex-Basie tenorman Paul Quinichette and ex-Illinois Jacquet trumpeter Ed Lewis takes over. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's dance threesome pulsates from seven-thirty until curfew. Additionally, Teddy Diamond provides cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty. After Saturday, June 29, no more music until the fall.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the newly refurbished **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from six to nine-thirty, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Pat Galo show is onstage at dinner and supper on the grand rooftop. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thursday, July 4. Some, as indicated, will be closed Friday, July 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

IRWIN BERMAN—Painted photosensitized canvases resulting in distorted portraits. Through Saturday, June 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Twenty-four Aubusson tapestries that felicitously reproduce the artist's expansive abstract designs in clear red, yellow, blue, white, and black. Through Saturday, June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ANTONIO R. DE TRUJILLO—Abstract paintings, heavily textured and creviced, which suggest aerial landscapes or rock formations. Through Saturday, July 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNST FUCHS—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through Friday, June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GEORGES LACOMBE (1868-1916)—Mostly black-and-colored-crayon drawings of figures and landscapes, by a member of the Nabi group. Through July 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

NATHANAEL NEUJEAN—Figurative sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, June 29. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

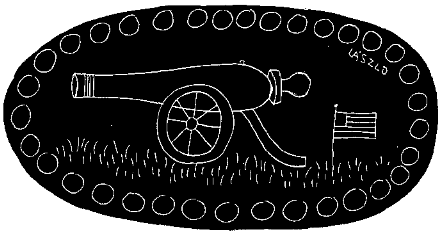
WILLIAM PEREHUDOFF—Color-field paintings of unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through Saturday, June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

T. ADDISON RICHARDS (1820-1900)—Small, idyllic landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties, based on the artist's peregrinations in the East and Southeast of this country. A number became illustrations for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for which he also wrote. Through July 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 5.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through July 10. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN SPERRY—Bronze and aluminum sculptures, mostly global shapes combined with severed sections of a tiny baby-doll figure. Through Saturday, June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, except July 2-4, from 10:30 to 5.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 12. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **ELLIOTT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions—Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through July 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ESMAN,** 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **FELDMAN,** 33 E. 74th St.: Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and other contemporaries. Through July 25. (Closed Saturdays and Wednesday through Friday, July 3-5.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Hart Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings by Wyndham Lewis, Jules Pascin, and other European and American artists. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art, American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KORNBLEE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Works in various mediums by artists who have never before shown in New York. Through Friday, June 28. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: More than a hundred and fifty paintings by Rockwell Kent, Walter Stuempfig, Kaffe Fassett, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Sports and Games," an exhibition of cartoons, watercolors, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 5, noon to 5.) . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Bailey, Camacho, Danby, and others. Through Friday, June 28.



SCULPTURE—Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, Marini, Miró, Moore, Poncet, and others. Through Saturday, June 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LYMAN KIPP / TADAAKI KUWAYAMA—Aluminum sculptures. / Paintings composed of fields of metallic color divided by thin strips of metal. Through July 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)

OSAMU SHIMODA—Geometric iron sculptures, most of them painted maroon and most appearing precariously balanced. Through Friday, June 28. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: A large benefit loan exhibition called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor." It includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Through Saturday, June 29. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, plus ceramic sculptures by Californians. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.) . . . **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painters, including Bierstadt, Sully, and Hart. Through Sept. 1. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Nathan Hale, and other gallery artists. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTURE—Contemporary examples in a wide range of mediums. Through July 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

LARRY BENNETT / GERALD MORIN—Paintings of couches and chairs. / Aluminum wall sculptures. Through Wednesday, July 3. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

WILLIAM FINNERAN / BRIAN KAZLOV / AVITAL OZ—Conceptual sculptures. / Paintings. / Sculptures. Through July 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Saturdays and Friday, July 5.)

ALAN PETERS / ROB WYNN / ARTHUR KRIM—A three-man show of collages made from postcards. Through July 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Mondays through Fridays, except July 5, noon to 5.)

JOYCE REZENDES / MISSEN HERLUF JENSEN—Paintings. / Drawings inspired by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, "Cat's Cradle." Through Saturday,

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK WHAT'S AT the KODAK GALLERY.

"Hoses, Ladders, & Men" will be at the Kodak Gallery until July 13. It's a show about the history of fire fighting, professional and volunteer fire fighters, and fire prevention. There will be historical photographs, movies, Currier & Ives prints, and three actual old-time fire engines. New York City fire fighters will be on hand to demonstrate a totally new emergency call box system. Come to the Kodak Gallery and fire your imagination.

Kodak Gallery & Photo Information Center

1133 Avenue of the Americas (at 43rd Street)
Mon: Noon — 5 p.m. Tues - Sat: 9:30 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Admission free.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Invited women artists, mostly from the New York area. Through Tuesday, July 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Minimal paintings and sculptures by eight artists. Through Saturday, June 29.... **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Friday, June 28.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. Through Saturday, June 29.... **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Abstract and realist paintings. Through Saturday, June 29.... **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: Graphics, paintings, and sculptures by a feminist coöperative called "12 Women Artists of Westchester." Through July 13. (Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7, noon to 5.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Seven painters, two sculptors, a photographer, and a weaver from a coöperative gallery in Richmond, Virginia. Through Saturday, July 6. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through July 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by de Kooning, Milton Resnick, Peter Agostini, and others. Through Friday, June 28.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Works on and of paper by four New York City artists. Through July 25. (Wednesday through Friday, June 26-28, from 9 to 5; starting next Monday, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 7.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris. Through Wednesday, July 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. The show is being held on two floors, which some viewers may be unaware of. Through Sunday, June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)... ¶ A retrospective. Through July 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Fritz Henle—Sixty-seven works by a photographer who worked for *Life*, *Mademoiselle*, *Fortune*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. Through July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Lotte Jacobi—Photographic abstractions by a seventy-eight-year-old German-born photographer known for her portraits. Through July 31. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)

Norman Lerner / Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Photographs of nudes. / Gravures of the American Indian. Through Saturday, June 29. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Fifty photographs, featuring early Photo-Secession works and aerial views of First World War battlefields. Through July 26. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of excellent and innovative work by four young photographers—John McWilliam, Chris Enos, Robbert Flick, and Steve Salmieri. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Forty-five photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like), taken between 1890 and 1906 and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection, where they are used as documents for sociology students. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Work by Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Old Masters. Through Saturday, June 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Art of the Portrait Photograph": nearly two hundred examples in an exhibition that spans the entire history of photography. Through July 19. (Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Seven photographers. Through Sunday, June 30. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Sketches, models, and enlarged photographs of twenty-two public sculptures (by Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and others), erected in New York City during the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45; Thursday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11.... ¶ Large color photographs, transferred by a heat process to cloth, by Sonia Landy Sheridan and Keith Smith. Through July 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through July 7.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This season has shown an increased acceptance of ceramic art, and the show here offers a good review of the art form as it is currently being practiced in California. The artists stem from a movement in the mid-fifties that determined to set ceramics apart from mere functionalism—the traditional approach to clay. Their work shares a lighthearted wit, which is especially suitable to the form. Examples: Beverly Kurtz-Magennes' "Landscape in House," which is just that—a house whose windows reveal the landscape *inside*—and Peter Vanderberge's "At Home Watching Saturday Night Movies," which consists of a chair in which two parsnips embrace. Of note are Marilyn Levine's "sculptures" of boots, satchels, and socks, all rendered with arresting realism. The usual inclusion of vessels, plates, and cups also occurs. Through Wednesday, July 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The eleven-foot skeleton of Jumbo is starred in a circus exhibit that includes circus posters and other Big Top memorabilia. Through Sunday, June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death), as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Thirty manuscripts by Petrarch, celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death. Through Friday, June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred or so American craft objects, on loan from collectors all over the country. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday and Friday, July 4-5, from 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Thirty-six nineteenth-century European and American paintings from the Ponce Museum, in Puerto Rico. Starts Friday, June 28. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the career of Max Reinhardt, including stage and costume designs, director promptbooks, and production photographs. Through Aug. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

ew York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An extensive exhibition devoted to Washington Irving. Among several hundred items on display are the only known portion of the manuscript of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" unpublished sketches for Irving's works by F. O. C. Darley, the mid-nineteenth-century book illustrator; and rare editions of *Salmagundi* and "The Sketch Book." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, except July 4, from 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival / New York—An abridged schedule of ten days of concerts that will be taking place in five halls and on a ferryboat. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 28, at 7:30 and 11:30: "The Musical Life of Charlie Parker," a New York Jazz Repertory Company concert, with Jay McShann, Billy Eckstine, Earl Hines, Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Phil Woods, and Charles McPherson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 1: "Music of the New Breed," with Norman Connors, Roland Hanna, Dewey Redman, and Michal Urbaniak. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8: "The Schlitz Salute to Café Society," with Josephine Baker, Dorothy Donegan, Rose Murphy, Sammy Price, the Dixie Hummingbirds, and Teddy Wilson. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8: An evening with Nina Simone. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.) . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at midnight: "A Jam Session for Duke," with Gary Burton, Art Farmer, Stan Getz, Chet Baker, Art Blakey, Vic Dickenson, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Haynes, Earl Hines, Budd Johnson, Gerry Mulligan, Jimmy Smith, Sonny Stitt, Teddy Wilson, Buddy Miles, Paul Butterfield, Jay McShann, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.) . . ¶ Sunday, June 30, at 7:30: "Solo Piano I," with Eubie Blake, Bill Evans, Johnny Guarnieri, Eddie Heywood, Jess Stacy, Dick Wellstood, Teddy Wilson, and Marian McPartland. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Sunday, June 30, at 11:30: "Solo Piano II," with Herbie Hancock, Keith Jarrett, and McCoy Tyner. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Sunday, June 30, at 7:30 and 11:30: "An Evening of Blues," with B. B. King, Bobby Blue Bland, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Sleepy John Estes, Hammy Nixon, Johnny Shines, and Linda Hopkins. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.) . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 8: "Jazz on the Hammond," with Jimmy Smith and friends, Wild Bill Davis, Charles Earland, Don Lewis, Jack McDuff, and Shirley Scott. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 9: Dancing to the music of the orchestras of Harry James, Sy Oliver, and Tito Puente. (Roseland Ballroom.) . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 7:30: Buddy Rich, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, and Harry James and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 11:30: Herbie Hancock and Donald Byrd. (Carnegie Hall.) . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 7:30: Keith Jarrett, and Gary Burton with Ralph Towner and the Chamber Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.) . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 11:30: An evening with Sarah Vaughan. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

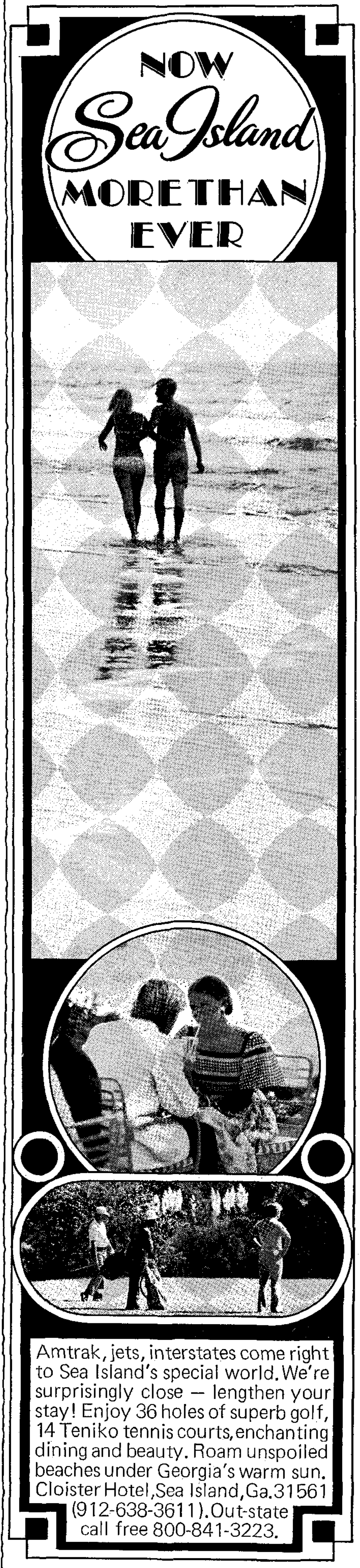
Corky Corcoran Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 30, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Edgar Winter Group (with Rick Derringer) and Robin Trower—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 28, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Friday, July 5, at 7: Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Haydn program, with Miss Lear; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Mr. Stewart; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas directing an all-Mozart program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Miss Carlson; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—A season devoted to music from Vienna. Friday, June 28, at 8:30: Margherita Hastings directing the a-cappella Mu-



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sica Reservata in a program of Renaissance and romantic music from the Empires of the two Maximillians and the Vienna of Schubert, Brahms, and Richard Strauss. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8:30: Hans Bauer conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus, with Philip Sterling, narrator. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 30, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists, with Charles Bressler, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Saturday, June 29, at 7: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet will open a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 27, with performances of "The Nutcracker" Wednesday matinée and evening, July 3; Thursday evening, July 4; and Friday and Saturday matinées and evenings, July 5-6. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2; on Wednesday, July 3, at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Tuesday through Thursday, July 2-4: Lisa Bradley and Michael Uthoff. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 5-6: Ritha Devi, Bottom of the Bucket But . . . Dance Theatre, and Helgi Tomasson and Gelsey Kirkland. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Wednesday, June 26, at 8: Kathryn Posin Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 28-29, at 8: Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 30, at 8: Trisha Brown and her group. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8: Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Auto Race—At Pocono International Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 30, at 1.

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, June 27-28, at 8:05; Saturday, June 29, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Willie Mays, Bill Mazeroski, Ron Swoboda, Ken Boyer, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, June 30, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Tuesday, July 2, at 8:05; Wednesday, July 3, at 2:15; and Thursday, July 4, at 1:15 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, July 5, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 6, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, June 26, at 2.

Fencing—National Championships—Wednesday, June 26, at 8:30 A.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 26, at 5:30 P.M.: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 27, at 8:30 A.M.: Women's foil team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 27, at 5:30 P.M.: Men's épée finals. . . . ¶ Friday, June 28, at 8:30 A.M.: Men's épée team. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 8:30 P.M.: Demonstrations of foil fencing by professional Ed Richards and Olympic champion Ion Drimba. (Hotel Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. MU 6-6000. Admission is free, except for Saturday, June 29.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Nassau County Handicap, Wednesday, June 26; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 29; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 3; the Brooklyn Handicap, Thursday, July 4; and the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 6. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 29, and the Monmouth Oaks, Thursday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 29.

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Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **historic track,** Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 1-5, at 1:30. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Thursday, July 4, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Through Saturday, June 29.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, June 27, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and other Asian works of art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 28, at 2: Chinese furniture and decorations, from a number of owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 26-27, from 10 to 5.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

The Glorious Fourth—When in the course of human events, the hundred and ninety-eighth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence comes along, a decent respect for the occasion requires dancing in the street (both square and rock, not to mention folk), pageantry, fireworks, marching bands, and so on, and that's what we'll have on Thursday, from two to ten, beginning at the South Street Seaport, radiating to nearby historic sites, and culminating in a hoedown at Battery Park. For details, call 472-1003.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **pericles,** with Randall Duk Kim, Barnard Hughes, and Marybeth Hurt. Directed by Edward Berkeley. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 21. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**van cortlandt park,** Bronx: Wednesday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Maralin Niska, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Friday, June 28, at 8:30, "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, Sándor Kónya, Gene Boucher, and James Morris; Martin Rich. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Saturday, June 29, at 8:30 (rain date, June 30), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Maralin Niska, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 2, at 8:30, "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Martin Rich. . . . **clove lakes park,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "La Bohème," with Clarice Carson, Betsy Norden, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; Jan Behr. . . . **crocheron park,** Bayside: Friday, July 5, at 8:30, "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Betsy Norden, Richard Tucker, Gene Boucher, and James Morris; Martin Rich. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Saturday, July 6, at 8:30 (rain date, July 7), "La Bohème," with Clarice Carson, Maralin Niska, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; Jan Behr.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays—except Thursday, June 27—and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Vincent Persichetti will conduct several of his own works on Friday, June 28.)

Central Park Mall—Thursday, June 27, at 8: Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a single Guggenheim Memorial Concert (waltz night) on the Mall. . . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 3:30: Roger de Magnée directing the Paris Boys Choir. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 4, at 7:30: Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Robert Sylvester, cello.

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 26, at 7: Dionne Warwicke and Barry Manilow. . . . ¶ Friday, June 28, at 7: Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, Carlos Potato Valdez and his Bata Cubano, and Joe Bataan. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 29, at 7: Mandrill and Labelle. . . . ¶ Monday, July 1, at 6:30: King Crimson and Golden Earring. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) on Wednesday, June 26, at 7:30, will be supplied by Joe Newman's septet, Sy Oliver's orchestra, and Dorothy Donegan. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **fiddler on the roof,** with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Walking Tour—"Murray Hill," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 30. It will meet at the southwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 33rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films will be shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, starting Sunday, June 30. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. San Francisco, July 7 (day). San Diego, July 8-9 (night) and July 10 (d). Montreal, July 27 (n) and July 28-29 (d). Pittsburgh, July 30 (twi-night doubleheader) and July 31 (d). Chicago, Aug. 1 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 2 (n). Cincinnati, Aug. 9 (n) and Aug. 10 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Oakland, July 12 (night), July 13 (day), and July 14 (day doubleheader). Texas, July 16 (n) and July 17 (d). Kansas City, July 18-19 (n) and July 20-21 (d). Milwaukee, July 25-26 (n). Boston, Aug. 3 (d), Aug. 4 (day doubleheader), and Aug. 5 (n). Baltimore, Aug. 6 (n) and Aug. 7 (d).

Professional Football—The opening games here of the World Football League—**wednesday, july 17:** New York Stars vs. Birmingham Americans. . . . **wednesday, july 31:** New York Stars vs. Jacksonville Sharks. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island.)

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 6-10.)

Racing—At Saratoga: July 29-Aug. 24.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. July 15-21.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: July 22-Oct. 12.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. July 13-24.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 13-20.)

Music—**avery fisher hall,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): Mostly Mozart Festival, July 22-Aug. 24. . . . **out of doors and out of town:** New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 23 and 30 and Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 31-Aug. 24.

Ballet—National Ballet of Canada, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 23-Aug. 10.

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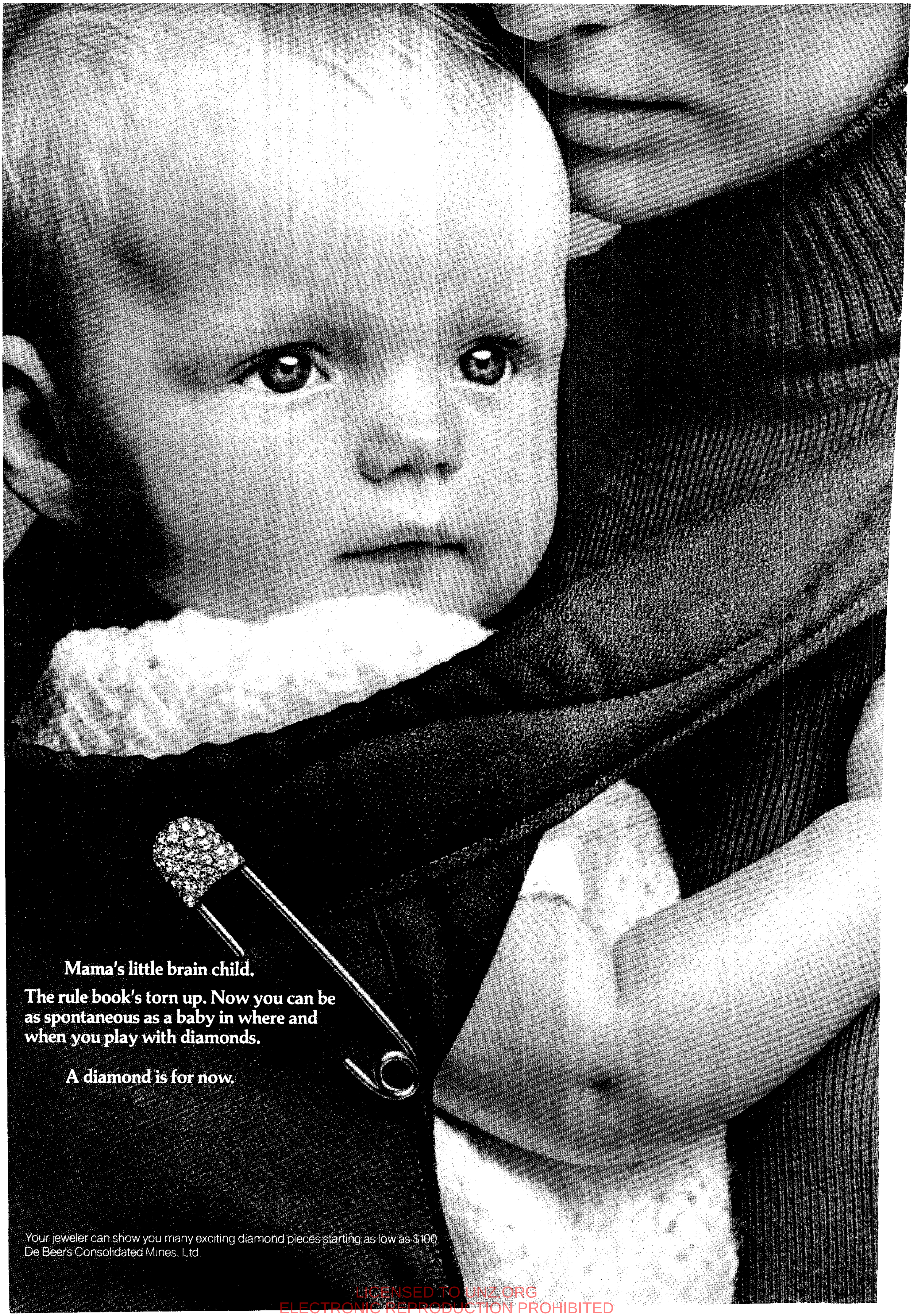
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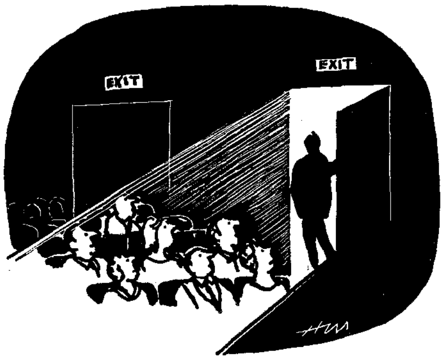
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Exorcist."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 29: "Alice in Wonderland" and "It's a Gift."
June 30-July 2: "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Inspiration."
From July 3: "Topper Returns" and "Topper Takes a Trip."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 2: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
From July 3: "Blazing Saddles" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Very Natural Thing."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Exorcist."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Groove Tube."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 27: "Wedding in Blood."
June 28: "Guys and Dolls."
June 29: "West Side Story."
June 30: "A Damsel in Distress."
July 1: "Up in Arms."
July 2: "Love Me Tonight."
July 3: "Gold Diggers of 1933."
July 4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Very Natural Thing."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Parallax View."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Through July 3: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."
From July 4: "Charulata."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 28: "The Three Musketeers."
From June 29: "S*P*Y*S."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 2: "The Gravy Train."
From July 3: "Summertime."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Terminal Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
Through July 2: "Sleeper."
From July 3: "Blazing Saddles."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 28: "The Midnight Man."
From June 29: "S*P*Y*S."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Exorcist."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"For Pete's Sake."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Three the Hard Way."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Truck Turner."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 2: "Serpico" and "Don't Look Now."
From July 3: "Jazz on a Summer's Day."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 3: "The Three Musketeers" and "Bedazzled."
From July 4: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 2: "Wedding in Blood."
From July 3: "Love and Anarchy."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 2 at one or another of the theatres: "Badlands" and "The Last of Sheila"/"Last Tango in Paris" and "A Streetcar Named Desire"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs."... ¶ Through June 29: "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII."... ¶ June 30-July 2: "Things to Come" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."
From July 3: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 26: "College."
June 27-29: "Burn!" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
June 30-July 1: "North by Northwest" and "Strangers on a Train."
July 2: "King of Hearts" and "Cartouche."
July 3: "The General."
From July 4: "The Devils" and "The Music Lovers."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 28: "Conrack."
From June 29: "S*P*Y*S."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 28: "Conrack."
From June 29: "S*P*Y*S."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Herbie Rides Again."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 2: "Robin Hood" and another feature, to be announced.
From July 3: "Alice in Wonderland."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Exorcist."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
June 26: "Tristana" and "Viridiana."
June 27: "Ten Days' Wonder" and "Le Boucher."
June 28: "A Touch of Class" and "Blume in Love."
June 29: "Camille" and "Ninotchka."
June 30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "The Emperor Jones."
July 1: "The Rain People" and "Lilith."
July 2: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "The First Circle."
July 3: "Lions Love" and "Cleo from 5 to 7."
July 4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Strawberry Blonde."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 2: "The Three Musketeers" and "The Producers." (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 26.)
From July 3: "Jazz on a Summer's Day."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 3: "Blazing Saddles."
From July 4: "The Seventh Seal" and "Ugetsu."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Exorcist."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 2: "Last Tango in Paris" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."
From July 3: "The Great Gatsby."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Claudine."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through July 2: "Bootleggers" and "The Legend of Boggy Creek."
From July 3: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 2: "Duel in the Sun" and "A Bill of Divorcement."
From July 3: "Love and Anarchy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Exorcist."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 2: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
From July 3: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Last of Sheila."

Note—A couple of specialized film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movies only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, June 28-30: "Front Page" (1931; Adolphe Menjou and Pat O'Brien) and "Stagecoach" (1939; Claire Trevor and John Wayne).... **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Twelve programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: June 27 at 5:30: "A Lion Is in the Streets" (1953), with James Cagney and Barbara Hale.... June 27 at 8: "Gun Fury" (1953), with Rock Hudson and Donna Reed.... June 28 at 2: "A Lion Is in the Streets."... June 29 at 3: "The King and Four Queens" (1956), with Clark Gable and Eleanor Parker.... June 29 at 5:30: "Esther and the King" (1960), with Joan Collins and Richard Egan.... June 30 at 5:30: "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw" (1958), with Kenneth More and Jayne Mansfield.... July 1 at 2: "The King and Four Queens."... July 1 at 5:30: "Battle Cry" (1955), with Van Heflin and Aldo Ray.... July 2 at 5:30: "The Tall Men" (1955), with Clark Gable and Jane Russell.... July 3 at 2: "Esther and the King."... July 4 at 5:30: "Band of Angels" (1951), with Clark Gable and Yvonne De Carlo.... July 4 at 8: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" (1956), with Jane Russell and Richard Egan.... ¶ Other, non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period are: June 26 at 5:30: "The Unholy Three" (1925), directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Mae Busch.... June 28 at 5:30 and June 29 at noon: "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Henry B. Walthall, Blanche Sweet, and Mae Marsh.... June 30 at 12:30 and 3: "Monkey Business" (1931), directed by Norman McLeod, with the Marx Brothers....

July 2 at 2 and July 3 at 5:30: "The Unholy Three" (1930), directed by Jack Conway, with Lon Chaney and Lila Lee. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 26: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ June 27: "A Life of Her Own" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Lana Turner and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ June 28: "Run for Cover" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Cagney and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ June 29: "Deception" (1946), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis and Paul Henreid. . . . ¶ June 30: "The Great Lie" (1941), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis and George Brent. . . . ¶ July 3: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck. . . . ¶ July 4: "Night Nurse" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with Barbara Stanwyck and Clark Gable. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 29.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Festival; starting July 3.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

Badlands—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a killing spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Reviewed in these pages 3/18/74.) (Quad Cinema; through July 2.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through July 2.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (5th Ave. Cinema; through July 3.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—It always creaked of classy, overcivilized theatre; it's based on a play by Clemence Dane about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insolated style all too appropriate to the vehicle; with David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (New Yorker; through July 2.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 2. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through July 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting July 3.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clod-hopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Bootleggers—With Paul Koslo, directed by Charles Pierce. (Loews 83rd St.; through July 2.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Elgin; June 27-29.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin; July 2.)

Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting July 4.)

Chinatown—With Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway, directed by Roman Polanski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a strong final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts, and Beacon.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Elgin; June 26.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (23rd St. Cinema, and Guild; through June 28.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best; debonair songs, dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Plaza; June 30.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; starting July 4.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through July 2.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wagnerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (New Yorker; through July 2.)

he Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

e Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Art, Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, Regency, and Symphony.)

e First Circle (1973)—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. Because the Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors spoke in accented English, nonaccented voices have been dubbed in for them. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (1/20/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

r Pete's Sake—With Barbra Streisand, directed by Peter Yates. (Columbia II, and Loews Orpheum.)

Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself; stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Elgin; July 3.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Plaza; July 3.)

The Gravy Train—With Stacy Keach and Frederic Forrest, directed by Jack Starrett. (Beekman; through July 2.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 3.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (Eastside Cinema.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—In this reworking of the stage success, Damon Runyon's lovable mugs are permitted to talk a good deal too much, but the songs of Frank Loesser help to compensate for the loquacity. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine have a fine time carolling the musical numbers; Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons, the other two most conspicuous in the cast, are a little uneasy when they burst into song. (Plaza; June 28.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Barry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Music Hall.)

Inspiration (1931)—Garbo and Robert Montgomery, directed by Clarence Brown, in a bad-to-middling version of Daudet's "Sapho." Nothing much here but Garbo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30-July 2.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a fine irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 29.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—A documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials. (8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount; starting July 3.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 2.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably accessible, paradoxically, to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (6/23/73) (Quad Cinema; through July 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 3.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through July 2.)

The Legend of Boggy Creek (1973)—Directed by Charles Pierce. (Loews 83rd St.; through July 2.)

Lilith (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie di-

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rectors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; through July 3. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting July 4.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; unfortunately, a cut version has been scheduled here. The cutting (thirty-four minutes are omitted) seriously damages the play's structure and removes many of Robards' crucial scenes. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Greenwich, and New Yorker; starting July 3.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Plaza; July 2.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance, inappropriate sexual longings clownishly dealt with, small boys' voyeurism, financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse, and an intense sense of the class system. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Little Carnegie.)

The Midnight Man—With Burt Lancaster and Susan Clark, directed by Roland Kibbee and Mr. Lancaster. (Juliet 1; through June 28.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; starting July 4.)

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Elgin; June 30-July 1.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers was a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest: the one who cracks up is out. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema I.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Quad Cinema; through June 29.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Paramount; through July 2. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 26.)

The Rain People (1969)—Francis Ford Coppola's movie got almost no promotion and the story didn't sound appealing: people aren't much drawn to a story about a pregnant woman (Shirley Knight) who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). But there's a prodigious amount of talent in this unusual, little-seen film. With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop whom Knight tries to seduce along her unmerry way. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Festival; through July 2.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Quad Cinema; through June 29.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through July 2.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; starting July 4.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through July 2.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Columbia I, Juliet 1, 23rd St. Cinema, and Guild; starting June 29.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and U. A. East.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's liveliest American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Elgin; June 30-July 1.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Quad Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; through July 2.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. Directed by David Lean. (Beekman; starting July 3.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Elgin; June 27-29.)

Ten Days' Wonder (1972)—A chic thriller by Claude Chabrol (his first film made directly into English), of fairly unfathomable idiocy and sacrilegious pretensions. Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles have to deal with some quite amazingly dumb lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

The Terminal Man—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (Loews Tower East.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M waters regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; June 30-July 2.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I; through June 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; through July 2. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 26. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; through July 3.)

Three the Hard Way—With Jim Brown, Jim Kelly, and Fred Williamson, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Cine.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot—Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis as a quartet of thieves. Written and directed by Michael Cimino. (Juliet 2.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—A sequel to "Topper," but this time Cary Grant has vanished altogether (except in the introductory footage lifted from the first film). Constance Bennett, as the ectoplasmic Marion Kirby, and Roland Young, as Topper, are still around, however, and the film, though talky and overextended, is generally bright. Topper goes to Paris for a divorce, and Marion follows him; the action takes place mostly in a Riviera hotel. As before, Norman Z. McLeod is the director, and Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray are on hand. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 3.)

Topper Returns (1941)—The third in the vaporish series doesn't have the style or wit of the first two; it's a standard mystery with spooky trimmings, mostly set in an old mansion, with hands in the dark, sliding panels, and trapdoors. Constance Bennett is gone, and the heroine is Joan Blondell; she's a blessing, as always, but she doesn't have much help from the plot. Stabbed to death, she reappears as a facetious phantom who expects Topper (Roland Young again, looking tired) to find her killer. Roy Del Ruth directed; the cast includes Billie Burke (still Mrs. Topper), Carole Landis, Eddie Anderson (as an all-too-easily-scared chauffeur), and bulldog-jawed Donald MacBride, as a choleric policeman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 3.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Quad Cinema; June 30-July 2.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Truck Turner—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through July 2.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; starting July 4.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Plaza; July 1.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Wedding in Blood—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Plaza; through June 27. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 2.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Plaza; June 29.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30-July 2.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Plaza, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

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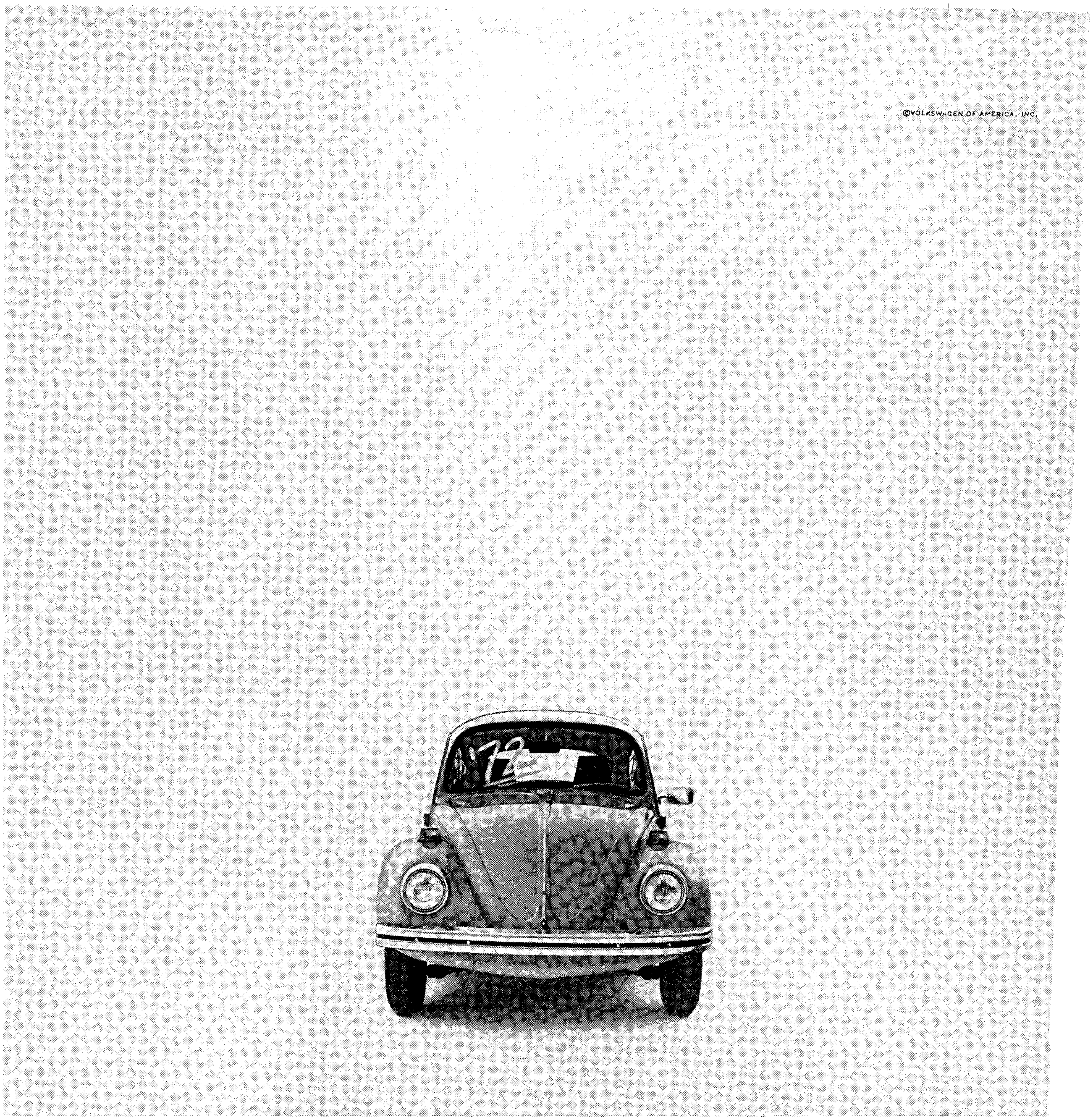

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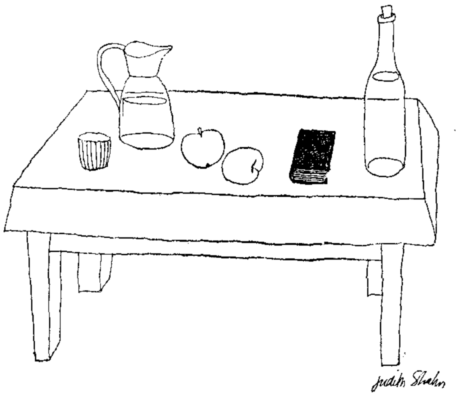
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JUST about everything that is happening in Washington these days is of such startling strangeness that it seems to be happening for the first time anywhere. Now the White House has hit upon still another unheard-of tactic in the President's defense strategy. It is to beat the public senseless with more news of Presidential wrongdoing than it can endure. The President's release of his transcripts is a case in point. Recently, two White House aides spelled out the new White House thinking for Philip Shabecoff, of the *Times*. After it had been made known that the President had been named unanimously by a grand jury as an unindicted co-conspirator in the Watergate coverup, and after the President had sent off his letter defying the House Judiciary Committee's subpoena of more tapes, Raymond Price, a speechwriter for the President, said, "These recent disclosures are not damaging," and added, apparently approvingly, that the public was now "anesthetized." Operation Candor had given way to Operation Anesthesia. Ken W. Clawson, the President's communications director, observed that "the impact isn't there anymore," and he explained, "Last fall, we used to talk about what the next bombshell would be. But now there aren't any more bombshells." If there aren't, the reason, of course, is not that no more bombs are being dropped but that the public's sensibilities have been bombed out. In the new White House strategy, everything that once hurt the President can now be used to help him. Revelations that were once damaging serve only to promote the supposed public unconsciousness on which the White House is now relying as the President's best protection. (Recent polls, however, seem to show that the unconsciousness is to be found more in the Congress than in the country at large.) What stands between the President and impeachment is not a scarcity of evidence but a mountainous superfluity of it. The evidence is all around us, in the wreckage of our institutions as well as in the Judiciary Committee's thirty-six volumes. The evidence is so pervasive that many of us can barely remember what innocence is. It is as though we had too much evidence to convict, and had been condemned to eternal impeachment. Once, the bombshells harmed the President's cause. For the moment, it seems that the more wrong he does, the safer he becomes.

NOT long ago, it was reported that the Democratic Party, by making a show of opposition to calls for the President's resignation which had come from within the Republican Party, was trying to use the issue of impeachment for political advantage. Now, as the House Judiciary Committee moves toward a vote on whether or not to recommend articles of impeachment to the full House, there have been reports that some of the Republicans on the Committee may, for political reasons of their own, vote against any articles of impeachment. If all these reports are correct, it means that both parties are maneuvering around the issue of impeachment purely for short-term political gain. There is another school of thought in the matter, however. It holds that the members of the House Judiciary Committee will rise above petty political interest, because they know that the eye of history is on them. According to this school, the members will reflect that whereas everything they have done as representatives so far is likely to be forgotten, this one vote will surely be remembered. And since on this single occasion the spotlight of history will penetrate the convenient obscurity in which representatives normally act, the committee members will be on their best behavior. This school of thought, no less than the school holding that the vote will reflect political calculation, belittles the members of the Judiciary Committee. "History," in this connection, is nothing more than the future's image of the present. By invoking the judgment of history—a judgment that, in any case, is unknowable to us—we rely on a deferred form of public relations in which the images are merely more lasting than contemporary images. In doing so, we pass the buck to the future. We mentally remove ourselves to a point outside the corrupt present, as though by this operation we could gain access to a fund of wisdom unavailable to us in our time and could use the future to gain moral leverage on the politicians of the present. But in performing this trick we overlook the fact that the representatives in our era have mental and moral equipment, too. The men and women of the House Judiciary Committee, who will have to cast the first votes on the question of impeachment, have minds and consciences of their own to consult, and need not try to peer into unwritten history books. The evidence is spread out before them, the vastness of the stakes is inescapably plain, and the decision is theirs—to be made not in remote periods by persons unknown but here and now by the thirty-eight members of the Judiciary Committee.



Contact

WE went to the Kaufmann Auditorium of the Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. the other evening to listen to Robert Heinlein talk about writing. At the age of sixty-six, Heinlein is probably more responsible than any other man for the curious development of modern science fiction—a literature of ideas expressed in pulp-magazine prose. He was trained in two of the toughest schools imaginable—the United States Naval Academy, in Annapolis, and the penny-a-word magazine market of the nineteen-forties and fifties. He made his name as a science-fiction writer with vigorous stories about the impact of futuristic technology—rocket ships, nuclear weapons, time travel—on society. He speculated fearlessly about revolutions in economics, politics, and warmaking. But his stories, like most science fiction of the time, were virtually sexless; his characters seemed to care more for their machines than for each other. In the nineteen-sixties, however, a new wave of younger writers introduced sex to science fiction, and Heinlein, the dean of the old wave, more than kept pace. Consider the plots of his last three major novels. "Stranger in a Strange Land" (1961) is about a young man born of Earth parents but raised by Martians, who teach him many outré things, including a taste for group lovemaking and the ability to *grok*, which is to have a kind of instant, nonverbal grasp of reality. "Stranger" was eventually adopted as a cult book by a generation of young people whose experiments with drugs had led them to believe they could *grok* long before they heard the word. Then, in 1970, Heinlein wrote "I Will Fear No Evil," in which a rich old man has his brain transplanted into the body of a beautiful young woman and learns all about love from the other side. Heinlein's most recent novel, "Time Enough for Love" (1973), is about a man named Lazarus Long who lives for thousands of years, gets bored, has himself sent back in time to the Kansas City of 1916, meets his own mother, and has a passionate affair with her. Heinlein's treatment of this ancient theme is no more pornographic than Sophocles'; in fact, the real hero of the book is not Lazarus Long but the human germ plasm, which takes any available path to fulfill its built-in program for survival. "Time Enough for Love" is six hundred and five pages long, and it reads as if Heinlein had set down on paper every idea he ever had about society and technology, and then had dared the reader to disagree with him.

The audience that gathered in the Kaufmann Auditorium was predominantly college age, long-haired, and bluejeaned, and it had obviously come not to disagree but to worship. Some of them had been reading Heinlein since they were ten years old. But if his more recent novels had led them to expect an elderly mirror image of themselves—a gray-bearded guru in love beads—they soon realized their mistake. Heinlein, who lives in northern California, arrived onstage in a black tuxedo and fancy dress shirt. The sparse hair around his ears was clipped short, and he was sporting a neat, pencil-thin black mustache in the style of the early Ronald Colman. Standing behind the lectern, he looked exactly like what he is: a retired naval officer with a background in engineering. And instead of talking about the provocative ideas in his recent books he chose to talk about the five rules of successful writing he had learned back in the old days when he almost single-handedly filled issue after issue of pulp magazines like *Astounding Science Fiction*. The five rules, he said, are: "You must write, you must finish what you write, you must place it on the market, you must not rewrite it (unless an editor guarantees to buy the rewrite), and you must leave it on the market until it sells." By following these rules, Heinlein has produced thirty-eight books, which, in all their trade editions, fill a bookcase in his house four feet wide and eleven feet high. Heinlein said that his working habits were quite simple. He writes fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, until a book is finished. He also keeps a log of his working time; the shortest time he ever spent on a trade book was thirteen days, the longest time was a hundred and eight days. Dialogue is no problem. "Once I hear the voices of my characters, I just take down what they're saying," he explained.

In the question period after his talk, several people in the audience tried to get him to discuss his own fiction. Someone asked him why in the nineteen-sixties he had suddenly started writing so freely about sex, and he said, "Because there was no market for sex in science fiction before then." When someone asked him what the most important influence on his career had been, he replied, without hesitation, "Money!" And when someone asked him whether he wrote with a specific "ideal reader" in mind, he said, "A writer is like a beggar with a bowl. No one *has* to read fiction. A man can always spend his spare cash on beer. The reader I have in mind is someone who bought my book instead of a six-pack of beer. My purpose is to be entertaining enough to get him to do it again."

The audience did not seem at all alienated by Heinlein's Portrait of the Writer as a Grub Street Hack. When he was done, a large crowd gathered around him, waving copies of his books to be autographed. For nearly an hour, Heinlein graciously obliged all comers. Watching the scene, we were reminded of a classic theme of science fiction—the "first contact" between Earthmen and another race of intelligent beings somewhere in interstellar space. The other beings may look like giant spiders or blobs of mucus, but it turns out that they think we look pretty funny, too.

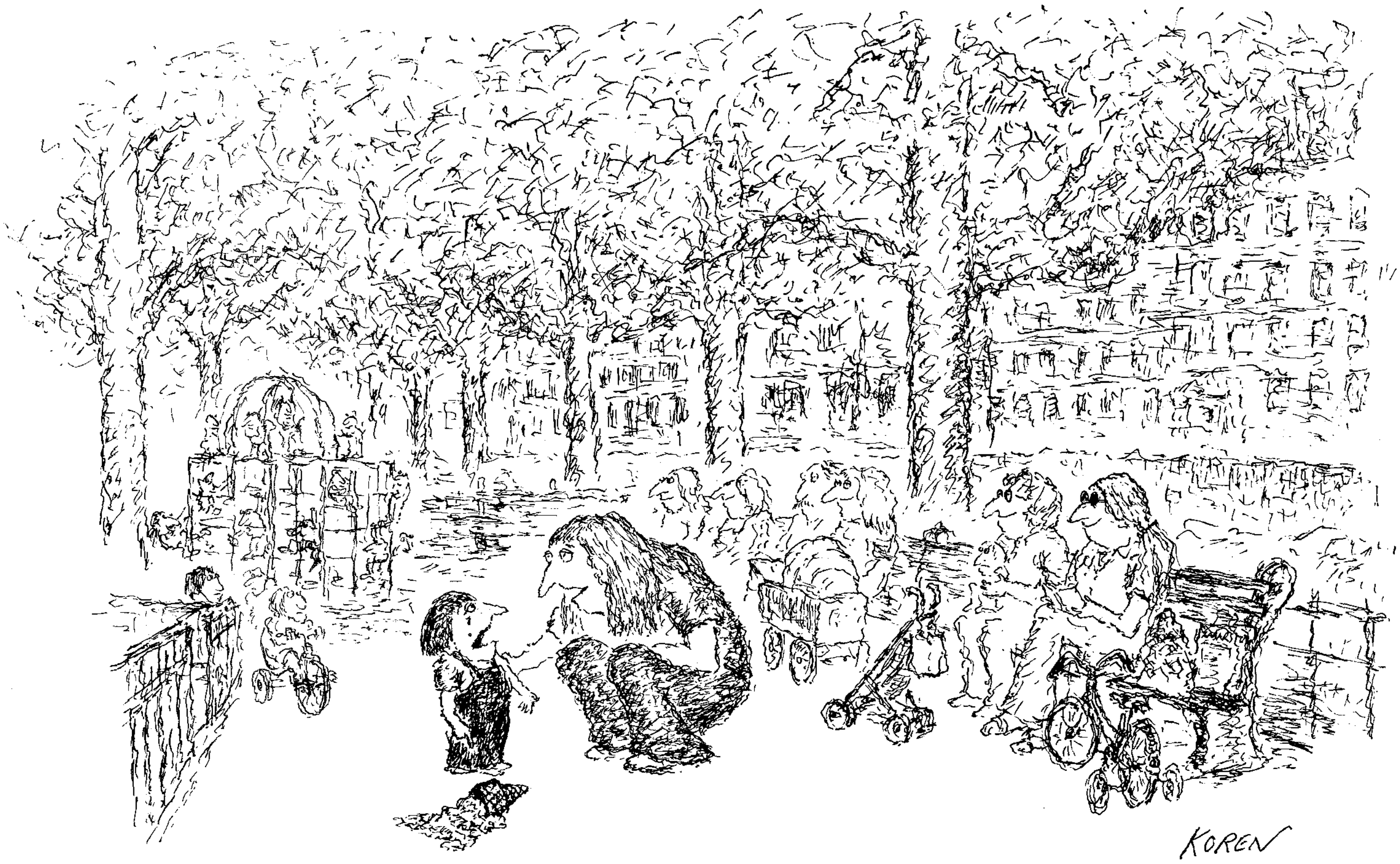
On the Patricia Moran

THE Moran Towing & Transportation Company operates a fleet of from twelve to twenty (depending on the traffic) tugboats in New York Harbor, and Jeff Blinn, editor of the Moran in-house publication *Tow Line*, says that the ninety-nine-foot, thirty-five-hundred-horsepower seagoing tug Patricia Moran is the prettiest boat the firm has. We had lunch on the Patricia Moran the other day, and she sure has beautiful lines. The occasion was a "luncheon cruise" up and down the Hudson sponsored by the Theatre Guild and Holland America Cruises to announce, well in advance and so there might be no mistake about it, the Theatre-at-Sea Cruise (on the S.S. Rotterdam and not on a tugboat) next April, featuring Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, Melba Moore, Morris Carnovsky, and Dick Shawn.

All the stars came along for the ride, although Dick Shawn was late and we almost left without him. Before casting off, we stood around on the afterdeck and talked with Melba Moore about the possibility of seasickness. When the tug's twin screws started with a roar, Melba threw her hands in the air and shouted, "Now the fun begin!" Once out on the river, however, we found the ride so smooth that we could leave our iced white wine on the gunwale without fear of losing it overboard.

It was hot on the Hudson; we changed our coat and tie for an S.S. Rotterdam T-shirt and soaked up some rays, while Miss Gish reclined under a blue parasol. Dick Shawn's hair looked marvellous, and we talked to him about Mel Brooks movies. " 'The Producers' was fabulous," said Shawn, "but 'Blazing Saddles' was just a conglomeration. 'Blazing Saddles' was like 'Son of Humor.' "

Cyril Ritchard said, "Last year, I went to England after being away for a long time. My brother drove me in from the airport—it was a Sunday—and I started by saying, 'Ahh, it's so



"Do you want to talk about it?"

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good to be back in England, it's so peaceful and green.' Then I pointed out the car window and said, 'Look—how lovely. There's still cricket on the village green.' My brother turned around and said, 'That's a *cemetery*.' "

Sardi's catered the affair, and while Sardi's slightly seasick maître d', Martin—he was wearing striped pants and a black jacket—readied up lunch in front of the main bitts, behind the deckhouse, we went forward and met the crew. Walter Anglim, a deckhand, told us that the water in New York Harbor is cleaner now than it was twenty years ago. A seagull caught a fish off the port bow, and someone said, "That damn thing just caught a fish!"

"There's lots of fish around now," said Anglim. "I heard that bluefish have been sighted in the East River."

In the wheelhouse, Mate Ralph Merrill told us a story about the time he and his friend Fred Dezendorf went to a downtown restaurant and sat at a Moran Company table, which had big "M"s on the napkins and tablecloth. "These three Wall Street guys came in and saw us sitting there," said Merrill, "and this one Wall Street guy says to another one, 'How come they get that table with the "M"s on it?' So the other guy says to him, 'That's the Moran Tugboat Company table. You know, those tugboats cost one million dollars apiece.' So then the other Wall Street guy says, 'Well, if I had one million dollars I wouldn't buy no tugboat.' "

We noticed an entry in the boat's log, "Grub for Observer $3.90," and asked who the Observer was. "*He's* the Observer," said Captain and Pilot Arthur Biagi, pointing to a young man sitting between us on the chart box. "He's like an apprentice."

"When will you be able to steer the ship yourself?" we asked the young man, Kenneth Poesl.

"You can roughly say he'll be steering a boat any day now," said Mate Merrill. "He's very qualified. You can take that from the captain and myself." Kenneth Poesl looked embarrassed but pleased.

The Statue of Liberty now lay quite close off our starboard bow. From the statue's brow came the flash of a tourist's camera.

Back aft at the festivities, we found that everybody had finished eating. Martin gave us a plate anyway, but we only picked at our food. It tasted slightly down-in-the-mouth to us. Walter Anglim had mentioned that the crew had had ham for lunch, so we went to the messroom and asked the cook, Al Ruffini, a former chef at the Deepdale Golf Club, if they had any left over. He produced baked Virginia ham with raisin sauce and macaroni and cheese.

"How do you like it?" asked Al Ruffini.

"Delicious," we said.

Two Gatherings

AT ten o'clock one recent Tuesday morning, ten employees of WABC, the most assertive radio station in New York, gathered in the office of Rick Sklar, WABC's director of operations, to talk about their playlist. The playlist of WABC, an important document that enumerates the few records that WABC disc jockeys are allowed to play on the air, is discussed *every* Tuesday, and it is taken quite seriously not only by Mr. Sklar and his associates but also by promotion men and others in the music business who want to sell records. ("When a record goes on WABC," says a man at Warner Brothers Records, "we sell a hundred thousand copies *more*, which is to say that if a record *doesn't* go on WABC, we sell a hundred thousand copies *less*.") It is a fact that while guest lists have grown easier to crack during the last few years, playlists have grown more rigidly exclusive, and there can be few hostesses in New York whose decisions to include and exclude are as much worried over as WABC's.

Mr. Sklar is a businesslike man of forty-two with brown hair, a pleasant but unextravagant smile, and a manner that encourages frankness (of the businesslike sort) and discourages nonsense. Mr. Sklar sometimes wears a Pierre Cardin summer suit. Week after week, he determines which proven-hit records will be rewarded with the airplay he controls. Rick Sklar respects statistics—ratings, chart listings, sales reports—and is quick to spot weakness. He is reluctant to play a proven hit with a serious flaw—a record, for instance, with a high position on the trade-magazine charts but unimpressive sales in New York—and he wouldn't think of considering an unproven record of any kind. As a listmaker, Mr. Sklar is in the Caroline Astor mold. With a deep respect for bank account and pedigree, he leaves the "interesting" and the "new" to others.

Meeting in Mr. Sklar's office (white walls, blue couch, chairs in strong primary colors) were Glenn Morgan, who is program director of WABC (a job Mr. Sklar held for many years); Cliff Love, manager of community relations at WABC; Bob Biernacki, sales manager; Jacquie Grudman, audience research director; Cousin Bruce Morrow, the fabled disc jockey; Sonia Jones, who does research on record performance; Johnny Donovan and Harry Harrison, disc jockeys; Pat Pantonini, promotion director; and Lynn Lotkowictz, Rick Sklar's secretary. Everyone present was holding a two-page document drawn up by Sonia Jones. On the first page of this document was a list of the records—twenty of them—that were then being played on WABC, together with a list of seven records that had been recently removed from the playlist and sent to the library for play at a later date as "oldies." The list of library records was placed on the page between the first fourteen records on the current playlist and the last six records, which made these last six records seem just slightly vulnerable. To the left of each of the twenty records on the current playlist were numbers in four columns which indicated each record's performance on four charts—the charts in *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, and *Record World*, and the chart that WABC draws up itself, reflecting retail sales at fifty important stores in the New York area. The second page of Miss Jones's document was given over to this last chart, which WABC calls the MUSICRADIO SURVEY. In addition to Miss Jones's document, Rick Sklar had in front of him two stacks of 45-r.p.m. records, both small. One stack comprised those records selling *very* heavily in the New York area (according to the MUSICRADIO SURVEY) which WABC had not yet played on the air. The other stack (even smaller) comprised the records designated as No. 1 pick hits of the week by *Billboard*, *Record World*, and *Cash Box*. Before he played any records, Mr. Sklar reviewed the records on the current playlist. "Let's see what might be dropped," he said.

"I didn't say 'Marge called,' I said 'margin call.' Who is Marge?"

There was a discussion of the No. 1 record of that week—"The Streak," a comedy record by Ray Stevens. For certain records very high up on the charts, WABC uses a timer, like a kitchen timer, which, when it goes off, cues the disc jockey to play the record. Johnny Donovan said that the timer for "The Streak," then set to go off every ninety-five minutes, should be set at a hundred and twenty-five. Cousin Brucie agreed. "When that comedy wears off, we could have a tune-out problem," Cousin Brucie said. Harry Harrison, whose WABC program is on in the early morning (when people on their way to work listen to the radio for a short time but expect, nevertheless, to hear their favorite record), opposed any change from ninety-five minutes, so as not to deprive his morning listeners of hearing "The Streak" enough. Rick Sklar decided the issue by determining that "The Streak" should be played every one hundred and five minutes instead of every ninety-five minutes. He said that Harry Harrison could, however, play it more often if he wanted to.

Rick Sklar went quickly through the list until he got to the tenth record—"Dancing Machine," by the Jackson Five. He noted that "Dancing Machine" had dropped to No. 32 in *Cash Box* but was still No. 6 in *Billboard*. "Why is *Cash Box* dropping it so fast?" he asked. But "Dancing Machine" stayed on the playlist. No. 15—"Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing," by Stevie Wonder—caused him to frown. He looked at the figures. He called for a vote in the room. The room voted to drop the record from the playlist. "The record isn't a giant," Rick Sklar said. "Drop it." Votes were taken on the other records at the bottom of the list. "I'm Coming Home," by the Spinners, was given the benefit of the doubt, because it had been on for only a week, so that airplay had not yet had a chance to affect sales. "Haven't Got Time for the Pain," by Carly Simon, showed a "good pattern" and stayed. Rick Sklar expressed some doubt about "Save the Last Dance for Me," by the DeFranco Family, because it had lost its rating as a "Star Performer" ("greatest upward movement") in *Billboard*. Lynn Lotkowictz did a little electioneering before the vote. "I love it," she said. "Keep it." The record stayed.

Then Rick Sklar played records from the two small stacks. He played two seconds of the first record, "Hollywood Swinging," looked at its chart positioning (which was very strong), and took it off the turntable. "It's got the numbers; let's give it a shot," he said. Then he played a record by Gladys Knight and the Pips. No one in the room responded to it. Lynn Lotkowictz made a little face. "That's the 'Midnight Train to Newark,' " Cousin Brucie said. Then Rick Sklar played a song by the Righteous Brothers called "Rock and Roll Heaven." The Righteous Brothers, recently reunited, are two white men who make elaborately produced records with a "soul influence." "Rock and Roll Heaven" had a super-produced (if slightly outdated) soul influence you just couldn't miss, and no one in Rick Sklar's office did miss it. Rick Sklar himself pounded out the beat on his desk, and it wasn't really necessary to take a vote. "He likes it!" Johnny Donovan said. Then Mr. Sklar played a record by the Hollies that had, he said, "big numbers nationally," and it went on the list. "It's very pretty," Rick Sklar said.

"It develops, too," said Johnny Donovan.

"It's a summer thing," said Cousin Brucie.

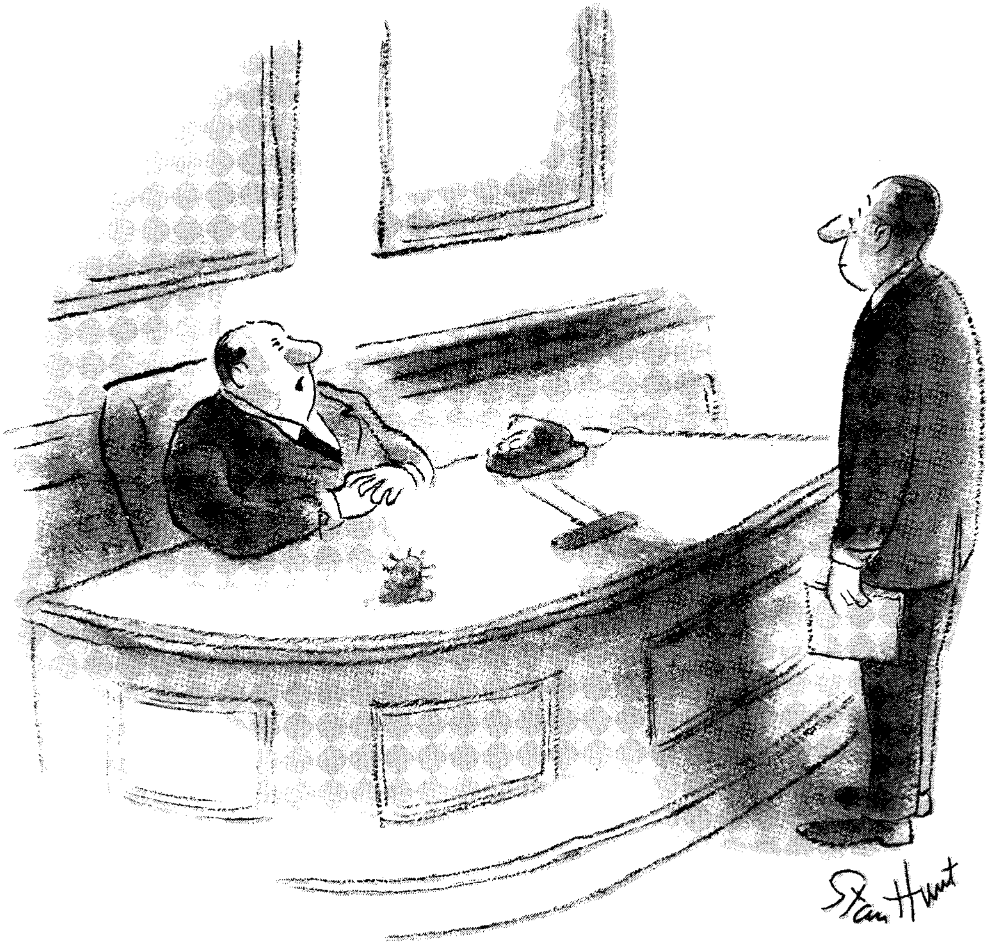
A record by the Ozark Mountain Daredevils was rejected. "Send it to our affiliate in the Ozarks," said Cousin Brucie. Records by Blue Magic and Cher were rejected. Then the "picks" from the trade magazines were played. A record by Elton John was rejected. "Does it ever get going?" Rick Sklar asked. "It's bad when you pray for a scratch or something," Cousin Brucie said. Then a record by Chicago was rejected, and another—"Annie's Song," by John Denver, left over from the *first* stack—was played again. Some people thought it was "too nice," and said so, but Cousin Brucie threw his support behind it and it got in.

Then about a dozen grade-school children walked by Mr. Sklar's office.

"Where are they from?" asked Rick Sklar.

"They're from Joyce Kilmer Elementary School, in New Jersey," Mr. Pantonini (the promotion director) said.

Rick Sklar, smiling, called to the children. "You can look in here. This is where we're picking the music!"


Stan Hunt

"We do live in a democracy, Perkins, but here we operate under an authoritarian regime."

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THERE was a party for The Who, a ten-year-old English rock group, at the Manhattan Center one night last week. There were some things about the Who party we liked, and some things we liked less. The alert reader will (without benefit of further clues) be able to tell *what we liked* from *what we liked less*. At the Who party we found:

(1) A fire-eater who spilled flammable oil all over the dance floor.

(2) A well-known disc jockey in multicolored trousers.

(3) A chimpanzee on roller skates.

(4) Eight hundred fellow-guests, some of them unable to dance.

(5) Suckling pig on paper plates.

(6) A magician who cut a rope into little tiny pieces.

(7) Unnerving elevators.

(8) Alarming staircases.

(9) An ancient upper balcony.

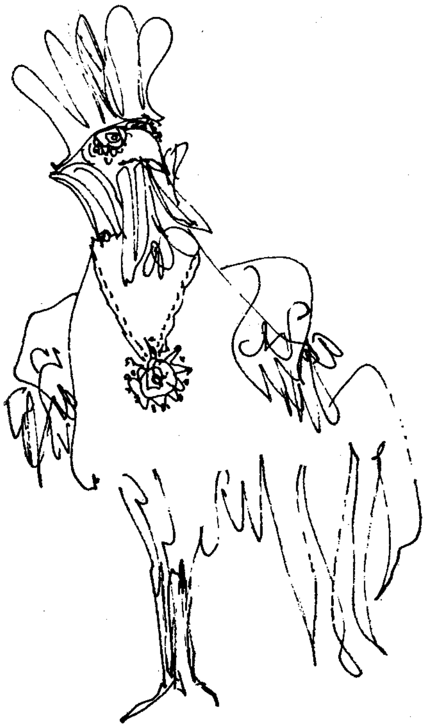
(10) An early-morning roller derby: the New York Chiefs pitted against the Los Angeles Thunderbirds.

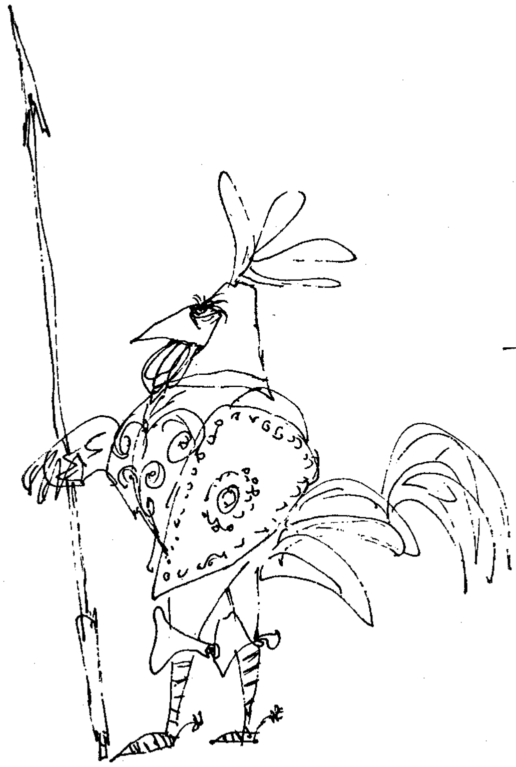
(11) Yacht-Club, an aged pinball machine with no flippers and a proper hyphen between "yacht" and "club." One replay for sixty-one thousand points.

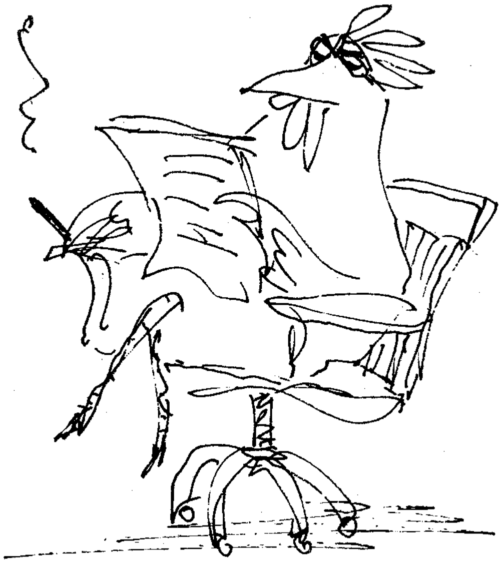
(12) The Ronettes. (Surprise clue: We liked the Ronettes. Ronnie Spector, lead singer, wore a tough blue jumpsuit made out of tough blue lace. She kept a come-hither pout on her face for forty-five minutes straight. She sang "Good Morning Heartache" with a come-hither pout. Would Billie Holiday approve? What about Diana Ross?)

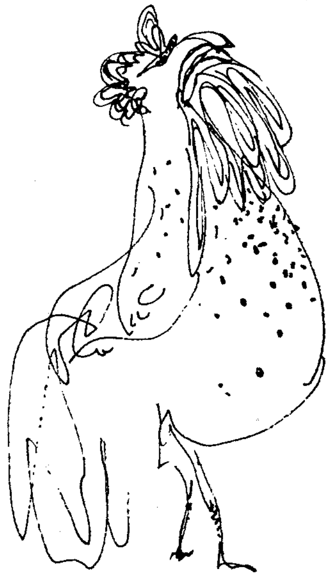
(13) Huntington Hartford.

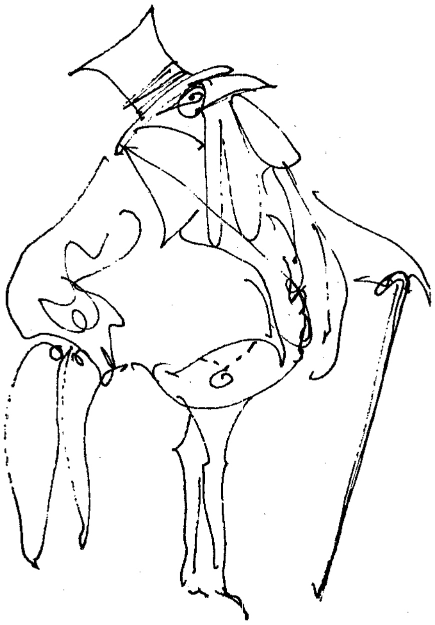
COCK~A~DOODLE

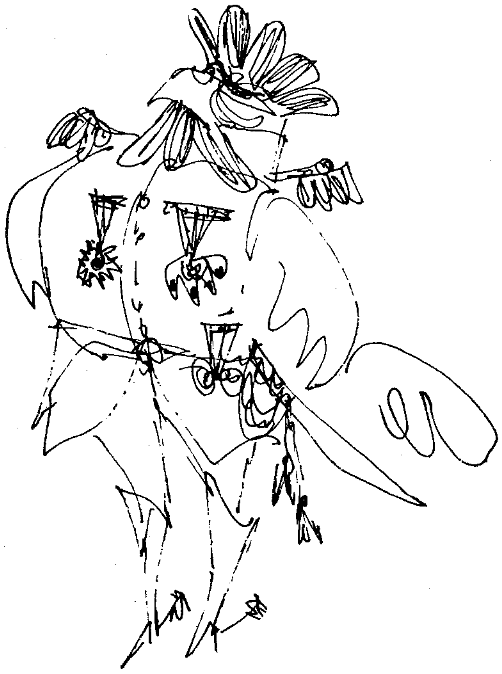


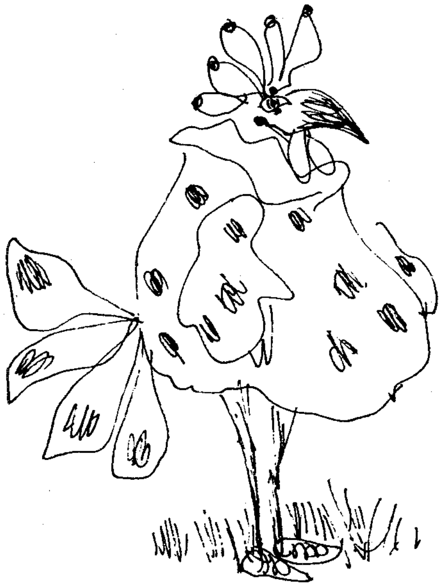


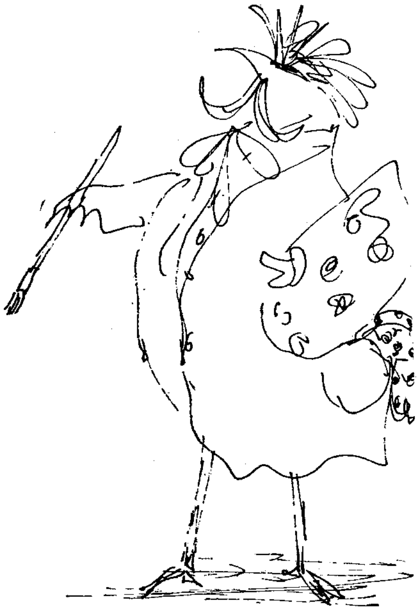


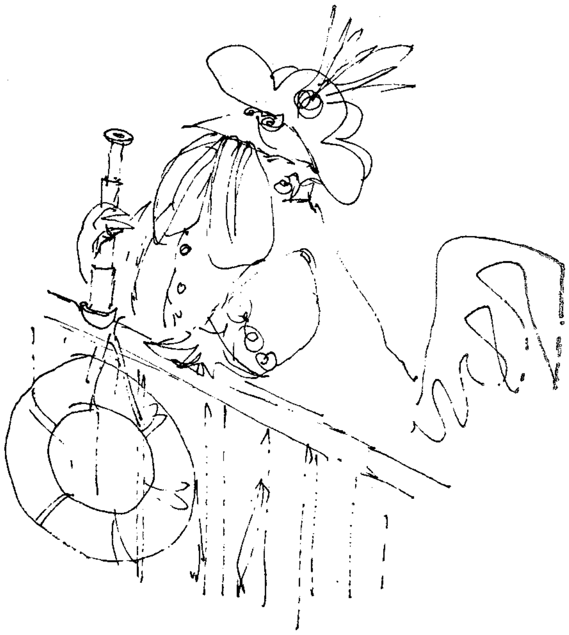


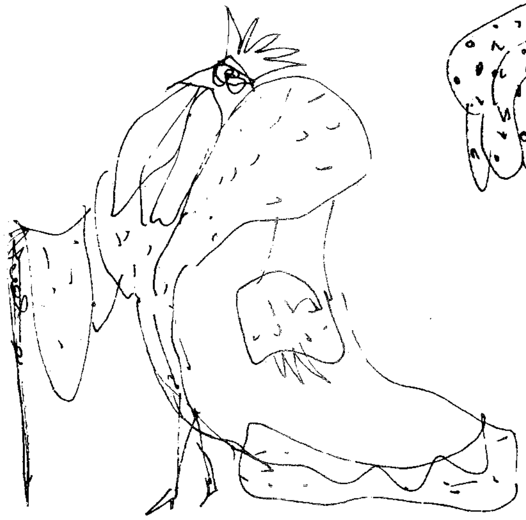


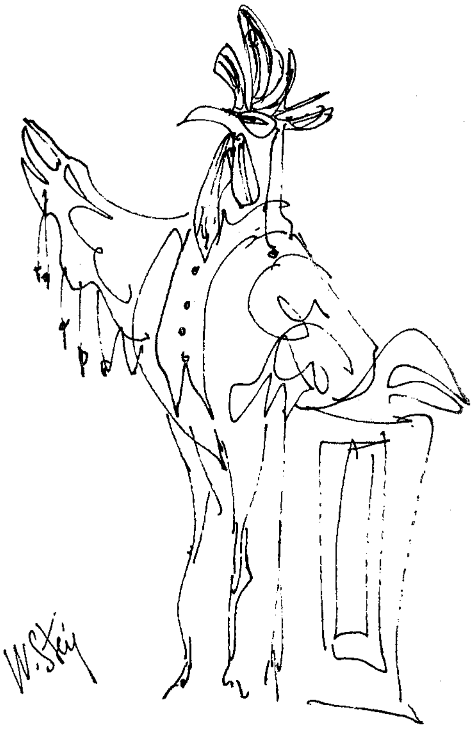












W. Stein

OVER BY THE RIVER

THE sun rose somewhere in the middle of Queens, the exact moment of its appearance shrouded in uncertainty because of a cloud bank. The lights on the bridges went off, and so did the red light in the lantern of the lighthouse at the north end of Welfare Island. Seagulls settled on the water. A newspaper truck went from building to building dropping off heavy bundles of, for the most part, bad news, which little boys carried inside on their shoulders. Doormen smoking a pipe and dressed for a walk in the country came to work after a long subway ride and disappeared into the service entrances. When they reappeared, by way of the front elevator, they had put on with their uniforms a false amiability and were prepared for eight solid hours to make conversation about the weather. With the morning sun on them, the apartment buildings far to the west, on Lexington Avenue, looked like an orange mesa. The pigeons made bubbling noises in their throats as they strutted on windowsills high above the street.

All night long, there had been plenty of time. Now suddenly there wasn't, and this touched off a chain explosion of alarm clocks, though in some instances the point was driven home without a sound: Time is interior to animals as well as exterior. A bare arm with a wristwatch on it emerged from under the covers and turned until the dial was toward the light from the windows.

"What time is it?"

"Ten after."

"It's always ten after," Iris Carrington said despairingly, and turned over in bed and shut her eyes against the light. Also against the clamor of her desk calendar: *Tuesday 11, L. 3:30 Dr. de Santillo . . . 5:30—7:30? . . . Wednesday 1:45, Mrs. McIntosh speaks on the changing status of women. 3:30 Dr. F . . . Friday 11C. Get Albertha . . . Saturday, call Mrs. Stokes. Ordering pads. L ballet 10:30. 2 Laurie to Sasha's. Remaining books due at library. Explore dentists. Supper at 5. Call Margot . . .*

Several minutes passed.

"Oh my God, I don't think I can make it," George Carrington said, and put his feet over the side of the bed, and found he could make it, after all. He could bend over and pick up his bathrobe from the floor, and put it on, and find his slippers, and close the window, and turn on the radiator valve. Each act was easier than the one before. He went back to the bed and drew the covers closer around his wife's shoulders.

Yawning, stretching, any number of people got up and started the business of the day. Turning on the shower. Dressing. Putting their hair up in plastic curlers. Squeezing toothpaste out of tubes that were all but empty. Squeezing orange juice. Separating strips of bacon.

The park keepers unlocked the big iron gates that closed the river walk off between Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth Streets. A taxi coming from Doctors Hospital was snagged by a doorman's whistle. The wind picked up the dry filth under the wheels of parked cars and blew it now this way, now that. A child got into an orange minibus and started on the long, devious ride to nursery school and social adjustment.

"Have you been a good girl?" George inquired lovingly, through the closed door of the unused extra maid's room, where the dog slept on a square of carpet. Puppy had not been a good girl. There was a puddle of urine—not on the open newspaper he had left for her, just in case, but two feet away from it, on the black-and-white plastic-tile floor. Her tail quivering with apology, she watched while he mopped the puddle up and disposed of the wet newspaper in the garbage can in the back hall. Then she followed him through the apartment to the foyer, and into the elevator when it came.

There were signs all along the river walk:

No Dogs
No Bicycles
No This
No That

He ignored them with a clear conscience. If he curbed the dog beforehand, there was no reason not to turn her loose and let her run—except that sometimes she stopped and arched her back a second time. When shouting and waving his hands didn't discourage her from moving her bowels, he took some newspaper from a trash container and cleaned up after her.

At the flagpole, he stood looking out across the river. The lights went off all the way up the airplane beacon, producing an effect of silence—as if somebody had started to say something and then decided not to. The tidal current was flowing south. He raised his head and sniffed, hoping for a breath of the sea, and smelled gasoline fumes instead.

MAINS HOTEL
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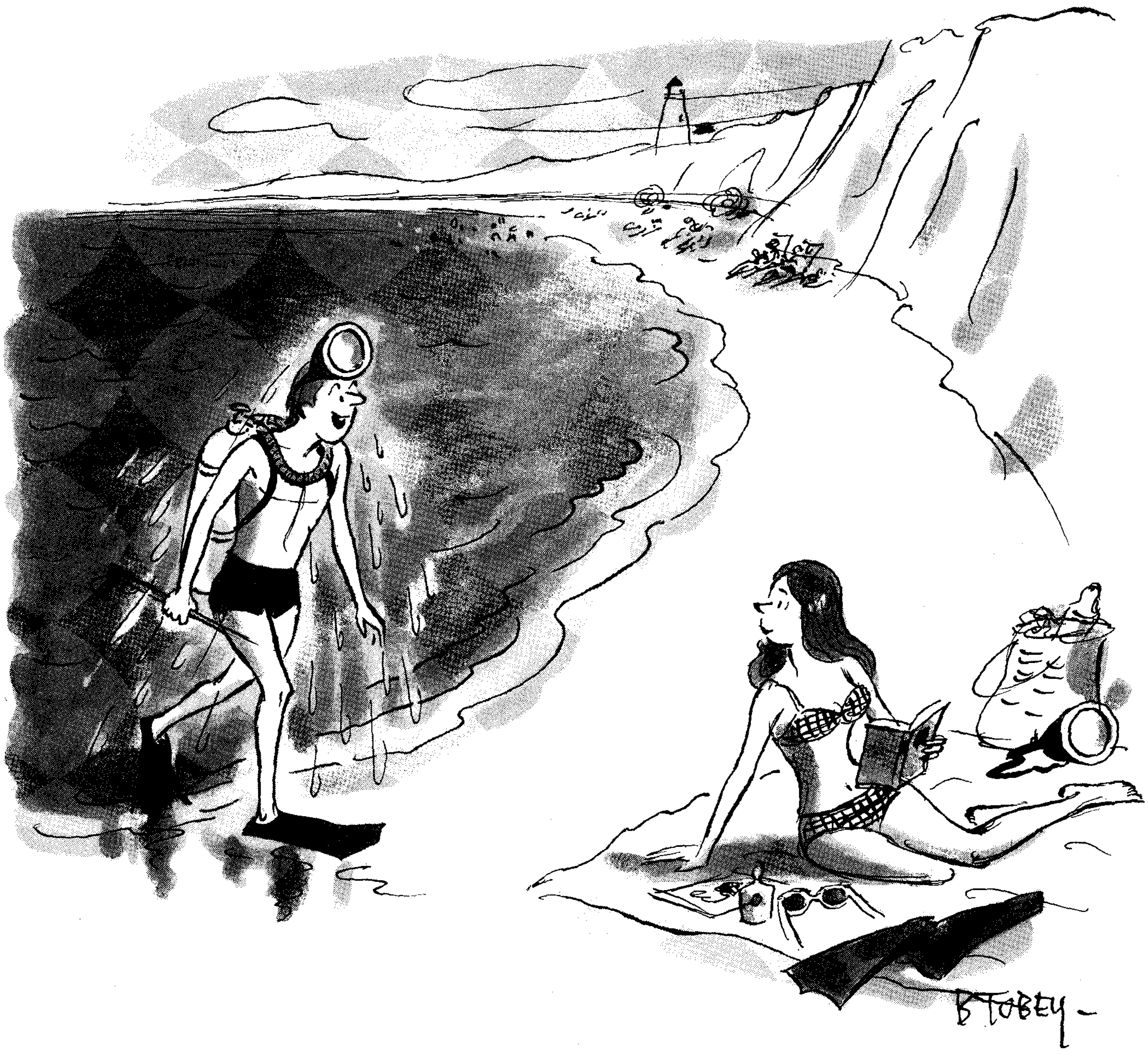
Coming back, the dog stopped to sniff at trash baskets, at cement copings, and had to be restrained from greeting the only other person on the river walk—a grey-haired man who jogged there every morning in a gym suit and was afraid of dogs. He smiled pleasantly at George, and watched Puppy out of the corner of his eyes, so as to be ready when she leapt at his throat.

A tanker, freshly painted, all yellow and white, and flying the flag of George had no idea what country until he read the lettering on the stern, overtook him, close in to shore—so close he could see the captain talking to a sailor in the wheelhouse. To be sailing down the East River on a ship that was headed for open water . . . He waved to them and they waved back, but they didn't call out to him *Come on, if you want to,* and it was too far to jump. It came to him with the seriousness of a discovery that there was no place in the world he would not like to see. Concealed in this statement was another that he had admitted to himself for the first time only recently. There were places he would never see, experiences of the first importance that he would never have. He might die without ever having heard a nightingale.

When they stepped out of the elevator, the dog hurried off to the kitchen to see if there was something in her dish she didn't know about, and George settled down in the living room with the *Times* on his lap and waited for a glass of orange juice to appear at his place at the dining-room table. The rushing sound inside the walls, as of an underground river, was Iris running her bath. The orange juice was in no hurry to get to the dining-room table. Iris had been on the phone daily with the employment agency and for the moment this was the best they could offer: twenty-seven years old, pale, with dirty blond hair, unmarried, overattached to her mother, and given to burning herself on the antiquated gas stove. She lived on tea and cigarettes. Breakfast was all the cooking she was entrusted with; Iris did the rest. Morning after morning his boiled egg was hard enough to take on a picnic. A blind man could not have made a greater hash of half a grapefruit. The



"You should have come along. Everybody we know is down there."

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coffee was indescribable. After six weeks there was a film of grease over everything in the kitchen. Round, jolly, neat, professionally trained, a marvellous cook, the mother was everything that is desirable in a servant except that, alas, she worked for somebody else. She drifted in and out of the apartment at odd hours, deluding Iris with the hope that some of her accomplishments would, if one were only patient, rub off on her daughter.

"Read," a voice said, bringing him all the way back from Outer Mongolia.

"Tonight, Cindy."

"Read! Read!"

He put the paper down and picked her up and when she had settled comfortably in his lap he began: " 'Emily was a guinea pig who loved to travel. Generally she stayed home and looked after her brother Arthur. But every so often she grew tired of cooking and mending and washing and ironing; the day would seem too dark, and the house too small, and she would have a great longing to set out into the distance. . . .' "

Looking down at the top of her head as he was reading, he felt an impulse to put his nose down and smell her hair. Born in a hurry she was. Born in one hell of a hurry, half an hour after her mother got to the hospital.

LAURIE CARRINGTON said, "What is the difference, what is the difference between a barber and a woman with several children?" Nobody answered, so she asked the question again.

"I give up," Iris said.

"Do you know, Daddy?"

"I give up too, we all give up."

"A barber . . . has razors to shave. And the woman has shavers to raise."

He looked at her over the top of his half-glasses, wondering what ancestor was responsible for that reddish-blond hair.

"That's a terribly funny one, Laurie," he said. "That's the best one yet," and his eyes reverted to the editorial page. A nagging voice inside his head informed him that a good father would be conversing intelligently with his children at the breakfast table. But about what? No intelligent subject of conversation occurred to him, perhaps because it was Iris's idea in the first place, not his.

He said, "Cindy, would you like a bacon sandwich?"

She thought, long enough for him to become immersed in the *Times* again, and then she said, "I would like a piece of bacon and a piece of toast. But not a bacon sandwich."

He dropped a slice of bread in the

toaster and said, "Py-rozz-quozz-gill"—a magic word, from one of the Oz books. With a grinding noise the bread disappeared.

"Stupid Cindy," Laurie remarked, tossing her head. But Cindy wasn't fooled. Laurie used to be the baby and now she wasn't anymore. She was the oldest. And what she would have liked to be was the oldest *and* the baby. About lots of things she was very piggy. But she couldn't whistle. Try though she might, *whhih*, *whhih*, *whhih*, she couldn't. And Cindy could.

The toast emerged from the toaster and Iris said, "Not at the breakfast table, Cindy." The morning was difficult for her, clouded with amnesia, with the absence of energy, with the reluctance of her body to take on any action whatever. Straight lines curved unpleasantly, hard surfaces presented the look of softness. She saw George and the children and the dog lying at her feet under the table the way one sees rocks and trees and cottages at the seashore through the early-morning fog; just barely recognizable they were.

"WHY is a church steeple—"

"My gloves," he said, standing in the front hall, with his coat on.

"They're in the drawer in the lowboy," Iris said.

"Why is a church steeple—"

"Not those," he said.

"Why is a—"

"Laurie, Daddy is talking. Look in the pocket of your chesterfield."

"I did."

"Yes, dear, why is a church steeple."

"Why is a church steeple like a maiden aunt?"

"I give up."

"Do you know, Daddy?"

"No. I've looked in every single one of my coats. They must be in my raincoat, because I can't find that either."

"Look in your closet."

"I did look there." But he went into the bedroom and looked again anyway. Then he looked all through the front-hall closet, including the mess on the top shelf.

Iris passed through the hall with her arms full of clothes for the washing machine. "Did you find your raincoat?" she asked.

"I must have left it somewhere," he said. "But where?"

He went back to the bedroom and looked in the engagement calendar on her desk, to see where they had been, and it appeared that they hadn't been anywhere.

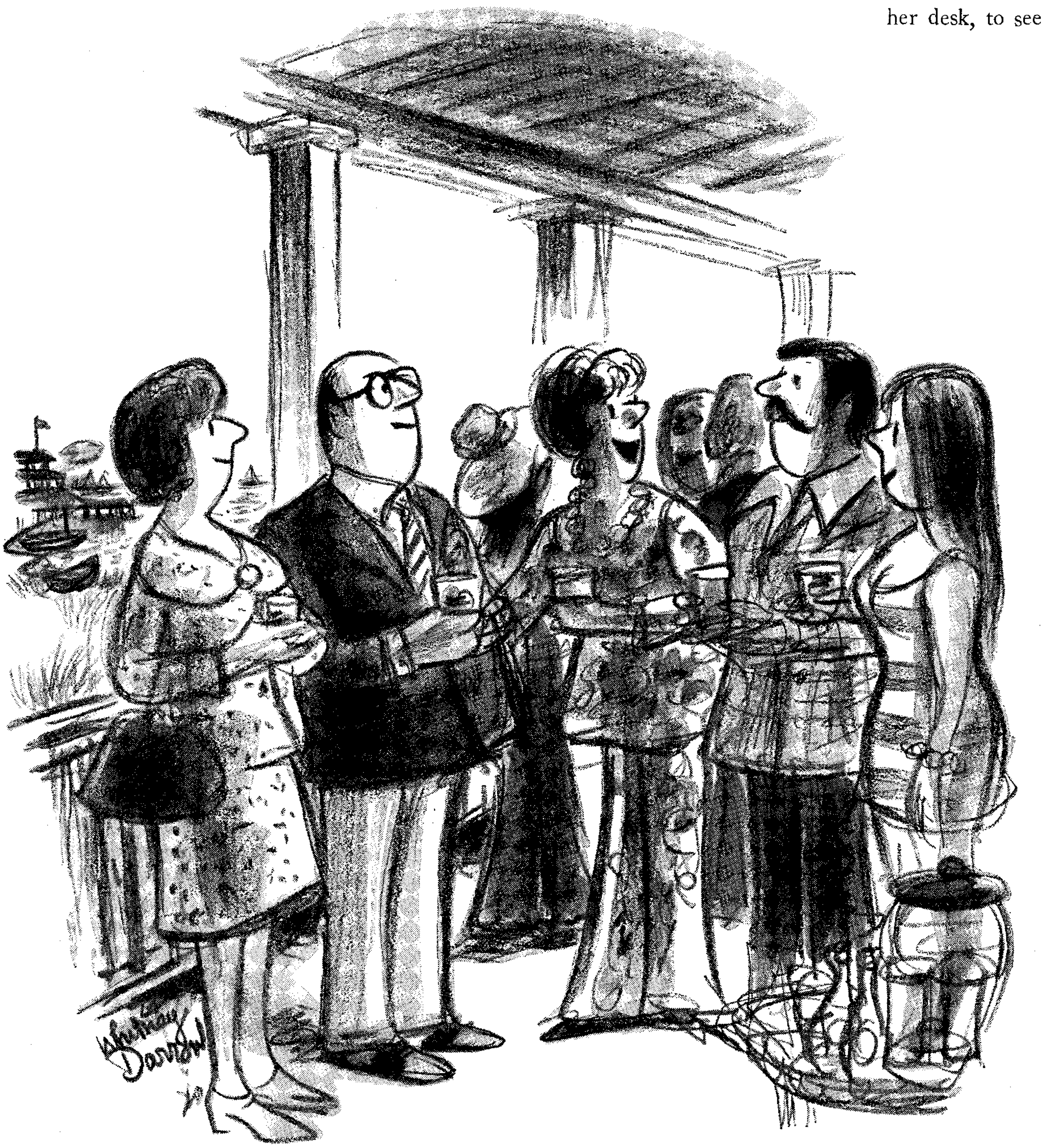
"Where did we go when we had Albertha to babysit?"

"I don't remember."

"We had her two nights."

"Did we? I thought we only went out one night last week."

She began to make the bed. Beds—for it was not one large bed, as it appeared to be in the daytime, but twin beds placed against each other with a king-sized cotton spread covering them both. When they were first married they slept in a three-quarter bed from his bachelor apartment. In time this became a double bed, hard as a rock because of the horsehair mattress. Then it also proved to be too small. For he developed twitches. While he was falling asleep his body beside her would suddenly flail out, shaking the bed and waking her completely. Six or seven times this would happen. After which he would descend at last into a deep sleep and she would be left



"The Dunhams have just been declared forever wild."

with insomnia. So now there were twin beds, and even then her bed registered the seismic disturbances in his, though nothing like so much.

"We went to that benefit. With Francis," she said.

"Oh . . . I think I did wear my raincoat that night. No, I wore the coat with the velvet collar."

"The cleaner's?"

"No."

"I don't see how you could have left your raincoat somewhere," she said. "I never see you in just a suit. Other men, yes, but never you."

He went into the hall and pulled open a drawer of the lowboy and took out a pair of grey gloves and drew them on. They had been his father's and they were good gloves but too small for him. His fingers had burst open the seams at the end of the fingers. Iris had mended them, but they would not stay sewed, and so he went to Brooks and bought a new pair—the pair he couldn't find.

"The Howards' dinner party?" he said.

"That was the week before. Don't worry about it," Iris said. "Cindy, what have you been doing?"—meaning hair full of snarls, teeth unbrushed, at twenty-five minutes past eight.

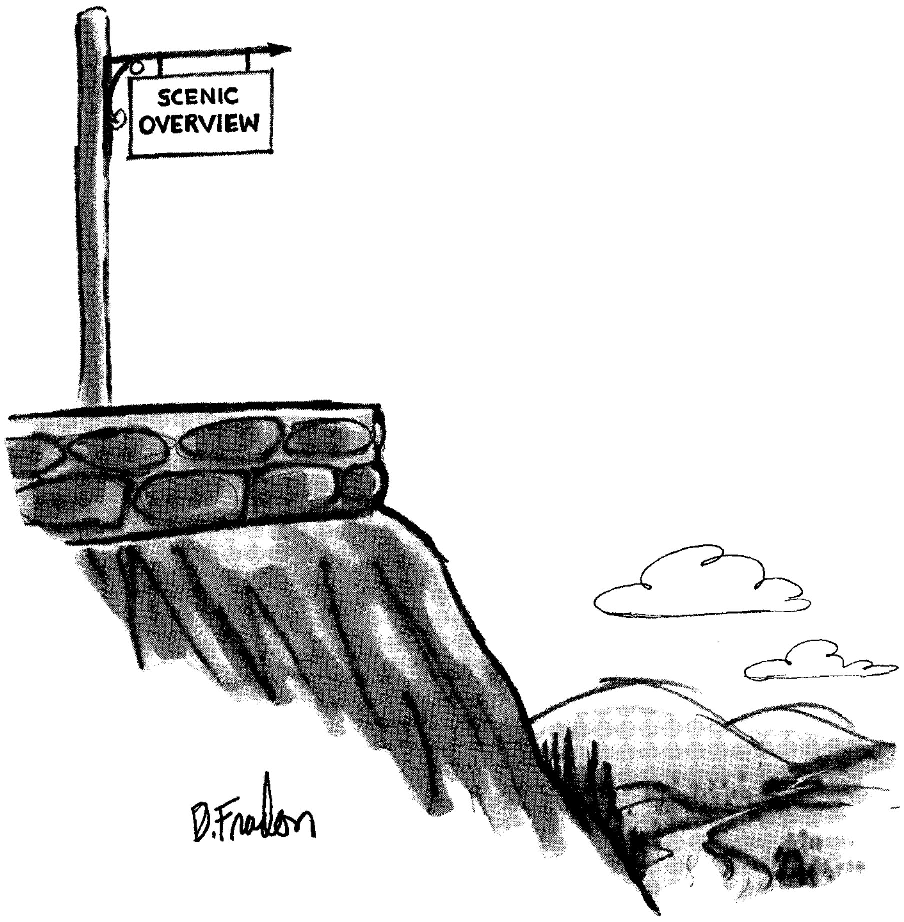
"It makes me feel queer not knowing where I've been," George said, and went out into the foyer and pressed the elevator button. From that moment, he was some other man. Their pictures were under his nose all day but he had stopped seeing them. He did not even remember that he had a family, until five o'clock, when he pushed his chair back from his desk, reached for his hat and coat, and came home, cheerfully unrepentant. She forgave him now because she did not want to deal with any failure, including his, until she had had her second cup of coffee. The coffee sat on the living-room mantelpiece, growing cold, while she brushed and braided Cindy's hair.

"Stand still! I'm not hurting you."

"You are too."

The arm would not go into the sweater, the leggings proved to be on backwards, one mitten was missing. And Laurie wild because she was going to be late for school.

The girls let the front door bang in spite of all that had been said on the subject, and in a moment the elevator doors opened to receive them. The quiet then was unbelievable. With the *Times* spread out on the coffee table in the living room, and holes in the Woman's Page where she had cut out recipes, she waited for her soul, which left her during the night, to return and take its place in her body. When this happened she got up suddenly and went into the bedroom and started telephoning: Bloomingdale's, Saks, the Maid-to-Order service, the children's school, the electrician, the pediatrician, the upholsterer—half the population of New York City.



OVER the side of the bed Cindy went, eyes open, wide awake. In her woolly pyjamas with feet in them. Even though it was dark outside—the middle of the night—it was only half dark in the bedroom. There was a blue night-light in the wall plug by the doll's house, and a green night-light in the bathroom, beside the washbasin, and the door to the bathroom was partly open. The door to the hall was wide open and the hall light was on, but high up where it wasn't much comfort, and she had to pass the closed door of Laurie's room and the closed door to the front hall. Behind both these doors the dark was very dark, unfriendly, ready to spring out and grab her, and she would much rather have been back in her bed except it was not safe there either, so she was going for help.

When she got to the door at the end of the hall, she stood still, afraid to knock and afraid not to knock. Afraid to look behind her. Hoping the door would open by itself and it did. Her father—huge, in his pyjamas, with his hair sticking up and his face puffy with sleep. "Bad dream?" he asked.

Behind him the room was all dark except for a little light from the hall. She could see the big windows—just barely—and the great big bed, and her mother asleep under a mound of covers. And if she ran past him and got into the bed she would be safe, but it was not allowed. Only when she was sick. She turned and went back down the hall, without speaking but knowing that he would pick up his bathrobe and follow her and she didn't have to be brave anymore.

"What's Teddy doing on the floor?" he said, and pulled the covers up around her chin, and put his warm hand on her cheek. So nice to have him do this—to have him there, sitting on the edge of her bed.

"Can you tell me what you were dreaming about?"

"Tiger."

"Yes? Well that's too bad. Were you very frightened?"

"Yes."

"Was it a big tiger?"

"Yes."

"You know it was only a dream? It

THE FOURTH OF JULY

I

Liddell, the Oxford lexicographer,
Allowed his three small daughters on this day
To row from Folly Bridge to Godstow, where
Their oarsman, Mr. Dodgson, gave them tea
Beneath a rick of hay,
Shading their minds with golden fantasy.
And it was all fool's gold,
Croquet or caucus madder than a hare,
That universe of which he sipped and told,
Mocking all grammars, codes, and theorems
Beside the spangled, blindly flowing Thames.

II

Off to the west, in Memphis, where the sun's
Mid-morning fire beat on a wider stream,
His purpose headstrong as a river runs,
Grant closed a smoky door on aides and guards
And chewed through scheme on scheme
For toppling Vicksburg like a house of cards.
The haze at last would clear
On Hard Times Landing, Porter's wallowed guns,
The circling trenches that in just a year
Brought the starved rebels through the settling smoke
To ask for terms beside a stunted oak.

III

The sun is not a concept but a star.
What if its rays were once conjointly blurred
By tea-fumes and a general's cigar?
Though, as for that, what grand arcanum saves
Appearances, what word
Holds all from foundering in points and waves?
No doubt the fairest game
Play only in those groves where creatures are
At one, distinct, and innocent of name,
As Alice found, who in the termless wood
Lacked words to thank the shade in which she stood.

IV

Nevertheless, no kindly swoon befell
Tree-named Linnaeus when the bald unknown
Encroached upon his memory, cell by cell,
And he, whose love of all things made had brought
Bird, beast, fish, plant, and stone
Into the reaches of his branchy thought,
Lost bitterly to mind
Their names' sweet Latin and his own as well.
Praise to all fire-fledged knowledge of the kind
That, stooped beneath a hospitable roof,
Brings only hunch and gaiety for proof,

V

But also to Copernicus, who when
His vision leapt into the solar disc
And set the earth to wheeling, waited then
To see what slate or quadrant might exact,
Not hesitant to risk
His dream-stuff in the fitting-rooms of fact;
And honor to these States
Which come to see that black men too are men,
Beginning, after troubled sleep, debates,
Great bloodshed, and a century's delay,
To mean what once we said upon this day.

—RICHARD WILBUR

• •

wasn't a real tiger. There aren't any tigers in New York City."

"In the zoo there are."

"Oh yes, but they're in cages and can't get out. Was this tiger out?"

"Yes."

"Then it couldn't have been a real tiger. Turn over and let me rub your back."

"If you rub my back I'll go to sleep."

"Good idea."

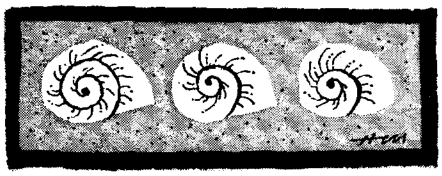
"If I go to sleep I'll dream about the tiger."

"I see. What do you want me to do?"

"Get in bed with me."

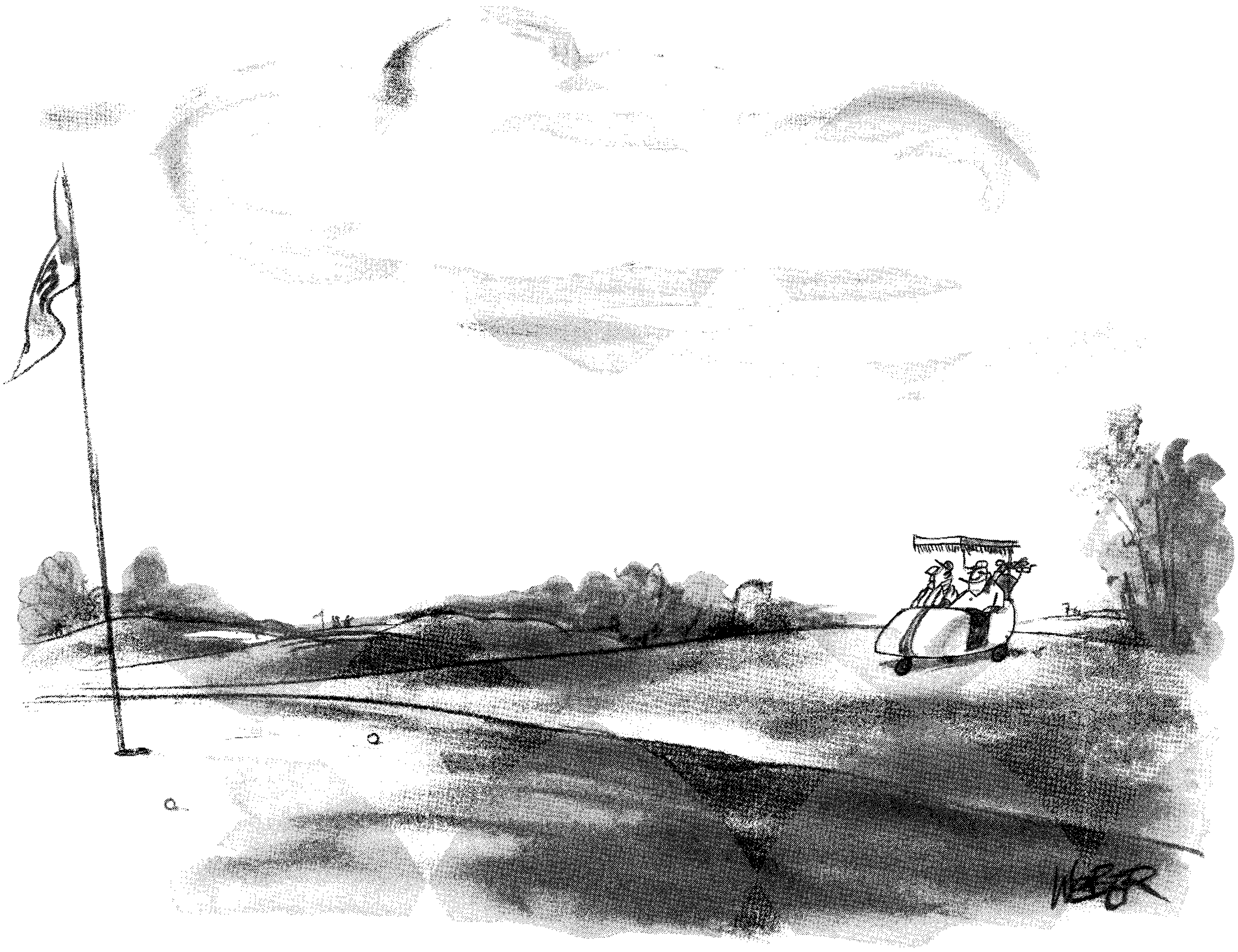
What with Teddy and Raggedy Ann and Baby Dear, and books to look at in the morning, and the big pillow and the little pillow, things were a bit crowded. He put his hand over his eyes to shut out the hall light and said, "Go to sleep," but she didn't, even though she was beginning to feel drowsy. She was afraid he was going to leave her—if not right this minute then pretty soon. He would sit up in bed and say *Are you all right now*? and she would have to say *Yes*, because that was what he wanted her to say. Sometimes she said no and they stayed a little longer, but they always went away in the end.

After a while, her eyes closed. After still another while, she felt the bed heave under her as he sat up. He got out of bed slowly and carefully and fixed the covers and put the little red chair by the bed so she wouldn't fall out. She tried to say *Don't go*, but nothing happened. The floorboards creaked under the carpeting as he crossed the room. In the doorway he turned and looked at her, one last look, and she opened her eyes wide so he would know she wasn't asleep, and he waved her a kiss, and that was the last of him, but it wasn't the last of her. Pretty soon, even though there wasn't a sound, she knew something was in the room. Hiding. It was either hiding behind the curtains or it was hiding in the toy closet or it was hiding behind the doll's house or it was behind the bathroom door or it was under the bed. But wherever it was it was being absolutely still, waiting for her to close her eyes and go to sleep. So she kept them open, even though her eyelids got heavier and heavier. She made them stay open. And when they closed she opened them again right afterward. She kept opening them as long as she could, and once she cried out *Laurie!* very loud, but in her mind only. There was *no sound in the room.*



The thing that was hiding didn't make any sound either, which made her think maybe it wasn't a tiger after all, because tigers have a terrible roar that they roar, but it couldn't have been anything else, for it had stripes and a tail and terrible teeth and eyes that were looking at her through the back of the little red chair. And her heart was pounding and the tiger knew this, and the only friend she had in the world was Teddy, and Teddy couldn't move, and neither could Raggy, and neither could she. But the tiger could move. He could do anything he wanted to except roar his terrible roar, because then the bedroom door would fly open and they would come running.

She looked at the tiger through the



"Yes, sir, Dave. Out here, under the big sky, I always get back in touch with who I am."

• •

back of the little red chair, and the tiger looked at her, and finally it thrashed its tail once or twice and then went and put its head in the air-conditioner.

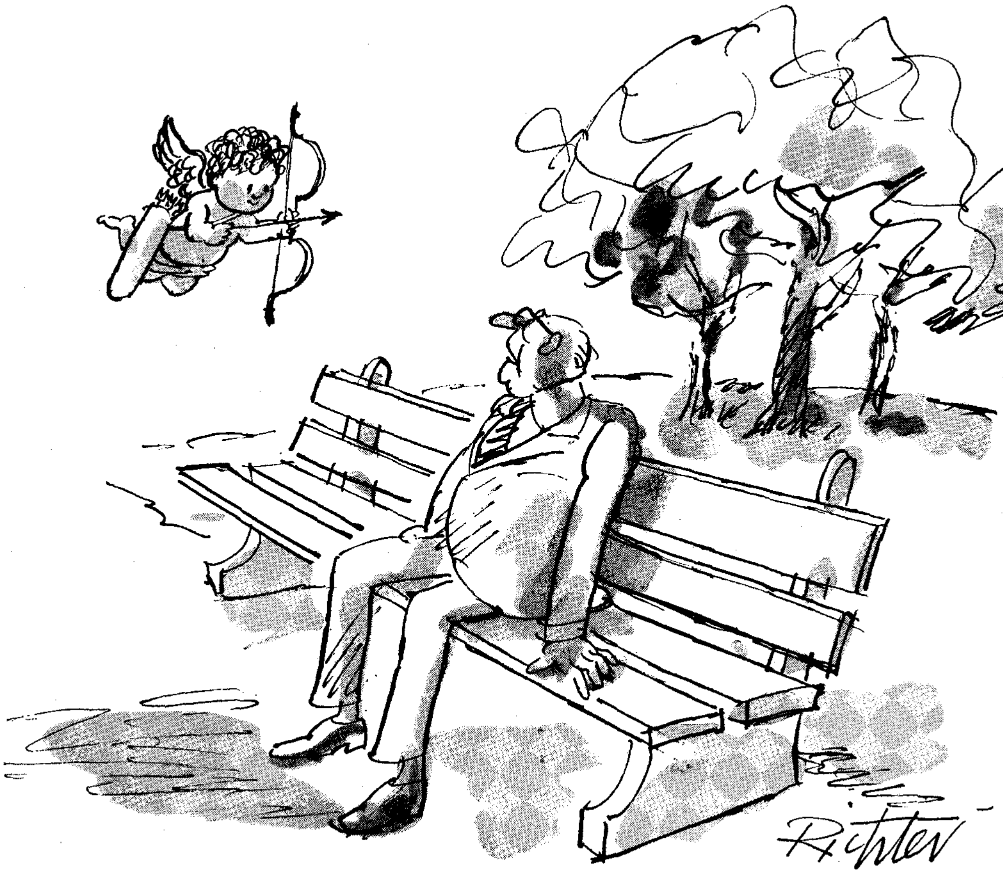
That isn't possible. . . . But it was. More and more of his body disappeared into the air-conditioner, and finally there was only his tail, and then only the tip of his tail, and when that was gone so was she.

THE young policeman who stood all night on the corner of East End Avenue and Gracie Square, eight stories below, was at the phone box, having a conversation with the sergeant on the desk. This did not prevent him from keeping his eyes on an emaciated junkie who stood peering through the window of the drugstore, past the ice-cream bin, the revolving display of paperbacks, the plastic toys, hair sprays, hand creams, cleansing lotions, etc., at the prescription counter. The door had a grating over it but the plate-glass window did not. One good kick would do it. It would also bring the policeman running.

The policeman would have been happy to turn the junkie in, but he didn't have anything on him. Vagrancy? But suppose he had a home? And suppose it brought the Civil Liberties Union running? The policeman turned his back for a minute and when he looked again the junkie was gone, vanished, nowhere.

Though it was between three and four in the morning, people were walking their dogs in Carl Schurz Park. Amazing. Dreamlike. And the sign on the farther shore of the river that changed back and forth continually was enough to unhinge the mind: PEARLWICK HAMPERS became BATHROOM HAMPERS, which in turn became PEARLWICK HAMPERS, and sometimes for a fraction of a second BATHWICK HAMPERS.

In the metal trash containers scattered here and there along the winding paths of the park were pieces of waxed paper that had been around food but nothing you could actually eat. The junkie didn't go into the playground because the gates were locked and it had a high iron fence around it. He could have managed this easily by climbing a tree and dropping to the cement on the other side. Small boys did it all the time. And maybe in there he would have found something—a half-eaten Milky Way or Mounds bar that a nursemaid had taken from a child with a finicky appetite—but then he would have been locked in instead of out, and he knew all there was to know about that: Sing Sing, Rikers Island, Auburn, Dannemora. His name is James Jackson, and he is a figure out of a nightmare—unless you happen to know what happened to him, the steady rain of blows about his unprotected head ever since he was born, in which case it is human life that seems like a nightmare. The dog walkers, supposing—correctly—that he had a switchblade in his pocket and a certain amount of experience in using it, chose a path that detoured around him. The



“I’m Kenneth H. Rydell, of 176 East Sixty-third Street, and I don’t have time for the waiting game.”

• •

wind was out of the southeast and smelled of the sea, fifteen miles away on the other side of Long Beach and Far Rockaway. The Hell Gate section of the Triborough Bridge was a necklace of sickly-green incandescent pearls. When the policeman left his post and took a turn through the south end of the park, the junkie was sitting innocently on a bench on the river walk. He was keeping the river company.

And when the policeman got back to his post a woman in a long red coat was going through the trash basket directly across the street from him. She was harmless. He saw her night after night. And in a minute she would cross over and tell him about the doctor at Bellevue who said she probably dreamed that somebody picked the lock of her door while she was out buying coffee and stole her mother’s gold thimble.

The threads that bound the woman in the long red coat to a particular address, to the family she had been born into, her husband’s grave in the Brooklyn cemetery, and the children who never wrote except to ask for money, had broken, and she was now free to wander along the street, scavenging from trash containers. She did not mind if people saw her, or feel that what she was doing was in any way exceptional. When she found something useful or valuable, she stuffed it in her dirty canvas bag, the richer by a pair of sandals with a broken strap or a perfectly clean copy of “Sartor Resartus.” What in the beginning was only an uncertainty, an uneasiness, a sense of the falsity of appearances, a suspicion that the completely friendly world she lived in was in fact secretly mocking and hostile, had proved to be true. Or rather, had become true—for it wasn’t always. And meanwhile, in her mind, she was perpetually composing a statement, for her own use and understanding, that would cover this situation.

Three colored lights passed overhead, very high up and in a cluster, blinking. There were also lights strung through the park at intervals, and on East End Avenue, where taxicabs cruised up and down with their rooflights on. Nobody wanted them. As if they had never in their life shot through a red light, the taxis stopped at Eighty-third Street, and again at Eighty-fourth, and went on when the light turned green. East End Avenue was as quiet as the grave. So were the side streets.

With the first hint of morning, this beautiful quiet came to an end. Stopping and starting, making a noise like an electric toaster, a Department of Sanitation truck made its way down Eighty-fourth Street, murdering sleep. Crash. Tinkle. More grinding. Bump. Thump. Voices. A brief silence and then the whole thing started up again farther down the street. This was followed by other noises—a parked car being warmed up, a maniac in a sports car with no muffler. And then suddenly it was the policeman’s turn to be gone. A squad car drove by, with the car radio playing an old Bing Crosby song, and picked him up.

Biding his time, the junkie managed to slip past the service entrance of one of the apartment buildings on East End Avenue without being seen. Around in back he saw an open window on the ground floor with no bars over it. On the other hand he didn’t know who or what he would find when he climbed through it, and he shouldn’t have waited till morning. He stood flattened against a brick wall while a handyman took in the empty garbage cans. The sound of retreating footsteps died away.

The door to the service entrance was wide open. In a matter of seconds James Jackson was in and out again, wheeling a new ten-speed Peugeot. He straddled the bicycle as if he and not the overweight insurance broker in 7E had paid good money for it, and rode off down the street.

“ ‘CLOUDY with rain or showers . . . ’ Cindy, did you know you dreamt about a tiger last night?”

“Cindy dreamt about a tiger?” Iris said.

“Yes. What happened after I left?”

“Nothing.”

“Congratulations. I dreamt the air-conditioner in our room broke and we couldn’t get anybody to come and fix it.”

“Is it broken?” Iris asked.

“I don’t know. We’ll have to wait till next summer to find out.”

“GOOD morning, Laurie. Good morning, Cindy,” Jimmy the daytime elevator man said cheerfully. No answer. But no rudeness intended either. They did not know they were in the elevator.

The red-haired doorman at No. 7 Gracie Square stretched out his arms and pretended he was going to capture Cindy. This happened morning after

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We hear you.

morning, and she put up with it patiently.

“Taxi!” people wailed. “*Taxi!*” But there were no taxis. Or if one came along there was somebody in it. The doorman of No. 10 stood in the middle of East End Avenue and blew his whistle at nothing. On a balcony five stories above the street, a man lying on his back with his hips in the air was being put through his morning exercises by a Swedish masseur. The tired middle-aged legs went up and down like pistons. Like pistons, the elevators rose and fell in all the buildings overlooking the park, bringing the maids and laundresses up, taking men with briefcases down. The stationery store and the cleaners were now open. So was the luncheonette.

The two little girls stopped, took each other by the hand, and looked carefully both ways before they crossed the car tunnel at No. 10. On the river walk Laurie saw an acquaintance and ran on ahead. Poor Cindy! At her back was the park—very agreeable to play in when she went there with her mother or the kindergarten class, but also frequented by rough boys with water pistols and full of bushes it could be hiding in—and on her right was the deep pit alongside No. 10; it could be down there, below the sidewalk and waiting to spring out when she came along. She did not look to see if it was there but kept well over to the other side, next to the outer railing and the river. A tug with four empty barges was nosing its way upstream. The Simpsons’ cook waved to Cindy from their kitchen window, which looked out on the river walk, and Cindy waved back.

In the days when George used to take Laurie to kindergarten because she was too small to walk to school by herself, he had noticed her—a big woman with blond braids in a crown around her head. And one day he said, “Shall we wave to her and see what happens?” Sometimes her back was turned to the window and she didn’t know that Cindy and Laurie were there. They did not ever think of her except when they saw her, and if they had met her face to face she would have had to do all the talking.

Laurie was waiting at the Eighty-third Street gate. “Come on,” she said.

“Stupid-head,” Cindy said.

They went into the school building together, ignoring the big girls in camel’s-hair coats who held the door open for them. But it wasn’t like Jimmy the elevator man; they knew the big girls were there.

Sitting on the floor of her cubby, with her gym sneakers under her bottom and her cheek against her green plaid coat, Cindy felt safe. But Miss Nichols kept trying to get her to come out. The sandbox, the blocks, the crayons—Cindy said no to them all, and sucked her thumb. So Miss Nichols sat down on a little chair and took Cindy on her lap.

“If there was a (   )?” Cindy asked finally.

In a soft coaxing voice Miss Nichols said, “If there was a what?”

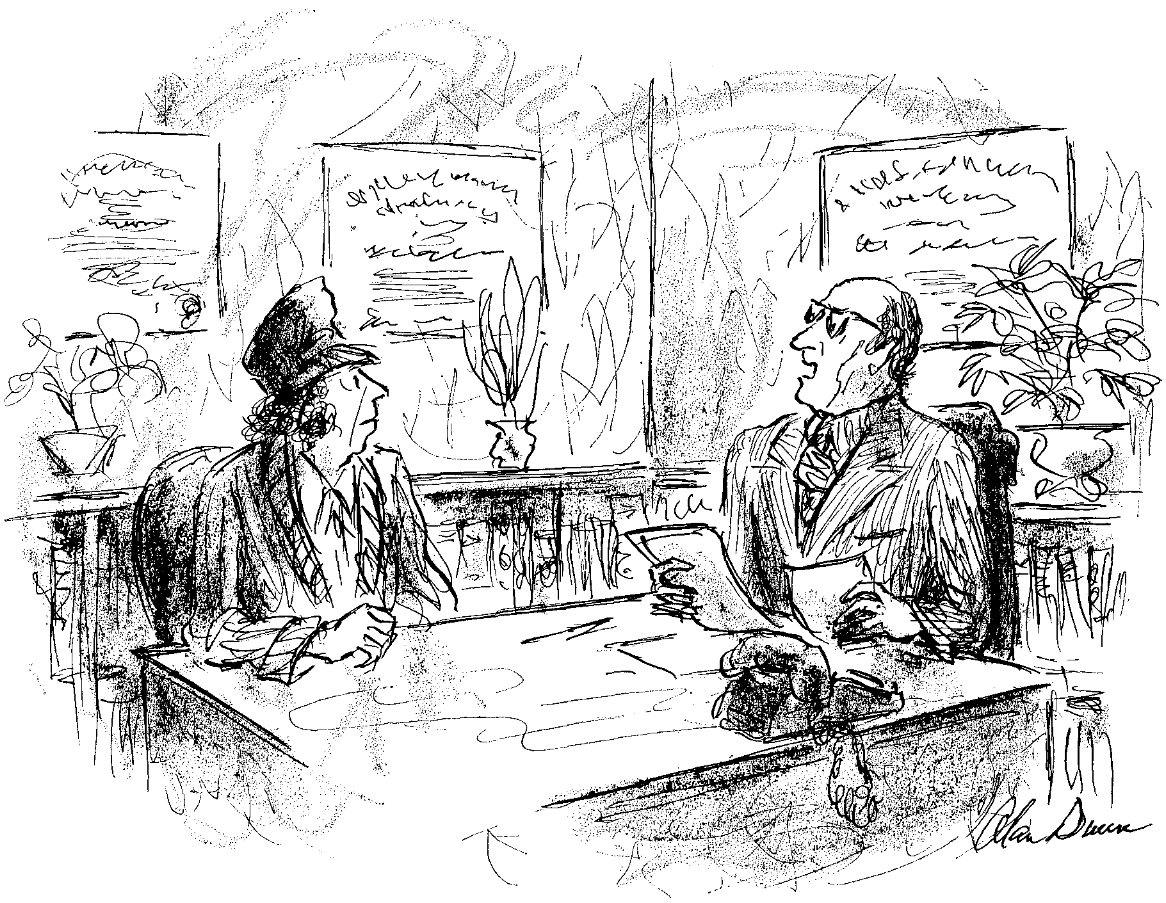
Cindy wouldn’t say what.

THE fire engines raced down Eighty-sixth Street, sirens shrieking and horns blowing, swung south through a red light, and came to a stop by the alarm box on the corner of East End Avenue and Gracie Square. The firemen jumped down and stood talking in the middle of the street. The hoses remained neatly folded and the ladders horizontal. It was the second false alarm that night from this same box. A county fair wouldn’t have made more commotion under their windows but it had happened too often and George and Iris Carrington went on sleeping peacefully, flat on their backs, like stone figures on a medieval tomb.

IN the trash basket on the corner by the park gates there was a copy of the *Daily News* which said, in big letters, “TIGER ESCAPES,” but that was a different tiger; that tiger escaped from a circus in Jamestown, R.I.

“WHAT *is* it?” Iris asked, in the flower shop. “Why are you pulling at my skirt?”

The flower-shop woman (pink-blond hair, Viennese accent) offered Cindy a green carnation, and she refused to take it. “You don’t like flowers?” the woman asked, coyly, and the tiger kept on looking at Cindy from behind some big, wide rubbery green



“Mrs. Dodsworth, I’m happy to report that you do not have a persecution complex. Everybody’s added costs really are passed on to you.”

leaves. "She's shy," the flower-shop woman said.

"Not usually," Iris said. "I don't know what's got into her today."

She gave the woman some money, and the woman gave her some money and some flowers, and then she and Cindy went outside, but Cindy was afraid to look behind her. If the tiger was following them, it was better not to know. For half a block she had a tingling sensation in the center of her back, between her shoulder blades. But then, looking across the street, she saw that the tiger was not back there in the flower shop. It must have left when they did, and now it was looking at her from the round hole in a cement mixer.

The lights changed from red to green, and Iris took her hand and started to cross over.

"I want to go that way," Cindy said, holding back, until the light changed again. Since she was never allowed on the street alone, she was not really afraid of meeting the tiger all by herself. But what if some day it should walk into the elevator when Jimmy wasn't looking, and get off at their floor, and hide behind Laurie's bicycle and the scooters. And what if the front door opened and somebody came out and pressed the elevator button and the tiger got inside when they weren't looking. And what if—

"Oh, please don't hold back, Cindy! I'm late as anything!"

So, dangerous as it was, she allowed herself to be hurried along home.

TAP, tap, tap . . .

In the night this was, just after Iris and George had got to sleep.

"Oh, no!" Iris moaned.

But it was. When he opened the door, there she stood.

TAP, tap . . .

That same night, two hours later. Sound asleep but able to walk and talk, he put on his bathrobe and followed her down the hall. Stretched out beside her, he tried to go on sleeping but he couldn't. He said, "What were you dreaming about this time?"

"Sea-things."

"What kind of seethings?"

"Sea-things under the sea."

"Things that wiggled?"

"Yes."

"Something was after you?"

"Yes."

"Too bad. Go to sleep."

TAP, tap . . .

This time as he heaved himself up, Iris said to him, "*You* lie still."

She got up and opened the door to the hall and said, "Cindy, we're tired and we need our sleep. I want you to go back to your bed and stay there."

Then they both lay awake, listening to the silence at the other end of the hall.

"I CAME out of the building," Iris said, "and I had three letters that Jimmy had given me, and it was raining hard, and the wind whipped them right out of my hand."

He took a sip of his drink and then said, "Did you get them?"

"I got two of them. One was from the Richards children, thanking me for the toys I sent when Lonnie was in the hospital. And one was a note from Mrs. Mills. I never did find the third. It was a small envelope, and the handwriting was Society."

"A birthday party for Cindy."

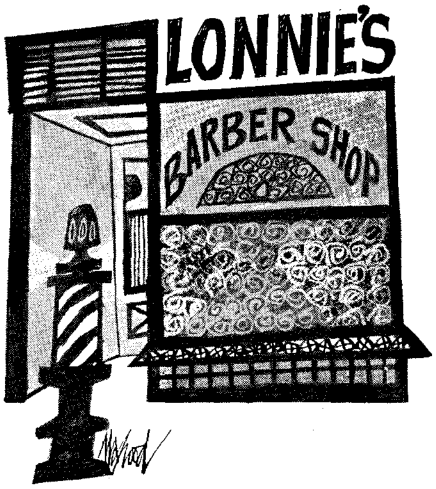
"No. It was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. George Carrington. Cocktail party, probably."

He glanced at the windows. It was already dark. Then, the eternal optimist (also remembering the time he found the button that flew off her coat and rolled under a parked car on Eighty-fifth Street): "Which way did it blow? I'll look for it tomorrow."

"Oh, there's no use. You can see by the others. They were reduced to pulp by the rain, in just that minute. And anyway, I did look, this afternoon."

In the morning, he took the Seventy-ninth Street crosstown bus instead of the Eighty-sixth, so that he could look for the invitation that blew away. No luck. The invitation had already passed through a furnace in the Department of Sanitation building on Ninetieth Street and now, in the form of ashes, was floating down the East River on a garbage scow, on its way out to sea.

The sender, rebuffed in this first tentative effort to get to know the Carringtons better, did not try again. She had met them at a dinner party, and liked them both. She was old enough to be Iris's mother, and it puzzled her that a young woman who seemed to be well-bred and was quite lovely-looking and adored "Middlemarch" should turn out to have no manners, but she didn't brood about it. New York is full of pleasant young couples, and if one chooses to ignore your invitation the chances are another won't.



"DID you hear Laurie in the night?" Iris said.

"No. Did Laurie have a nightmare?"

"Yes. I thought you were awake."

"I don't think so."

He got up out of bed and went into the children's room and turned on the radiators so they wouldn't catch cold. Laurie was sitting up in bed reading.

"Mommy says you had a bad dream last night."

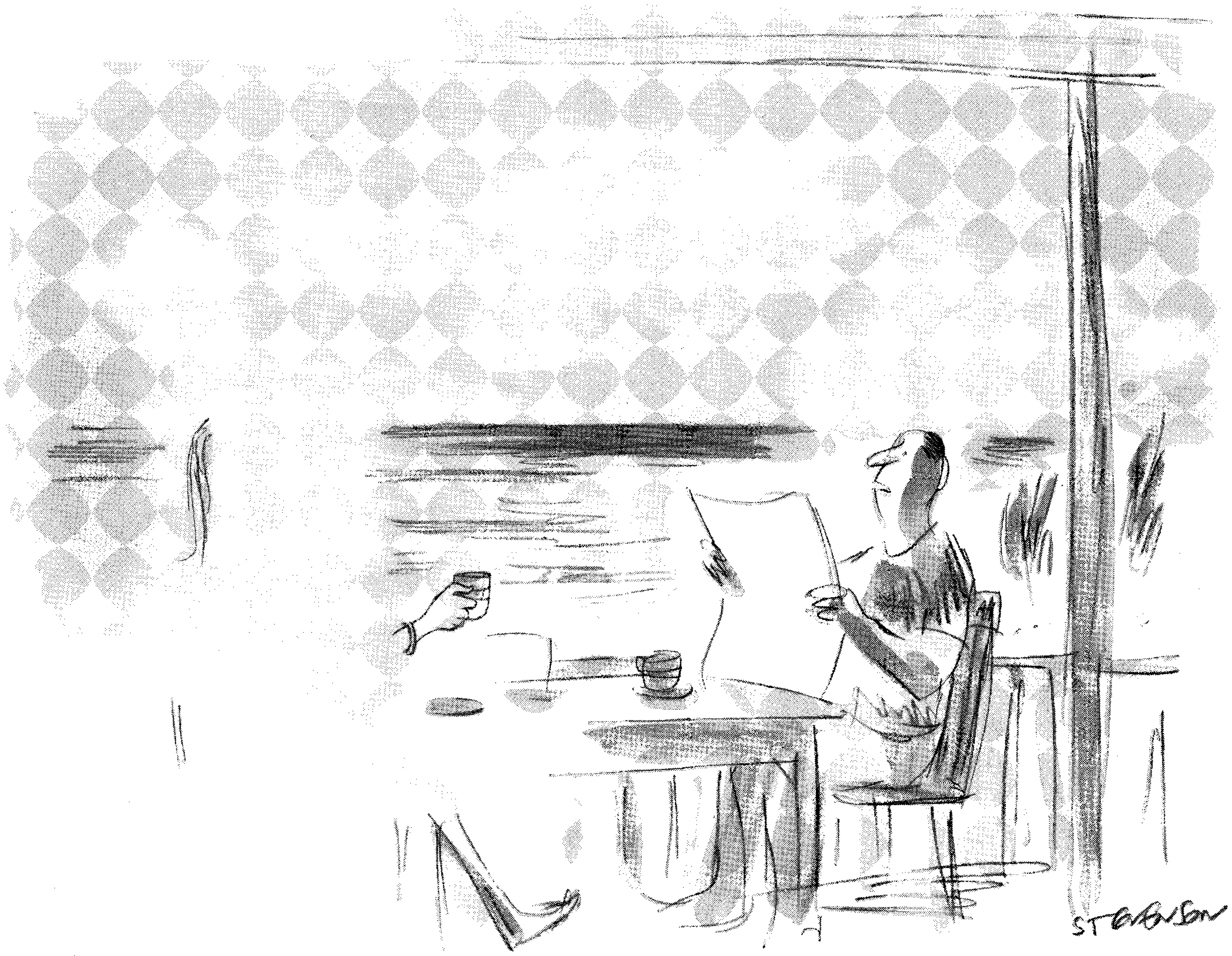
"There were three dreams," she said, in an overdistinct voice, as if she were a grown woman at a committee meeting. "The first dream was about Miss Stevenson. I dreamed she wasn't nice to me. She was like the wicked witch."

"Miss Stevenson loves you."

"And the second dream was about snakes. They were all over the floor. It was like a rug made up of snakes, and very icky, and there was a giant, and Cathy and I were against him, and he was trying to shut me in the room where the snakes were, and one of the snakes bit me, but he wasn't the kind of snake that kills you, he was just a mean snake, and so it didn't hurt. And the third dream was a happy dream. I was with Cathy and we were skating together and pulling our mommies by strings."

WITH his safety razor ready to begin a downward sweep, George Carrington studied the lathered face in the mirror of the medicine cabinet. He shook his head. There was a fatal flaw in his character: Nobody was ever as real to him as he was to himself. If people knew how little he cared whether they lived or died, they wouldn't want to have anything to do with him.

THE dog moved back and forth between the two ends of the apartment, on good terms with everybody. She was in the dining room at mealtimes, and in the kitchen when Iris was getting dinner (when quite often something tasty fell off the edge of the kitchen table), and she was there again just after dinner, in case the plates were put on the floor for her to lick before they went into the dishwasher. In the late afternoon, for



" 'Patchy fog this morning, clearing by midday.' "

• •

an hour before it was time for her can of beef-and-beef-byproducts, she sat with her front paws crossed, facing the kitchen clock, a reminding statue. After she had been fed, she went to the living room and lay down before the unlit log fire in the fireplace and slept until bedtime. In the morning, she followed Iris back and forth through room after room, until Iris was dressed and ready to take her out. "Must you nag me so?" Iris cried, but the dog was not intimidated. There was something they were in agreement about, though only one of them could have put it in words: It is a crime against Nature to keep a hunting dog in the city. George sometimes gave her a slap on her haunches when she picked up food n the gutter or lunged at another dog. And if she jerked on her leash he jerked back, harder. But with Iris she could do anything—she could even tand under the canopy and refuse to go anywhere because it was raining.

Walking by the river, below Eightieth Street, it wasn't necessary to keep her on a leash, and while Iris went on ahead Puppy sniffed at the godforsaken grass and weeds that grew between the cement walk and the East River Drive. Then she overtook Iris, at full speed, overshot the mark, and came charging back, showing her teeth in a grin. Three or four times she did this, as a rule—with Iris applauding and congratulating her and cheering her on. It may be a crime against Nature to keep a hunting dog in the city, but this one was happy anyway.

AFTER a series of dreams in which people started out as one person and ended up another and he found that there was no provision for getting from where he was to where he wanted to go and it grew later and later and even after the boat had left he still went on packing his clothes and what he thought was his topcoat turned out to belong to a friend he had not seen for seventeen years and naked strangers came and went, he woke and thought he heard a soft tapping on the bedroom door. But when he got up and opened it there was no one there.

"Was that Cindy?" Iris asked as he got back into bed.

"No. I thought I heard her, but I must have imagined it."

"I thought I heard her too," Iris said, and turned over.

At breakfast he said, "Did you have any bad dreams last night?" but Cindy was making a lake in the middle of her oatmeal and didn't answer.

"I thought I heard you tapping on our door," he said. "You didn't dream about a wolf, or a tiger, or a big black dog?"

"I don't remember," she said.

"YOU'LL never guess what I just saw from the bedroom window," Iris said.

He put down his book.

"A police wagon drove down Eighty-fourth Street and stopped, and two policemen with guns got out and went into a building and didn't come out. And after a long while two more policemen came and *they* went into the building, and pretty soon they all came out with a big man with black hair, handcuffed. Right there on Eighty-fourth Street, two doors from the corner.”

“Nice neighborhood we live in,” he said.

“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!” came into his dreams without waking him, and what did wake him was the heaving of the other bed as Iris got up and hurried toward the bedroom door.

“It was Cindy,” she said when she came back.

“Dream?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“I heard her but went on dreaming myself.”

“She doesn’t usually cry out like that.”

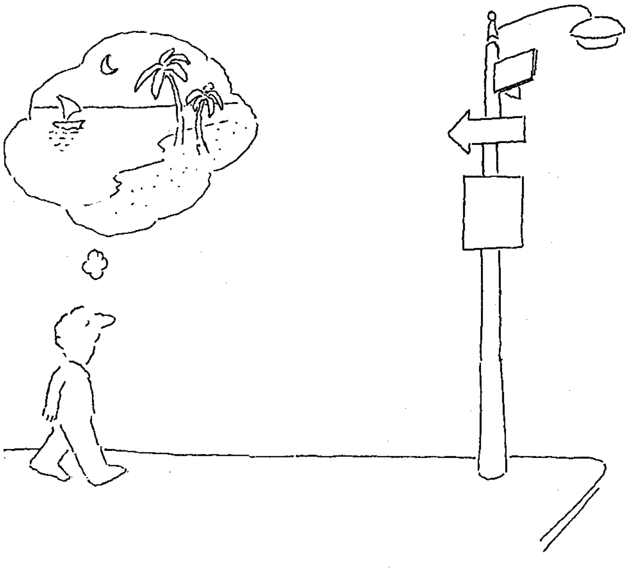
“Laurie used to.”

Why all these dreams, he wondered, and drifted gently back to sleep, as if he already knew the answer. She turned and turned, and finally, after three-quarters of an hour, got up and filled the hot-water bottle. What for days had been merely a half-formed thought in the back of her mind was now suddenly, in the middle of the night, making her rigid with anxiety. She needed to talk, and couldn’t bring herself to wake him. What she wanted to say was they were making a mistake in bringing the children up in New York City. Or even in America. There was too much that there was no way to protect them from, and the only sensible thing would be to pull up stakes now, before Laurie reached adolescence. They could sublet the apartment until the lease ran out, and take a house somewhere in the South of France, near Aix perhaps, and the children could go to a French school, and they could all go skiing in Switzerland in the winter, and Cindy could have her own horse, and they both would acquire a good French accent, and be allowed to grow up slowly, in the ordinary way, and not be jaded by one premature experience after another, before they were old enough to understand any of it.

With the warmth at her back, and the comforting feeling that she had found the hole in the net, gradually she fell asleep too.

But when she brought the matter up two days later he looked at her blankly. He did not oppose her idea but neither did he accept it, and so her hands were tied.

As usual, the fathers’ part in the Christmas program had to be rehearsed beforehand. In the small practice room on the sixth floor of the school, their masculinity—their grey flannel or dark-blue pin-striped suits, their size 9, 10, 11, 11½, and 12 shoes, their gold cufflinks, the odor that emanated from their bodies and from their freshly shaved cheeks, their simple assurance, based on, among other things, the *Social Register* and the size of their income—was incongruous. They were handed sheets of music as they came in, and the room was crammed with folding chairs, all facing the ancient grand piano.



With the two tall windows at their backs they were missing the snow, which was a pity. It went up, down, diagonally, and in centrifugal motion—all at once. The fact that no two of the star-shaped crystals were the same was a miracle, of course, but it was a miracle that everybody has long since grown accustomed to. The light outside the windows was cold and grey.

“Since there aren’t very many of you,” the music teacher said, “you’ll have to make up for it by singing enthusiastically.” She was young, in her late twenties, and had difficulty keeping discipline in the classroom; the girls took advantage of her good nature, and never stopped talking and gave her their complete attention. She sat down at the piano now and played the opening bars of “O come, O come, Emmanuel/And ransom captive I-i-i-zrah-el . . .”

Somebody in the second row exclaimed, “Oh God!” under his breath. The music was set too high for men’s voices.

“The girls will sing the first stanza, you fathers the second—”

The door opened and two more fathers came in.

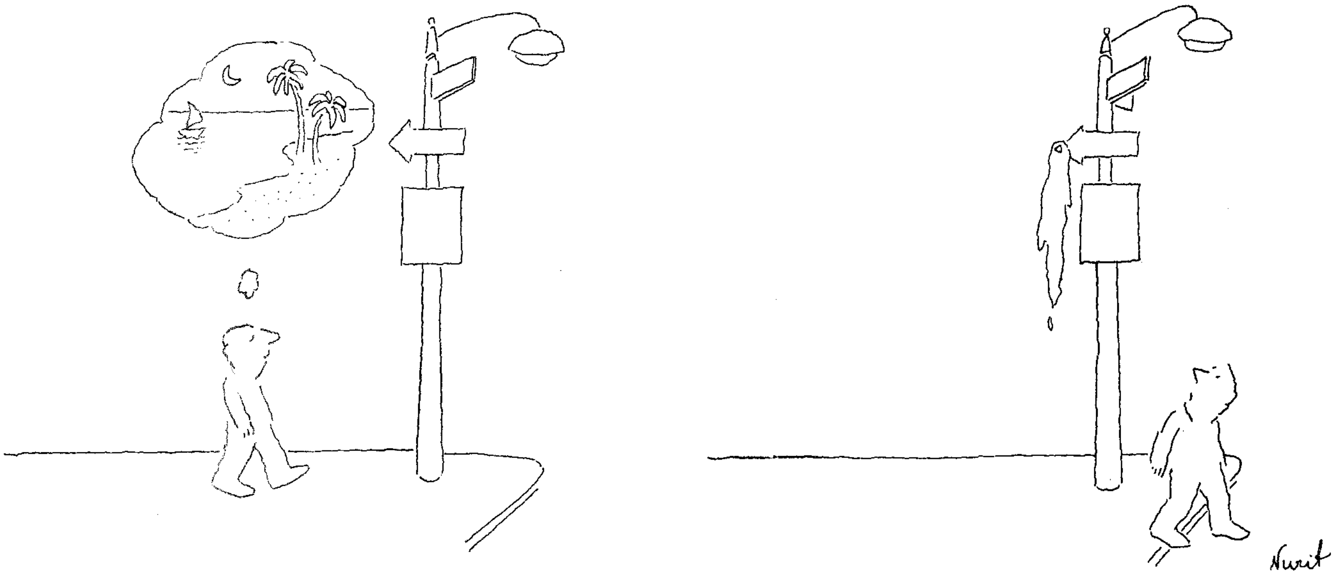
“—and all will sing the third.”

With help from the piano (which they would not have downstairs in the school auditorium) they achieved an approximation of the tune, and the emphasis sometimes fell in the right place. They did their best, but the nineteenth-century words and the ninth-century plainsong did not go well together. Also, one of the fathers had a good strong clear voice, which only made the others more self-conscious and apologetic. They would have been happier without him.

The music teacher made a flip remark. They all laughed and began again. Their number was added to continually as the door opened and let in the sounds from the hall. Soon there were no more vacant chairs; the latecomers had to stand. The snow was now noticeably heavier, and the singing had more volume. Though they were at some pains to convey, by their remarks to one another and their easy laughter, that this was not an occasion to be taken seriously, nevertheless the fact that they were here was proof of the contrary: they all had offices where they should have been and salaries they were not at this moment doing anything to earn. Twenty-seven men with, at first glance, a look of sameness about them, a round, composite, youngish, unrevealing, New York face. Under closer inspection, this broke down. Not all the eyes were blue, nor were the fathers all in their middle and late thirties. The thin-faced man at the end of the second row could not have been a broker or a lawyer or in advertising. The man next to him had survived incarceration in a Nazi prison camp. There was one Negro. Here and there a head that was not thickly covered with hair. Their speaking voices varied, but not so much as they conceivably might have—no Texas drawl, for instance. And all the fingernails were clean, all the shoes were shined, all the linen was fresh.

Each time they went over the hymn it was better. They clearly needed more rehearsing, but the music teacher glanced nervously at the clock and said, “And now ‘In Dulci Jubilo.’ ”

Those who had forgotten their Latin, or never had any, eavesdropped on those who knew how the words should be pronounced. The tune was powerful and swept everything before



it, and in a flush of pleasure they finished together, on the beat, loudly, making the room echo. They had forgotten about the telephone messages piling up on their desks beside the unopened mail. They were enjoying themselves. They could have gone on singing for another hour. Instead, they had to get up and file out of the room and crowd into the elevators.

In spite of new costumes, new scenery, different music, and—naturally—a different cast, the Christmas play was always the same. Mary and Joseph proceeded to Bethlehem, where the inns were full, and found shelter in the merest suggestion of a stable. An immature angel announced to very unlikely shepherds the appearance of the Star. Wise Men came and knelt before the plastic Babe in Mary's arms. And then the finale: the Threes singing and dancing with heavenly joy.

"How did it sound?" George asked, in the crowd on the stairs.

"Fine," Iris said.

"Really? It didn't seem to me—maybe because we were under the balcony—it didn't seem as if we were making any sound at all."

"No, it was plenty loud enough. What was so nice was the two kinds of voices."

"High and low, you mean?"

"The fathers sounded like bears. Adorable."

IN theory, since it was the middle of the night, it was dark, but not the total suffocating darkness of a cloudy night in the country. The city, as usual, gave off light—enough so that you could see the island in the middle of the river, and the three bridges, and the outlines of the little houses on East End Avenue and the big apartment buildings on Eighty-sixth Street, and the trees and shrubs and lampposts and comfort station in the park. Also a woman standing by the railing of the river walk.

There was no wind. The river was flowing north and the air smelled of snow, which melted the moment it touched any solid object, and became the shine on iron balustrades and on the bark of trees.

The woman had been standing there a long time, looking out over the water, when she began awkwardly to pull herself up and over the curved iron spikes that were designed, by their size and shape, to prevent people from throwing themselves into the river. In this instance they were not enough. But it took some doing. There was a long tear in the woman's coat and she was gasping for breath as she let herself go backward into space.

THE sun enters Aquarius January 20th and remains until February 18th. *"An extremely good friend can today put into motion some operation that will be most helpful to your best interest, or else introduce you to some influential person. Go out socially in the evening on a grand scale. Be charming."*

THE cocktail party was in a penthouse. The elevator opened directly into the foyer of the apartment. And the woman he was talking to—or rather, who was talking to him—was dressed all in shades of brown.

"I tried to get you last summer," she said, "but your wife said you were busy that day."

"Yes," he said.

"I'll try you again."

"Please do," somebody said for him, using his mouth and tongue and vocal cords—because it was the last thing in the world he wanted, to drive halfway across Long Island to a lunch party. "We hardly ever go anywhere," he himself said, but too late, after the damage had been done.

His mind wandered for an instant as he took in—not the room, for he was facing the wrong way, but a small corner of it. And in that instant he lost the thread of the story she was telling him. She had taken her shoe off in a movie theatre and put her purse down beside it, and the next thing he knew they refused to do anything, even after she had explained what happened and that she must get in. Who "they" were, get in where, he patiently waited to find out, while politely sharing her indignation.

"But imagine!" she exclaimed. "They said, 'How valuable was the ring?' "

He shook his head, commiserating with her.

"I suppose if it hadn't been worth a certain amount," she went on, "they wouldn't have done a thing about it."

The police, surely, he thought. Having thought at first it was the manager of the movie theatre she was talking about.

"And while they were jimmying the door open, people were walking by, and nobody showed the slightest concern. Or interest."

So it wasn't the police. But who was it, then? He never found out, because they were joined by another woman, who smiled at him in such a way as to suggest that they knew each other. But though he searched his mind and her face—the plucked eyebrows, the reserved expression in the middle-aged eyes—and considered her tweed suit and her diamond pin and her square figure, he could not imagine who she was. Suppose somebody—suppose Iris came up and he had to introduce her?

The purse was recovered, with the valuable ring still in it, and he found himself talking about something that had occupied his thoughts lately. And in his effort to say what he meant, he failed to notice what happened to the first woman. Suddenly she was not there. Somebody must have carried her off, right in front of his unseeing eyes.

“. . . but it isn't really distinguishable from what goes on in dreams,” he said to the woman who seemed to know him and to assume that he knew her. “People you have known for twenty or thirty years, you suddenly discover you didn't really know how they felt about you, and in fact you don't know how anybody feels about anything—only what they *say* they feel. And suppose that isn't true at all? You decide that it is better to act as if it is true. And so does everybody else. But it is a kind of myth you are living in, wide awake, with your eyes open, in broad daylight.”

He realized that the conversation had become not only personal but intimate. But it was too late to back out now.

To his surprise she seemed to understand, to have felt what he had felt. “And one chooses,” she said, “between this myth and that.”

“Exactly! If you live in the city and are bringing up children, you decide that this thing is not safe—and so you don't let them do it—and that thing *is* safe. When, actually, neither one is safe and everything is equally dangerous. But for the sake of convenience—”

“And also so that you won't go out of your mind,” she said.

“And so you won't go out of your mind,” he agreed. “Well,” he said after a moment, “that makes two of us who are thinking about it.”

“In one way or another, people live by myths,” she said.

He racked his brain for something further to say on this or any other subject.

Glancing around at the windows, which went from floor to ceiling, the woman in the tweed suit said, “These vistas you have here.”

He then looked and saw black night, with lighted buildings far below and many blocks away. “From our living room,” he said, “you can see all the way to the North Pole.”

“We live close to the ground,” she said.

But where? Cambridge? Princeton? Philadelphia?

“In the human scale,” he said. “Like London and Paris. Once, on a beautiful spring day, four of us—we'd been having lunch with a visiting Englishman who was interested in architecture—went searching for the sky. Up one street and down the next.”

She smiled.

“We had to look for it, the sky is so far away in New York.”

They stood nursing their drinks, and a woman came up to them who seemed to know her intimately, and the two women started talking and he turned away.

ON her way into the school building, Laurie joined the flood from the school bus, and cried, “Hi, Janet . . . Hi, Connie . . . Hi, Elizabeth . . .” and seemed to be enveloped by her schoolmates, until suddenly, each girl having turned to some other girl, Laurie is left standing alone, her expression unchanged, still welcoming, but nobody having responded. If you collect reasons, this is the reason she behaved so badly at lunch, was impertinent to her mother, and hit her little sister.

HE woke with a mild pain in his stomach. It was high up, like an ulcer pain, and he lay there worrying about it. When he heard the sound of shattered glass, his half-awake, oversensible mind supplied both the explanation and the details: two men, putting a large framed picture into the trunk compartment of a parked car, had dropped it, breaking the glass. Too bad . . . And with that thought he drifted gently off to sleep.

In the morning he looked out of the bedroom window and saw three squad cars in front of the drugstore. The window of the drugstore had a big star-shaped hole in it, and several policemen were standing around looking at the broken glass on the sidewalk.

THE sneeze was perfectly audible through two closed doors. He turned to Iris with a look of inquiry.

“Who sneezed? Was that you, Laurie?” she called.

“That was Cindy,” Laurie said.

In principle, Iris would have liked to bring them up in a Spartan fashion, but both children caught cold easily and their colds were prolonged, and recurring, and overlapping, and endless. Whether they should or shouldn't be kept home from school took on the unsolvability of a moral dilemma—which George's worrying disposition did nothing to alleviate. The sound of a child coughing deep in the chest in the middle of the night would make him leap up out of a sound sleep.

She blamed herself when the children came down with a cold, and she blamed them. Possibly, also, the school was to blame, since the children played on the roof, twelve stories above the street, and up there the winds were often much rawer, and teachers cannot, of course, spend all their time going around buttoning up the coats of little girls who have got too hot from running.

She went and stood in the doorway of Cindy's room. “No sneezing,” she said.

Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.

“Cindy, if you are catching another cold, I'm going to shoot myself,” Iris said, and gave her two baby-aspirin tablets to chew, and some Vitamin C drops, and put an extra blanket on her bed, and didn't open the window, and in the morning Cindy's nose was running.

“Shall I keep her home from school?” Iris asked, at the breakfast table.

Instead of answering, George got up and looked at the weather thermometer outside the west window of their bedroom. “Twenty-seven,” he said, when he came back. But he still didn't answer her question. He was afraid to answer it, lest it be the wrong answer, and she blame him. Actually, there was no answer that was the right answer: They had tried sending Cindy to school and they had tried not sending her. This time, Iris kept her home from school—not because she thought it was going to make any difference but so the pediatrician, Dr. de Santillo, wouldn't blame her. Not that he ever said anything. And Cindy got to play with Laurie's things all morning. She played with Laurie's paper dolls until she was tired, and left them all over the floor, and then she colored in Laurie's coloring book, and Puppy chewed up one of the crayons but not one of Laurie's favorites—not the pink or the blue—and then Cindy rearranged the furniture in Laurie's doll house so it was much nicer, and then she lined up all Laurie's dolls in a row on her bed and played school. And when it was time for Laurie to come home from school she went out to the kitchen and played with the eggbeater. Laurie came in, letting the front door slam behind her, and dropped her mittens in the hall and her coat on the living-room rug and her knitted cap on top of her coat, and started for her room, and it sounded as if she had hurt herself. Iris came running. What a noise Laurie made. And stamping her foot, Cindy noted disapprovingly. And tears.

"Stop screaming and tell me what's the matter!" Iris said.

"Cindy, I hate you!" Laurie said. "I hate you, I hate you!"

Horrible old Laurie . . .

But in the morning when they first woke up it was different. She heard Laurie in the bathroom, and then she heard Laurie go back to her room. Lying in bed, Cindy couldn't suck her thumb because she couldn't breathe through her nose, so she got up and went into Laurie's room (entirely forgetting that her mother had said that in the morning she was to stay out of Laurie's room because she had a cold) and got in Laurie's bed and said, "Read, read." Laurie read her the story of "The Tinder Box," which has three dogs in it—a dog with eyes as big as saucers, and a dog with eyes as big as millwheels, and a third dog with eyes as big as the Round Tower of Copenhagen.

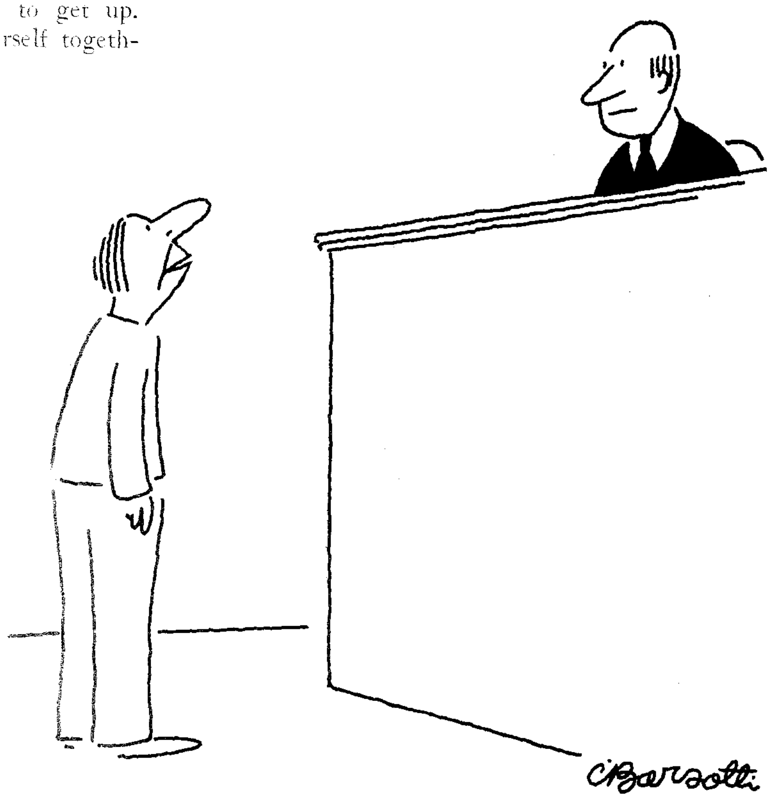
TAP, *tap*, *tap* on the bedroom door brought him entirely awake. "What's Laurie been reading to her?" he asked, turning over in bed. That meant it was Iris's turn to get up. While she was pulling herself together, they heard *tap*, *tap*, *tap* again. The bed heaved.

"What's Laurie been reading to you?" she asked as she and Cindy went off down the hall together. When she came back into the bedroom, the light was on and he was standing in front of his dresser, with the top drawer open, searching for Gelusil tablets.

"Trouble?" she said.

STANDING in the doorway of Cindy's room, in her blue dressing gown, with her hairbrush in her hand, Iris said, "Who sneezed? Was that you, Cindy?"

"That was Laurie," Cindy said.



"I blame it on lack of moral leadership."

So after that Laurie got to stay home from school too.

"I SAW Phyllis Simpson in Gristede's supermarket," Iris said. "Their cook committed suicide."

"How?"

"She threw herself in the river."

"No!"

"They think she must have done it sometime during the night, but they don't know exactly when. They just came down to breakfast and she wasn't there. They're still upset about it."

"When did it happen?"

"About a month ago. Her body was found way down the river."

"What a pity. She was a nice woman."

"You remember her?"

"Certainly. She always waved to the children when I used to walk them to school. She waved to me too, sometimes. From the kitchen window. What made her do such a thing?"

"They have no idea."

"She was a big woman," he said. "It must have been hard for her to pull herself up over that railing. It's quite high. No note or anything?"

"No."

"Terrible."

ON St. Valentine's Day, the young woman who lived on tea and cigarettes and was given to burning herself on the gas stove eloped to California with her mother, and now there was no one in the kitchen. From time to time, the employment agency went through the formality of sending someone for Iris to interview—though actually it was the other way round. And either the apartment was too large or they didn't care to work for a family with children or they were not accustomed to doing the cooking as well as the other housework. Sometimes they didn't give any reason at all.

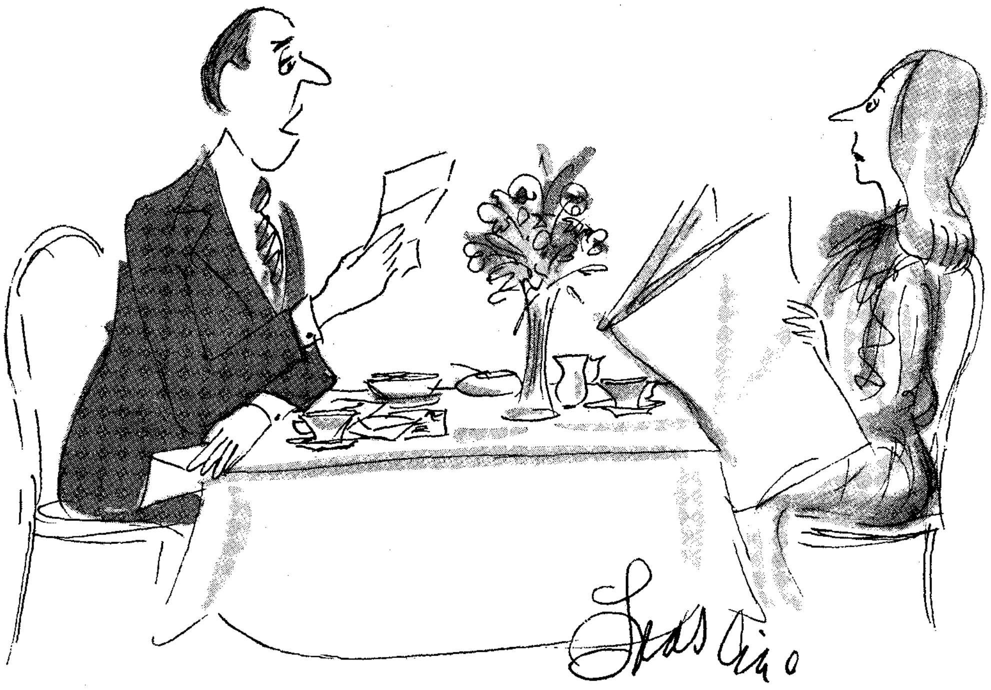
A young woman from Haiti, who didn't speak English, was willing to give the job a try. It turned out that she had never seen a carpet sweeper before, and she asked for her money at the end of the day.

WALKING the dog at seven-fifteen on a winter morning, he suddenly stopped and said to himself, "Oh God, somebody's been murdered!" On the high stone stoop of one of the little houses on East End Avenue facing the park. Somebody in a long red coat. By the curve of the hip he could tell it was a woman, and with his heart racing he considered what he ought to do. From where he stood on the sidewalk he couldn't see the upper part of her body. One foot—the bare heel and the strap of her shoe—was sticking out from under the hem of the coat. If she'd been murdered, wouldn't she be sprawled out in an awkward position instead of curled up and lying on her side as though she was in bed asleep? He looked up at the house. Had they locked her out? After a scene? Or she could have come home in the middle of the night and discovered that she'd forgotten to take her key. But in that case she'd have spent the night in a hotel or with a friend. Or called an all-night locksmith.

He went up three steps without managing to see any more than he had already. The parapet offered some shelter from the wind, but even so, how could she sleep on the cold stone, with nothing over her?

"Can I help you?"

His voice sounded strange and hollow. There was no answer. The red coat did not



"I guess they really mean it. Here's a second appeal for funds from Brad and Dee Dee Dennison."

• •

stir. Then he saw the canvas bag crammed with the fruit of her night's scavenging, and backed down the steps.

NOW it was his turn. The sore throat was gone in the morning, but it came back during the day, and when he sat down to dinner he pulled the extension out at his end and moved his mat, silver, and glass farther away from the rest of them.

"If you aren't sneezing, I don't think you need to be in Isolation Corner," Iris said, but he stayed there anyway. His colds were prolonged and made worse by his efforts to treat them; made worse still by his trying occasionally to disregard them, as he saw other people doing. In the end he went through box after box of Kleenex, his nose white with Noxzema, his eyelids inflamed, like a man in a subway poster advertising a cold remedy that, as it turned out, did not work for him. And finally he took to his bed, with a transistor radio for amusement and company. In his childhood, being sick resulted in agreeable pampering, and now that he was grown he preferred to be both parties to this pleasure. No one could make him as comfortable as he could make himself, and Iris had all but given up trying.

ON a rainy Sunday afternoon in March, with every door in the school building locked and the corridors braced for the shock of Monday morning, the ancient piano demonstrated for the benefit of the empty practice room that it is one thing to fumble through the vocal line, guided by the chords that accompany it, and something else again to be genuinely musical, to know what the composer intended—the resolution of what cannot be left uncertain, the amorous flirtation of the treble and the bass, notes taking to the air like a flock of startled birds.

THE faint clicking sounds given off by the telephone in the pantry meant that Iris was dialling on the extension in the master bedroom. And at last there was somebody in the Carringtons' kitchen again—a black woman in her fifties. They were low on milk, and totally out of oatmeal, canned dog food, and coffee, but the memo pad that was magnetically attached to the side of the Frigidaire was blank. Writing down things they were out of was not something she considered part of her job. When an emergency arose, she put on her coat and went to the store, just as if she were still in North Carolina.

The sheet of paper that was attached to the clipboard hanging from a nail on the side of the kitchen cupboard had the menus for lunch and dinner all written out, but they were for yesterday's lunch and dinner. And though it was only nine-thirty, Bessie already felt a mounting indignation at being kept in ignorance about what most deeply concerned her. It was an old-fashioned apartment, with big rooms and high ceilings, and the kitchen was a considerable distance from the master bedroom; nevertheless, it was just barely possible for the two women to live there. Nature had designed them for mutual tormenting, the one with an exaggerated sense of time, always hurrying to meet a deadline that did not exist anywhere but in her own fancy, and calling upon the angels or whoever is in charge of amazing grace to take notice that she had put the food on the hot tray in the dining room at precisely one minute before the moment she had been told to have dinner ready; the other with not only a hatred of planning meals but also a childish reluctance to come to the table. When the minute hand of the electric clock in the kitchen arrived at seven or seven-fifteen or whatever, Bessie went into the dining room and announced in an inaudible voice that dinner was ready. Two rooms away, George heard her by extrasensory perception and leapt to his feet, and Iris, holding out her glass to him, said, "Am I not going to have a second vermouth?"

To his amazement, on Bessie's day off, having cooked dinner and put it on the hot plate, Iris drifted away to the front of the apartment and read a magazine, fixed her hair, God knows what, until he discovered the food sitting there and begged her to come to the table.

"THEY said they lived in Boys Town, and I thought Jimmy let them in because he's Irish and Catholic," Iris said. "There was nothing on the list I wanted, so I subscribed to *Vogue*, to help them out. When I spoke to Jimmy about it, he said he had no idea they were selling subscriptions, and he never lets solicitors get by him—not even nuns and priests. Much as he might want to. So I don't suppose it will come."

"It might," George said. "Maybe they were honest."

"He thought they were workmen because they asked for the eleventh floor. The tenants on the eleventh floor have moved out and Jimmy says the people who are moving in have a five years' lease and are spending fifty thousand dollars on the place, which they don't even *own*. But anyway, what they did was walk through the apartment and then down one floor and start ringing doorbells. The super took them down in the back elevator without asking what they were doing there, and off they went. They tried the same thing at No. 7 and the doorman threw them out.

WALKING the dog before breakfast, if he went by the river walk he saw in the Simpsons' window a black-haired woman who did not wave to him or even look up when he passed. That particular section of the river walk was haunted by an act of despair that nobody had been given a chance to understand. Nothing that he could think of—cancer, thwarted love, melancholia—seemed to fit. He had only spoken to her once, when he and Iris went to a dinner party at the Simpsons' and she smiled at him as she was helping the maid clear the table between courses. If she didn't look up when he passed under her window it was as though he had been overtaken by a cloud shadow—until he forgot all about it, a few seconds later. But he could have stopped just once, and he hadn't. When the window was open he could have called out to her, even if it was only "Good morning," or "Isn't it a beautiful day?"

He could have said, *Don't do it. . . .*

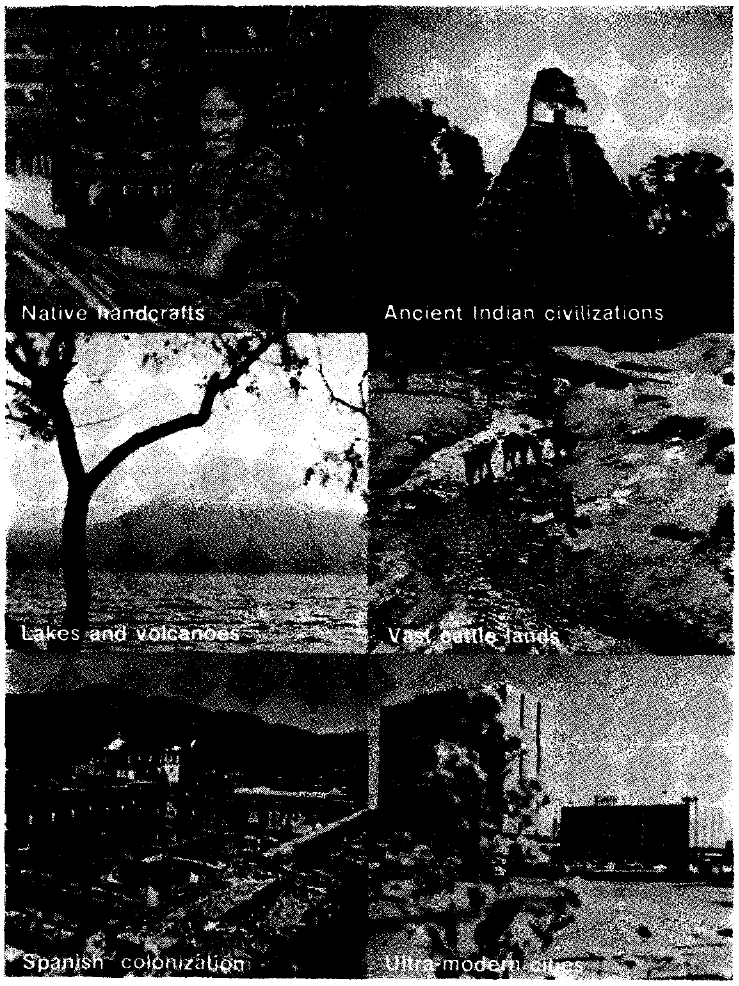
Sometimes he came back by the little house on East End Avenue where he had seen the woman in the red coat. He invariably glanced up, half expecting her to be lying there on the stoop. If she wasn't there, where was she?

In the psychiatric ward of Bellevue Hospital was the answer. But not for long. She and the doctor got it straightened out about her mother's gold thimble, and he gave her a prescription and told her where to go in the building to have it filled, and hoped for the best—which, after all, is all that anybody has to hope for.

THE weather thermometer blew away one stormy night and after a week or two George brought home a new one. It was round and encased in white plastic, and not meant to be screwed to the window frame but to be kept inside. It registered the temperature outside by means of a wire with what looked like a small bullet attached to the end of it. The directions said to drill a hole through the window frame, but George backed away from all that and, instead, hung the wire across the sill and closed the window on it. What the new thermometer said bore no relation to the actual temperature, and drilling the hole had a high priority on the list of things he meant to do.

There was also a racial barometer

There are 21 different countries in Latin America, but in one country you can see what most of them are famous for.
Guatemala



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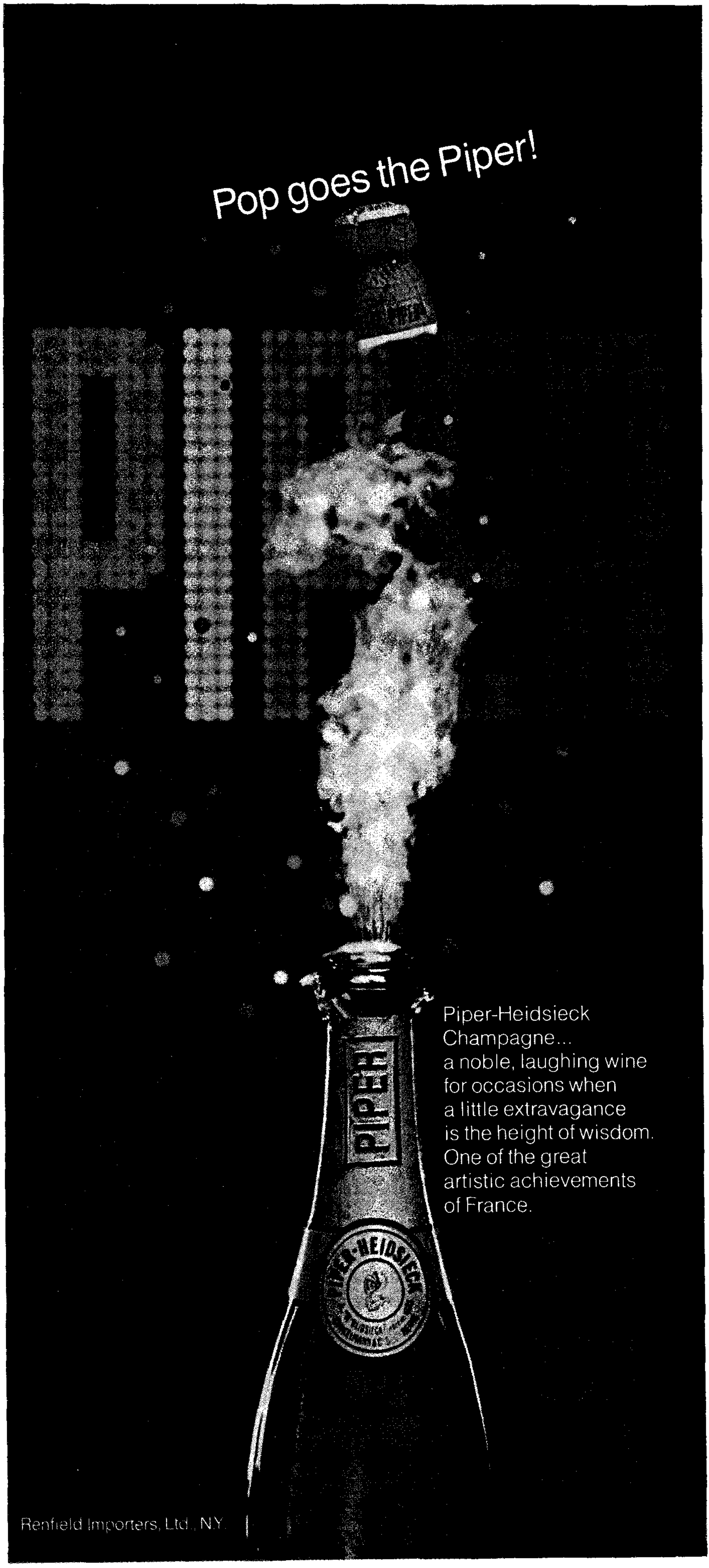

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in the apartment that registered *Fair* or *Stormy*, according to whether Bessie had spent several days running in the apartment or had just come back from a weekend in her room in Harlem.

The laundress, so enormously fat that she had to maneuver her body around, as if she were the captain of an ocean liner, was a Muslim and hated all white people and most black people as well. She was never satisfied with the lunch Bessie cooked for her, and Bessie objected to having to get lunch for her, and the problem was solved temporarily by having her eat in the luncheonette across the street.

She quit. The new laundress was half the size of the old one, and sang alto in her church choir, and was good-tempered, and fussy about what she had for lunch. Bessie sometimes considered her a friend and sometimes an object of derision, because she believed in spirits.

So did Bessie, but not to the same extent or in the same way. Bessie's mother had appeared to her and her sister and brother, shortly after her death. They were quarrelling together, and her mother's head and shoulders appeared up near the ceiling, and she said they were to love one another. And sometimes when Bessie was walking along the street she felt a coolness and knew that a spirit was beside her. But the laundress said, "All right, go ahead, then, if you want to," to the empty air and, since there wasn't room for both of them, let the spirit precede her through the pantry. She even knew who the spirit was.

IT was now spring on the river, and the river walk was a Chinese scroll which could be unrolled, by people who like to do things in the usual way, from right to left—starting at Gracie Square and walking north. Depicted were:

A hockey game between Loyola and St. Francis de Sales
Five boys shooting baskets on the basketball court
A seagull
An old man sitting on a bench doing columns of figures
A child drawing a track for his toy trains on the pavement with a piece of chalk
A paper drinking cup floating on the troubled surface of the water
A child in pink rompers pushing his own stroller
A woman sitting on a bench alone, with her face lifted to the sun
A Puerto Rican boy with a transistor radio

Two middle-aged women speaking German

A bored and fretful baby, too hot in his perambulator, with nothing to look at or play with, while his nurse reads

The tugboat Chicago pulling a long string of empty barges upstream

A little girl feeding her mother an apple

A helicopter

A kindergarten class, in two sections

Clouds in a blue sky

A flowering cherry tree

Seven freight cars moving imperceptibly, against the tidal current, in the wake of the Herbert E. Smith

A man with a pipe in his mouth and a can of Prince Albert smoking tobacco on the bench beside him

A man sorting his possessions into two canvas bags, one of which contains a concertina

Six very small children playing in the sandpile, under the watchful eyes of their mothers or nursemaids

An oil tanker

A red-haired priest reading a pocket-size New Testament

A man scattering bread crumbs for the pigeons

The Coast Guard cutter CG 40435 turning around just north of the lighthouse and heading back towards Hell Gate Bridge

A sweeper with his bag and a ferruled stick

A little boy pointing a red plastic pistol at his father's head

A pleasure yacht

An airplane

A man and a woman speaking French

A child on a tricycle

A boy on roller skates

A reception under a striped tent on he lawn of the mayor's house

The fireboat station

The Franklin Delano Roosevelt Drive, a cinder path, a warehouse, seagulls, and so on

Who said *Happiness is the light shining on the water. The water is cold nd dark and deep. . . .*

"IT'S perfectly insane," George said when he met Iris coming from Gristede's with a big brown paper bag eavy as lead under each arm and re-eved her of them. "Don't we still ave that cart?"

"Nobody in the building uses them."

"But couldn't you?"

"No," Iris said.

"ALL children," Cindy said wisely, leaning against him, with her ead in the hollow of his neck, "all children think their mommy and daddy are the nicest."

"And what about you? Are you satisfied?"

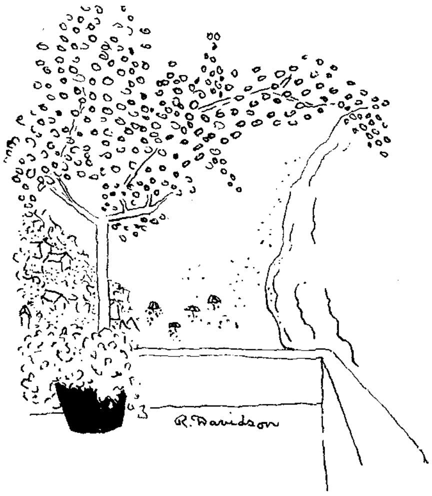
She gave him a hug and a kiss and said, "I think you and Mommy are the nicest mommy and daddy in the whole world."

"And I think you are the nicest Cindy," he said, his eyes moist with tears.

They sat and rocked each other gently.

AFTER Bessie had taken the breakfast dishes out of the dishwasher, she went into the front, dragging the vacuum cleaner, to do the children's rooms. She stood sometimes for five or ten minutes, looking down at East End Avenue—at the drugstore, the luncheonette, the rival cleaning establishments (side by side and, according to rumor, both owned by the same person), the hairstyling salon, and the branch office of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Together they made a canvas backdrop for a procession of people Bessie had never seen before, or would not recognize if she had, and so she couldn't say to herself, "There goes old Mrs. Maltby," but she looked anyway, she took it all in. The sight of other human beings nourished her mind. She read them as people read books. Pieces of toys, pieces of puzzles that she found on the floor she put on one shelf or another of the toy closet in Cindy's room, gradually introducing a disorder that Iris dealt with periodically, taking a whole day out of her life. But nobody told Bessie she was supposed to find the box the piece came out of, and it is questionable whether she could have anyway. The thickness of the lenses in her eyeglasses suggested that her eyesight was poorer than she let on.

She was an exile, far from home, among people who were not like the white people she knew and understood. She was here because down home she was getting forty dollars a week and she had her old age to think of. She and Iris alternated between irritation at one another and sudden acts of kindness. It was the situation that was at fault. Given halfway decent circumstances, men can work cheerfully and happily for other men, in offices, stores, and even factories. And so can women. But if Iris opened the cupboard or the icebox to see what they did or didn't contain, Bessie popped out of her room and said, "Did you want something?" And Iris withdrew, angry because she had been driven out of her own kitchen. In her mind, Bessie always thought of the Carringtons as "my people," but until she had taught them to think of themselves as her people her profound capacity for devotion would go unused; would not even be suspected.



You can say that life is a fountain if you want to, but what it more nearly resembles is a jack-in-the-box.

HALF awake, he heard the soft whimpering that meant Iris was having a nightmare, and he shook her. "I dreamt you were having a heart attack," she said.

"Should you be dreaming that?" he said. But the dream was still too real to be joked about. They were in a public place. And he couldn't be moved. He didn't die, and she consulted with doctors. Though the dream did not progress, she could not extricate herself from it but went on and on, feeling the appropriate emotions but in a circular way. Till finally the sounds she made in her sleep brought about her deliverance.

THE conversation at the other end of the hall continued steadily—not loud but enough to keep them from sleeping, and he had already spoken to the children once. So he got up and went down the hall. Laurie and Cindy were both in their bathroom, and Cindy was sitting on the toilet. "I have a stomach ache," she said.

He started to say, "You need to do bizz," and then remembered that the time before she had been sitting on the toilet doing just that.

"And I feel dizzy," Laurie said.

"I heard it," Iris said as he got back into bed.

"That's why she was so pale yesterday."

And half an hour later, when he got up again, Iris did too. To his surprise. Looking as if she had lost her

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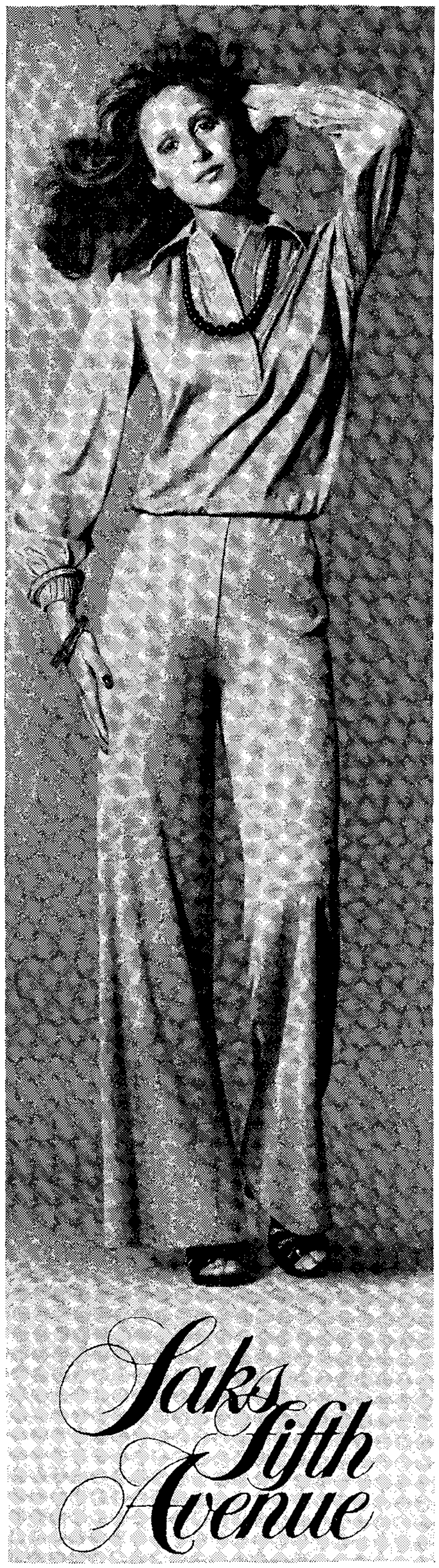

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last friend. So he took her in his arms.

"I hate everything," she said.

ON the top shelf of his clothes closet he keeps all sorts of things—the overflow of phonograph records, and the photograph albums, which are too large for the bookcases in the living room. The snapshots show nothing but joy. Year after year of it.

ON the stage of the school auditorium, girls from Class Eight, in pastel-colored costumes and holding arches of crêpe-paper flowers, made a tunnel from the front of the stage to the rear right-hand corner. The pianist took her hands from the keys, and the headmistress, in sensible navy blue, with her hair cut short like a man's, announced, "Class B becomes Class One."

Twenty very little girls in white dresses marched up on the stage two by two, holding hands.

George and Iris Carrington turned to each other and smiled, for Cindy was among them, looking proud and happy as she hurried through the tunnel of flowers and out of sight.

"Class One becomes Class Two." Another wave of little girls left their place in the audience and went up on the stage and disappeared into the wings.

"Class Two becomes Class Three."

Laurie Carrington, her red hair shining from the hairbrush, rose from her seat with the others and started up on the stage.

"It's too much!" George said, under his breath.

Class Three became Class Four, Class Four became Class Five, Class Five became Class Six, and George Carrington took a handkerchief out of his right hip pocket and wiped his eyes. It was their eagerness that undid him. Their absolute trust in the Arrangements. Class Six became Class Seven, Class Seven became Class Eight. The generations of man, growing up, growing old, dying in order to make room for more.

"Class Eight becomes Class Nine, and is now in the Upper School," the headmistress said, triumphantly. The two girls at the front ducked and went under the arches, taking their crêpe-paper flowers with them. And then the next two, and the next, and finally the audience was left applauding an empty stage.

"COME here and sit on my lap," he said, by no means sure Laurie would think it worth the trouble. But she came. Folding her onto his lap, he was aware of the length of her legs, and the difference of her body; the babyness had departed forever, and when he was affectionate with her it was always as if the moment were slightly out of focus; he felt a restraint. He worried lest it be too close to making love to her. The difference was not great, and he was not sure whether it existed at all.

"Would you like to hear a riddle?" she asked.

"All right."

"Who was the fastest runner in history?"

"I don't know," he said, smiling at her. "Who was?"

"Adam. He was the first in the human race. . . . Teeheeheeheehee, wasn't that a good one?"

WAKING in the night, Cindy heard her mother and father laughing behind the closed door of their room. It was a sound she liked to hear, and she turned over and went right back to sleep.

"WHAT was that?"

He raised his head from the pillow and listened.

"Somebody crying 'Help!'" Iris said.

He got up and went to the window. There was no one in the street except a taxi-driver brushing out the back seat o his hack. Again he heard it. Somebod being robbed. Or raped. Or murdered

"Help . . ." Faintly this time. An not from the direction of the park. Th taxi-driver did not look up at the sound which must be coming from inside building somewhere. With his face t the window, George waited for th sound to come again and it didn't Nothing but silence. If he called th police, what could he say? He got bac into bed and lay there, sick with horror his knees shaking. In the morning may be the *Daily News* would have wha happened.

But he forgot to buy a *News* on hi way to work, and days passed, an he no longer was sure what night was that they heard the voice cryin "Help!" and felt that he ought to g through weeks of the *News* until h found out what happened. If it was i the *News*. And if something happene

—WILLIAM MAXWEL

•

**STRAIGHT THINKING
WHILE IN
FLIGHT DEPARTMENT**

[*Headline in the Norwalk (Conn.) Hour*]

EXECUTIVE AIRLINES SAYS
EMPTY PLANES DON'T PAY

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rugged Peaks

ONE of the few generally accepted axioms of the concert-promotion business was formulated, with sly backhandedness, by the late Sol Hurok: "If the people don't want to come, nothing will stop them." When people *do* want to come, on the other hand, it isn't always easy to figure out exactly why. The New York Philharmonic's Rug Concerts, offered at Avery Fisher Hall for a second season, between June 11th and 16th, are a case in point. The repertory and performers are, by and large, not different from what the orchestra offers during its regular subscription season. The prices are lower, of course, but then Boulez and the orchestra have been offered at low prices before (in the Informal Evenings) without drawing comparable houses. The setting is different: the seats on the floor of the hall are removed, the orchestra is placed before and below the normal stage, and holders of general-admission tickets fend for themselves on the floor or stage, arrayed in casual disorder on plastic foam cushions (conventional "regimented" seating prevails in the balconies).

Singly or in combination, these circumstances attracted an exceptional audience: predominantly young, overwhelmingly enthusiastic, and more intently concentrated on the matter at hand than any assemblage of comparable size I have ever encountered at a concert. Merely to listen in such company is an uncommon privilege. As the week's concerts unfolded, a virtual contagion of empathy seemed to spread, and to seize the orchestra members as well; especially in small groups, their playing gained tangibly in individuality and specificity. On the final evening, he thunderous ovation following Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" (a Boulez-Philharmonic *spécialité de la maison* in any case) observed a nice distinction: cheers for the conductor when he came out, an even bigger hand when he signalled the orchestra to rise (which he always did immediately, without savorng a solo bow). To play for such an udience must be a pleasure.

The logistics of the operation are hrewd. In order to present six differnt concerts on as many nights without unning up staggering overtime costs, he orchestra was divided into two ensembles, of roughly thirty-five and sevnty players, respectively (further augmented with extra musicians as needed to fill out wind, brass, and percussion sections). Each of these "orchestras" played two concerts, and they were reunited for the final evening; a sixth concert, in honor of the Schoenberg centenary, used only chamber groups. Thus, the total of "services" required of any one player did not usually exceed his contractual norm for a regular-season week, which yields only four repetitions of the same program.

Ingenious, but not without complications. Preparation of so much music in so short a time is feasible only because most of it was rehearsed and played during the regular season. Yet the division of the orchestra means that some who played in a given work earlier in the year were not available for the particular Rug Concert on which it was scheduled. Only three of the musicians who played Varèse's "Octandre" in May were part of the Orchestra of 35 responsible for the June 12th concert, but this story had a happy ending, for the June performance, spearheaded by the uncanny precision and power of Stanley Drucker's clarinet playing, proved even stronger.

In general, the contemporary works for small groups were the plums of the series. Connoisseurs of the Philharmonic's wind sections, which were strongly represented in the smaller of the two orchestras, had a rewarding week—and so, perhaps, did the players themselves. I certainly hope Drucker enjoyed shaping the witty rhythms of Schoenberg's "Serenade" and the swooping arabesques of "Heimweh," in "Pierrot Lunaire," as much as I enjoyed hearing him do it, and the same might be said of the work of flutist Paige Brook, oboist Ronald Roseman, and trumpeter Gerard Schwarz. The string playing did not consistently match this level, although violinist Frank Gullino, in particular, seemed stimulated by the surroundings to work of a quality usually beyond his reach.

The Schoenberg concert, on Saturday evening, was the only event in the series to draw less than a substantially full house. All the same (and *pace* the misleading headline in the *Times* that proclaimed the "WANING APPEAL OF SCHOENBERG"), this was probably the largest audience ever gathered in New York for an all-Schoenberg chamber concert. Given the limited rehearsal time and the unfamiliarity of the music to most of the players, the results were remarkable, if rather short of the spectacular textural cohesion achieved in Jacques-Louis Monod's performance of the "Serenade" in May or the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's "Pierrot Lunaire" in March. Still, thanks to the familiar but ever-fresh impact of Jan DeGaetani's atmospheric vocal performance in "Pierrot" and Richard Frisch's musically aware reading of the Byron text in the "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte," as well as numerous excellences of instrumental detail and Boulez's sure pacing and balancing, it was a rewarding evening. All three works were projected with sufficient force and vivacity to convey their essential significance.

Two more recent composers were represented during the week. György Ligeti's "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures," those artful webs of nonsense syllables adumbrating witty, well-formed theatrical actions, were repeated from last season's Encounters with the same virtuosic team of soloists: Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Miss DeGaetani, and Mr. Frisch. Later in the week, we heard the first two of Boulez's three "Improvisations on Mallarmé"—the first time any of his music has appeared on a Philharmonic program since he became music director. Two sonnets are set to a melismatic tracery for soprano, surrounded by and alternating with webs of cool, subtly differentiated, predominantly bell-like sonorities. Miss Bryn-Julson, a singer of melting tone, impeccable accuracy, and awe-inspiring security in all parts of her range, is the perfect interpreter of this music, the unhurried poise of her phrases allowing Boulez to shape the instrumental material with entirely appropriate leisure. A platoon of the city's best percussionists joined a few Philharmonic regulars in this rapt performance, certainly a high point of the week. (For those who were not there, I must regretfully add that no recording of these pieces approaches the perfection of that performance.)

There were, too, some low points. Not so much the undercharacterized, uncommitted reading of Brahms' Fourth Symphony that began the week, or even the scrambled string playing that marred an essentially well-conceived performance of Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," as the fast but rhythmically inert Handel ("Royal Fireworks Music") and Bach (Brandenburg Concerto No. 3), and the incoherently phrased solo work in a Mozart flute concerto. Lack of rehearsal is one thing, lack of sympathy is another, and

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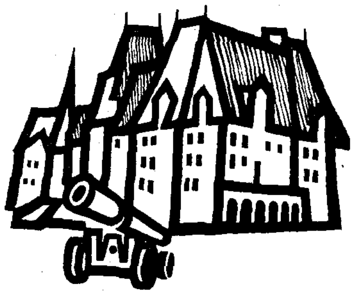

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less forgivable. Boulez's limitations as a conductor are not news to readers of these columns, of course, and it would be unfair to belabor them in the context of the week's remarkable achievements. But one wonders whether such "balanced" programming is really appropriate or necessary at these concerts. One or two eighteenth-century works are not enough to pull in the baroque-nik audience, and the people who did come clearly preferred good Stravinsky, Varèse, and Boulez to indifferent Bach and Handel.

Next June, there will be two weeks of Rug Concerts. I see no reason New York could not support still more, particularly if the work was spread out: other conductors (the load on Boulez, for just one week, must be staggering, although in truth he seems to thrive on it); other ensembles (choruses, chamber groups, old- and new-music specialists, even opera in concert form); and mixed programs—much along the lines of London's Prom Concerts, which were evidently the initial inspiration for the Rugs. Confronting this open-minded audience with a variety of new musical experiences, bringing a generation reared primarily on recordings into contact with the unique character of live performances—such a summer festival would be the finest, most natural kind of musical education that the Philharmonic (and the governmental agencies that should help underwrite it) could conceivably undertake.

One other possible consequence of the Rugs deserves mention: "seating in the round," with the orchestra down on the auditorium floor, does seem to yield better acoustical results than the normal disposition, at least for downstairs listeners (I have heard some negative judgments from people up in the balconies). The warm, full tone of the string ensemble in Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" was especially convincing in this respect, although I noted patches of badly matched intonation between solo players at some remove from each other, suggesting that the musicians still have trouble maintaining intramural auditory contact. But perhaps a shell of some sort . . . Management, saddled with a hall that constitutes a major musical liability (and a promotional one as well, for the meanest provincial band at Carnegie Hall has been known to stir the guts with tonal impacts that the Philharmonic simply cannot project at Avery Fisher), is apparently toying with further experiments. More power to them; anything, one feels, has got to be an improvement.

—DAVID HAMILTON

ROCK, ETC.

The Who Are Ten

AT Madison Square Garden, an electric sign congratulated The Who on their tenth anniversary. I tried to remember how many times I had seen them: Seven? Eight? They are the only sixties supergroup whose periodic tours have remained part of the normal ebb and flow of seasons. This performance was a little different: since The Who hadn't played New York during their tour late last year, they had flown in specially to do four dates at the Garden. Still, it was possible to relax. If I missed a few notes because I was watching a kid fighting with an usher, it was O.K. If Roger Daltrey's mike went out several times during the evening, it was no metaphysical disaster. And if the Tuesday-night performance I attended wasn't the greatest Who concert I'd seen—which isn't to say it was bad, or even mediocre—that was O.K., too. Sort of.

The show consisted mostly of Who standards. It began with "I Can't Explain" and "Summertime Blues," and ended with the "See me, feel me" chorus from "Tommy," and "My Generation;" the high points, for me were "Won't Get Fooled Again" and "Pinball Wizard." I was surprised though not particularly disappointed that so little of the program—perhap half a dozen songs, including two encores—was devoted to "Quadrophenia." As usual, The Who were harde and louder and more violent than anybody. As usual, they were wacky—clowning and wisecracking, Pete an Keith and Roger falling flat on th stage, John playing straight man. Yet was all a bit too pat.

My feelings about the concert a not unrelated to my continuing rese vations about "Quadrophenia." M original reaction to the opera was th it was boring, and though it does r ward careful listening, I still find my self approaching it more as a cultur monument than as a pleasure. Co ceptually, "Quadrophenia" is brillian Its central conceit—The Who "quadrophenic" (shouldn't that quadro*phren*ic, Pete?) Mod her through whose fragmented consciou ness filters the history of a decade—opens up all kinds of possibilities. Th relationship of individual to group one of the important cultural and p litical questions—perhaps *the* importa question—posed by the sixties; for Pet Townshend it is undoubtedly a spiritu question as well. Like Tommy, the pi ball-playing messiah, the quadropher Jimmy is caught up in the tension b tween the sacred and the secular—between "Love, Reign O'er Me" and "The Punk Meets the Godfather." In the past, Townshend has created wonderful poetry out of that tension; he understands better than any other songwriter, with the possible exception of Lou Reed, how fatally we are all divided between the two modes and how deeply we yearn to integrate them. He has never made the mistake of confusing religious feeling with the kind of spiritual upward mobility popularized by George Harrison, which may be why The Who, in spite of age, superstardom, and Meher Baba, can still do "My Generation" with conviction. Nevertheless, "Quadrophenia" doesn't quite come off. It lacks something essential: soul. Jimmy is more a formula than a person. The individual songs don't stand up by themselves: they do not capture the religious tenderness they seem to strive for; nor are they great rock and roll. And what was ultimately wrong with the concert, it seemed to me, was that "Quadrophenia" failed to provide it with an emotional center.

As long as The Who continue to be normal working band rather than a emi-retired legend—and I hope that's long time—they will not be able (like he Stones or Dylan) to advance the tate of their art just by walking ontage, and no matter how well the old ongs are performed, their impact is invitably somewhat dulled by repetition. Only new work, with its freshness and ncertainty—*What are they saying to s now?*—can carry me that one step irther that, fairly or not, I demand f them. "Quadrophenia" should have ulfilled that function, but it didn't. The encores were an anticlimax; I ept feeling as if I ought to have a lyric heet in front of me.

On Friday night, after their last perormance, The Who held a tenth-aniversary party at the Manhattan Cenr. Murray the K presided over the age show, which combined rock and oll (recorded and live) with what I—ot that I'm an expert—took to be pically British low comedy. There ere a snake charmer and a fire-eater, ıd Ronnie Spector and the Ronettes, ho were a little of both. Ronnie looked xy and made cracks about her, ah, x-husband, and sang "Baby I Love ou" and "Be My Baby" and "Love rain," and we danced. Marc Stevens, ıe porn star, stripped and stood up on table. At 2 A.M., Murray announced at a roller derby was beginning ɔwnstairs, and so it was. All in all, a pical supergroup's tenth-anniversary ırty. May there be many more.

—Ellen Willis

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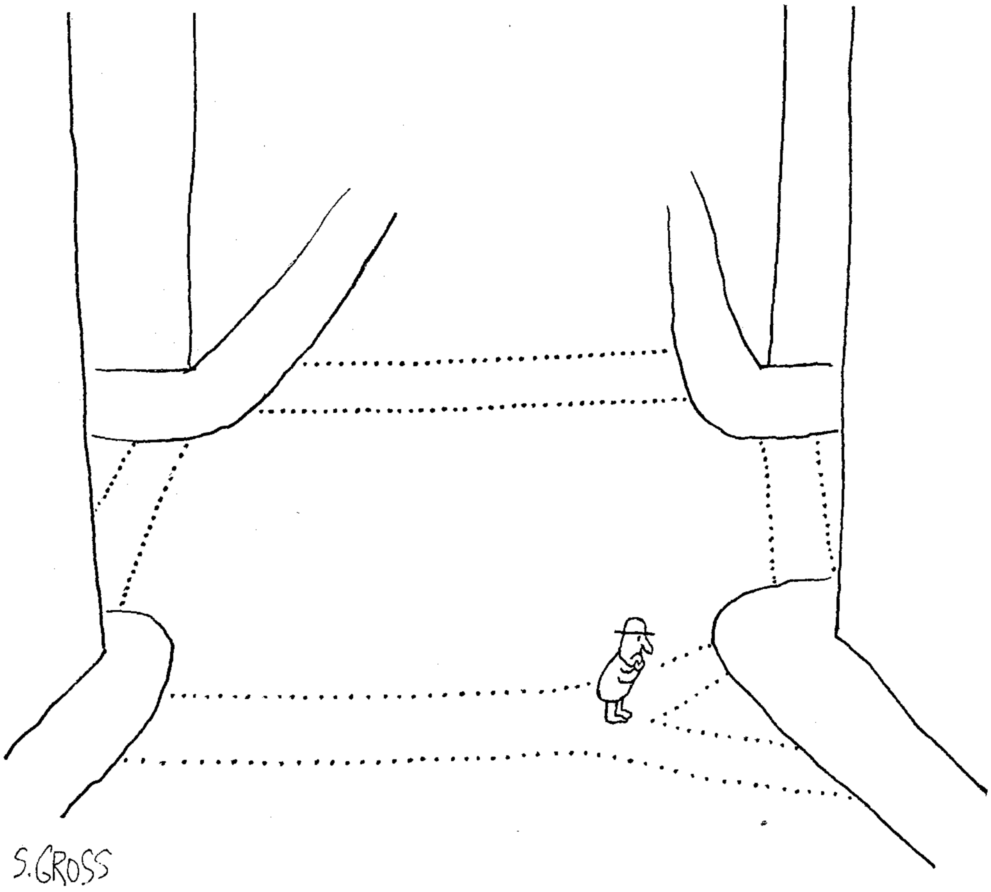
DANCING

Girlhood

CAROLYN BROWN'S "House Party," composed for a group of eight young women dancers who call themselves the Among Company, is the best new work I've seen all this spring season, and if that sounds like a backhanded compliment—because the season, madly active as usual, has also been the dullest in years—let me say that I'd find "House Party" impressive in any season but that right now it comes as a reviving vision of the resources of American dance. In a sense, the resources of American dance are the subject of the piece. The eight girls who perform it are not all trained up to the same level; the choreography is attuned to their varying capabilities, and it moves, so to speak, at their speed. But the Among Company moves faster and farther than most professional companies do, precisely because its material is so perfectly focussed. Each dancer is intent on doing the things she has learned to do—things that define her at her own level as a dancer—and each comes off as having made a splendid and serious effort. The dedication of the whole group suggests that, individually or together, they will go on making such efforts in the future. Toward the end of the ballet, the lovely multi-screen film setting that James Klosty has made for it projects a closeup of each dancer's face in a series of slow fades. Like a graduation exercise, "House Party" introduces us to eight girls who in the course of the piece have collectively become something more than they were at the beginning—genus dancer.

The nucleus of the Among Company was formed in 1971 in a choreography workshop conducted by Carolyn Brown at the University of California in Berkeley during a tour of the Merce Cunningham company. Six of the workshop students followed the Cunningham company back to New York. In the meantime, Carolyn Brown gave up the position she had held for years as Cunningham's principal soloist and partner. Although I'd seen some samples of her choreography and admired it for the same skill she displays in "House Party"—her ability to work with dancers of different technical backgrounds and grades of achievement—it was simply too much to expect that so brilliant and universally acclaimed a performer would turn out ballets that were more than an extension of her teaching; star dancers often become valuable teachers, seldom valuable choreographers. But I think "House Party" establishes Carolyn Brown as a choreographer of considerable stature. She has made more than a graduation or training-ground piece; she's produced a theatrical work of art.

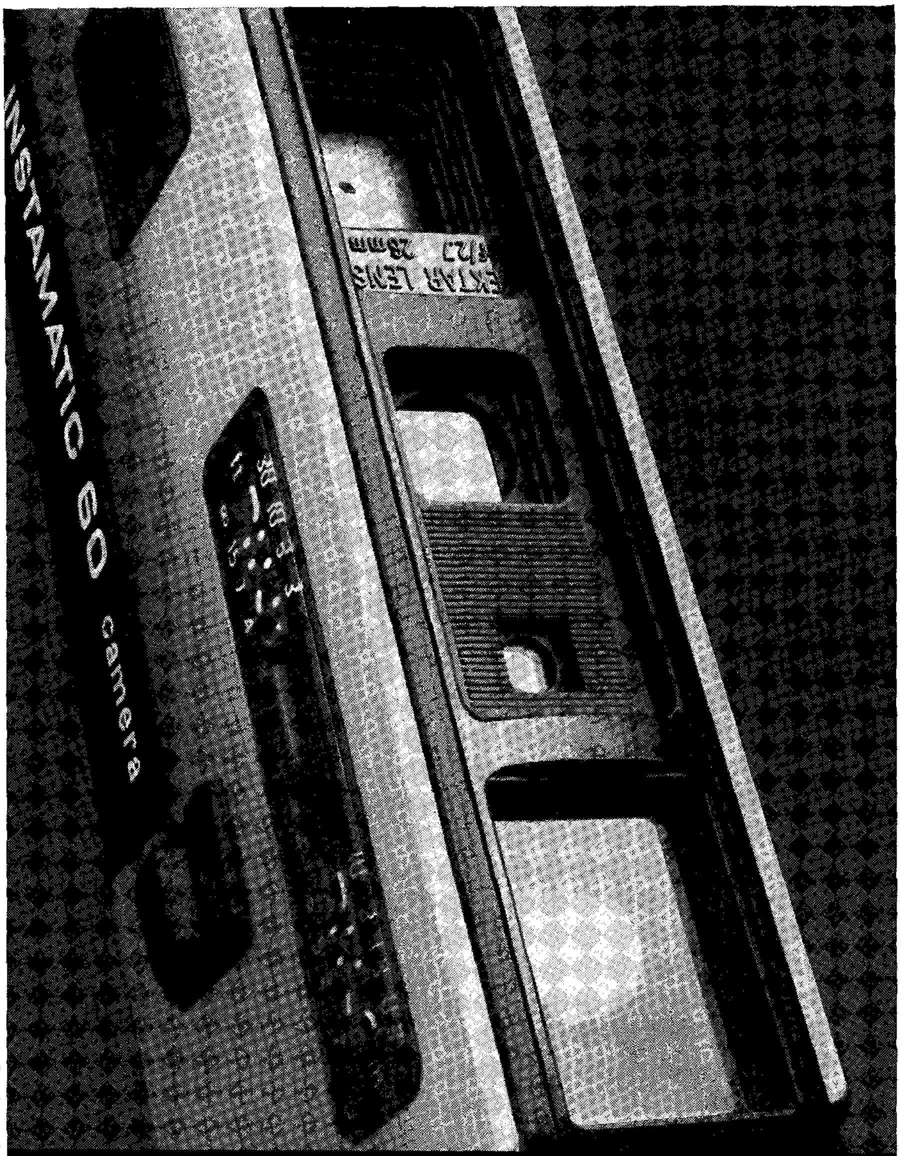
"House Party" would not have the impact it has if its only subject were the formation of its dancers. Though this is what gives it poignancy, the piece is so well constructed that you can miss the point completely and still be moved. Brown's overt "poetic" theme is identity: specifically, the classic identity crisis of adolescent girls—the pangs, the euphoria, the small, unnoticed, private deaths. The theme is expressed several different ways—lightly brushed into the choreography as the girls dance alone or two by two or all together in a group, more explicitly enunciated in the masks that they put on and take off and at one point exchange in a friendly experiment, and further elaborated in Klosty's color film, which invents for them all a communal dream life they may be imagined actually to have shared. This film, running alongside the dances at key intervals, projects related images on three screens at once, and I was struck by the images' internal consistency, which seemed to have nothing to do with the dances until the very end. Like the choreography, which never veers from its format—a suite of dances with masks—the film keeps to its own order of suggestion, and it's as elliptical as th dances. Though about all it has i common with the dances are the eigh girls (starring on both stage and screen and their masks, which precede each o those lingering closeups as the piec ends, the film seems to tell us more b what it leaves out. Its basic image that of a deserted old house in th country, so eccentrically built that th three views of it we see appear at firs to be views of three different house Along the roofs and porticoes of th house, the girls, wearing long summer nightgowns, appear and disappear i time lapses. We see them next from in side the house, silhouetted against hug windows. The film then moves to series of playful exterior shots in spe and slow motion—field games see from overhead, some al-fresco dancin in bluejeans, rows of wiggling fee There's a sequence of upside-dow bends and stretches photographed in pond, and a wonderful episode of a gi leading a balky horse through a meadow This casually introduced allusion young girls and their passion for hors may seem questionable when you thin about it later—a bit "stroke of geniu in its knowledgeability—but it seen just fine at the time, and I can't thi why certain lesser strokes also didn't o fend me when they occurred: a quive ing apple blossom, and a shot of a girl r

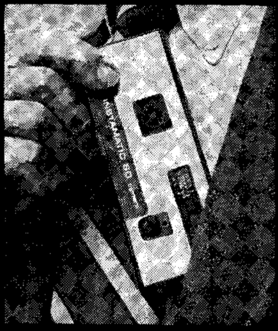


clining in a dead tree, her limbs and hair moving in slow motion. And Klosty's fearlessness is heroic. He follows this with a shot of the same tree under snow.

But to continue the parallel of the two coexisting elements—dance and film—that don't *seem* parallel: so is Brown's choreography heroic. I've dealt with the film at some length because it's the element that is allowed to grip us first, and because it's so exuberant that the dance going on in semidarkness doesn't look as if it's going to interest us as much. But when the lights come up, the dance is very interesting indeed—dynamically wide in range, clear and strong in pattern—and it takes some awesome chances. A monumental group pose shifts to another, even grander one, then another shift—nd the composure is shattered by a ightning headfirst dive by one girl into he arms of the others. Later on in the iece, Brown repeats this climactic incident from an entirely different premse. The repeat is like Klosty's dead ree: you can't believe they'd dare do it wice, but they do, and the sudden urst into excess is completely honest nd unpretentious in effect—a moment f straight lyrical rapture. "House arty" is not, I think, a great and origal work, but it is an exceptionally vocative one, and the care with which combines and balances deliberate clinés is a sign of high professional intelgence. Brown's choreography is full echoes—not only of the contemporary Merce Cunningham style of conrt dancing, which you'd expect to nd in it, but also of ballet's sylphides nd the Arcadian nymphs of Denawn. Her style for the piece is like a oss-section of the theatrical dance of e last fifty years: many shades of assicism are here. It's a very feminine le, too. Perhaps only a woman oreographer could today touch the me chords in American dance that lanchine explored so profoundly for- years ago in "Serenade." The only oreography I've seen recently that ems to be in the same vein as "House rty" is Art Bauman's "Dances for omen," a series of movement studies sed on old Doris Humphrey exercises.

Professional intelligence is a rare ality in avant-garde dance, and it's ecially rare in mixed-media works, which choreographers tend to use ms and projections to batter our nses, as if we'd never seen a movie fore. What distinguishes "House rty" from the many *misterioso* works at are being made today is its element discrimination, which allows its akers to retrieve romantic gestures om banality, and its breadth of feel-





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ing. It's a world away from the shrinking, cavilling, microscopic concerns of so many young choreographers who perform their rituals in downtown lofts. "House Party" is romantic without being sentimental, dark without being gloomy, and it deserves a much larger audience than the one that crowded the Cunningham studio in Westbeth for four performances. The eight girls who danced were Ellen Cornfield, Jumay Chu, Ann Darby, Ellen Likwornik, Joyce Morgenroth, Ellen Saltonstall, Wendy Rogers, and Ellen Webb. The expert lighting was by Richard Nelson, the delicate sound score was composed by Maggi Payne, the life masks were by Carl Hecker, and the costumes, pure Denishawn, were by the choreographer.

ELIOT FELD has great gifts, which he seems determined to dissipate. When he had his own company at the Brooklyn Academy a few years ago, every new work showed him extending and flexing his talent in different directions—training his dancers, building a repertory, learning more and more about the craft of choreography. He was educating himself in public, and I admired him for it, but now he seems to have lost his drive. The new Eliot Feld Ballet, unveiled at the Public Theatre, brings back some of the dancers and some of the ballets from the Brooklyn period, but it doesn't bring back the old excitement. Feld's restlessness in those days made him try his hand at every sort of ballet, and the fascination of his work, as he probed the secrets of prototypes, was in its logic and continuity. His mistakes were as interesting as his successes. But Feld has ended his apprenticeship too soon. In works like "The Gods Amused" (prototype: "Apollo") and "Theatre" (prototype: "Dim Lustre"), which he revived for the Public Theatre season, the foundations are only half laid, and Feld has skipped off to other and lesser interests. He's still restless, but I miss his ambition and his nerve, and I distrust the easy, safe successes he has made for himself this season in his two new works, "Sephardic Song" and "The Tzaddik." Their appeal to New York Jewish audiences is obvious, but Feld's new concern with Jewish folk-dance forms hasn't nourished his company or his style. Any beginners' class in dance composition could (I would hope) pick "Sephardic Song" to pieces. It's so thin and monotonously phrased it seems to slide off the stage while you're watching it. And yet it made me feel like a simpleton—as if I had failed to put out enough energy to make it work.

Like "The Gods Amused" and "Theatre," the new ballets operate more by mystique than by craftsmanship. Feld seems to be asking us to respond to something more than what he has put on the stage. I don't mean that you have to be Jewish, although after "The Tzaddik" I sympathized with the English friend who once said to me about a performance of "Appalachian Spring," "I guess you have to be American to understand this." "The Tzaddik," set to Aaron Copland's piano trio "Vitebsk," is a rocking, stamping vehicle for Feld, as an inflamed rabbi, supported by two male dancers, as his students. Do the one or two persons in the audience who can read the Hebrew script of the Torah scroll that Feld unrolls get more out of the ballet than I do, or is the Torah merely the window dressing that I think it is? I don't question Feld's sincerity, but the piece could be done without the "authentic" religious trappings and still be baffling. Considered strictly as a dance, "Th Tzaddik" conveys nothing to me, anc the emotional fervor with which it' performed and the odd switches ir mood seem to beg for more reactioi than I can supply. I can make up : story, if that's what Feld wants m to do, but I certainly can't make up *hi* story, because too much of it is goin on inside his head and not on the stage When you compare "The Tzaddik to the dance it is modelled on—th preacher's sermon in "Appalachia Spring"—you see that Feld's work unfinished. He's blown up one detail c Graham's canvas and left out the re of the picture. This doesn't work eve when Graham tries it herself. Th preacher's sermon misfires almost tota ly as an excerpt on Graham's pr grams. Without the world of "App lachian Spring"—without the oth characters onstage who place our rea tion in a dramatic perspective—t preacher is a meaningless figure.

Feld's best ballet is still "Interme zo." It was made in 1969, when its co nection with its prototype, "Liebeslied Walzer," was more apparent than it now. "Intermezzo" has withstood t test of time because it's a finishe though not a flawless, piece of wor Perhaps what Feld should do is get o of the business of competing with oth choreographers and start competir with himself. —ARLENE CROC

●

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THE RACE TRACK

A Tiara for Chris

WELL, at least we'll have *one* triple-crown winner this season. Chris Evert, who was named after the tennis star, swept to victory by three and a half lengths in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon, successfully completing her campaign for the New York Racing Association's triple crown for three-year-old fillies. Earlier on, she'd won a division of the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, and won the Mother Goose, at nine furlongs, in fine style, but her performance in the Oaks, at a mile and a half, was something extra.

Though she was odds-on in the betting, many horsemen thought she had too much speed in her pedigree to get the distance: she is by Swoon's Son, whose sons and daughters usually go last but not far. In the race, Chris Evert took the lead after the first quarter and galloped along—she has a delightfully smooth action—without much competition until Maud Muller, who everybody agreed was the one to eat, challenged sharply as they swung nto the stretch. From there, the two went all out, head and head, until Chris Evert drew away in the last furlong nd Fiesta Libre came up to take the lace by half a length. The seven other unners were strung out down the ourse. Incidentally, the Oaks was run n 2:28⅖, which is two-fifths of a second faster than Little Current's Belmont. Chris Evert, a sleek, decidedly minine type, full of quality, was the ck of the lot in the paddock. The rowd had a good look at her, too, for er saddle slipped as she cantered to- ard the post, and she had to be re- ddled in front of the stand—with ore care this time—by Joe Trovato, er trainer. It was lucky for Velasquez, ho rode her, that the saddle slipped hen it did. It might have happened the race. But that wasn't the end equipment trouble for Velasquez. While Chris Evert was being eased up ter passing the winning post, she gave little buck jump that popped him out the saddle and onto the ground, and said later that a stirrup leather broke. Well, his mount has earned $159,789 prize money this season, and that's rtainly enough to buy new tack.

As you know, Chris Evert is owned Carl Rosen, a Floridian, who makes orts clothes and is a tennis aficionado. ow it remains for the Chris Evert e was named for, who has won tennis owns recently in Italy and France, to win again this week at Wimbledon.

A. I. Savin, who races the Aisco Stable, and Jim Croll, who does the training for it, had one of those afternoons early last week which owners and trainers dream about. Half an hour after their Mr. Prospector, one of our better sprinters, won the Gravesend Handicap by five lengths at Belmont Park, their Fair Wind beat the Cragwood Stable's Copernica, a daughter of Nijinsky II, in the Colleen Stakes at Monmouth Park. Returning travellers say that the Colleen Stakes was a thriller, for Fair Wind, who is no bigger than a pony (she stands only fifteen hands high), went stride for stride with the big Copernica for a couple of furlongs before she pulled ahead to win by a length.

PICKING up a few loose ends: The recent running of the old Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs (the Boston boys call it "Suffix") had one of the best fields in years. It ended in a photo finish, in which Billy Come Lately, a fugitive from the claiming races, beat Forage by a neck, with North Sea third and True Knight fourth. . . . Stonewalk, who did not make any of the spring classics, beat four of the also-rans who did, in the Ohio Derby at Cleveland's Thistledown track. . . . Also, Miss Musket, the best two-year-old on the Coast last year, won the Hollywood Oaks a couple of weeks ago. It would be fine if Charlie Whittingham, who trains her, took her to Saratoga for the Alabama Stakes.

BY the way, starting next Monday it's going to cost you more to do business with OTB than at the track. You can still put two dollars on the nose of your fancy, but there will be a surcharge that amounts to five per cent on all winning tickets. For example, a winner that paid a six-dollar mutuel at Aqueduct or Roosevelt Raceway would pay around five-seventy with OTB. Of course, the surcharge will go into the city treasury and balance the budget and stabilize the subway fare, and all that, but Colonel Martingale wonders how boosting the regular mutuel take of seventeen per cent to a little dandy of twenty-two per cent is going to affect the fortunes of OTB. It might even send more horseplayers to Aqueduct, which would be all right with the undersigned.

—AUDAX MINOR

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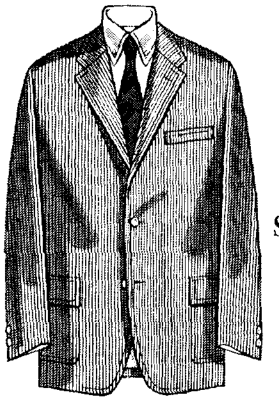

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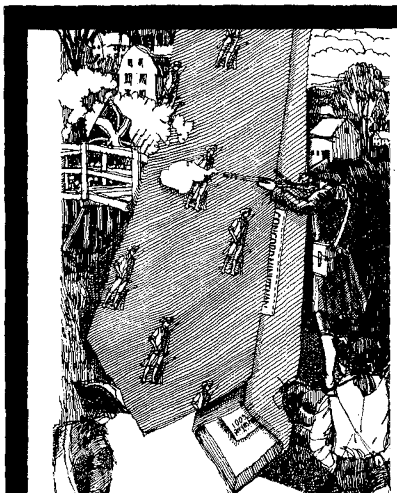

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

INTO THE BRAIN

THE human brain is the only thing in the universe that makes an effort to understand itself. At least, this seems like a safe assumption until a talkative dolphin or chimpanzee or one of our deep-space probes tells us otherwise. Barring such a blow to our pride, the most ticklish scientific question of the day would seem to be: Are we smart enough to figure out how our own brain works? To get some idea of our progress so far, I sat in on the Fifth International Interdisciplinary Conference on the Future of the Brain Sciences, which was held a while ago at the New York Academy of Medicine, on upper Fifth Avenue. After three days of listening to a group of brain researchers discuss their work, I came away impressed and sobered by the pace of developments in this field. It has taken mankind thousands of years just to realize that the center of all thought, emotion, sensation, and bodily control lies somewhere inside the skull. Now that we know where to look, we are beginning to realize how difficult it will be to make sense out of what we find.

The adult human brain is an irregular globe of moist, jellylike tissue that weighs about three pounds and contains more than ten billion nerve cells, or neurons. Any attempt to understand how the brain works must begin with the study of neuroanatomy, and all neuroanatomical understanding begins with the simple distinction between white matter and gray matter. The typical neuron consists of a central cell body with a number of antenna-like projections that communicate impulses to and from other neurons. White matter is made up of densely packed projections from millions of neurons, carrying messages between different parts of the nervous system. Gray matter, the so-called thinking stuff of the brain, is made up almost entirely of nerve-cell bodies. The contrast is easily seen in any cross-section of fresh brain tissue. The deeply wrinkled surface of the cerebral hemispheres is covered with a layer of gray matter about a tenth of an inch thick, and this layer is known as the neocortex (from the Latin for "new bark"). Since the neocortex is much more prominent in man than in any other animal, this is presumed to be the place where poems get written, wars planned, and scientific conundrums solved. The interior of the cerebral hemispheres is mostly white matter, but there are lumps of gray matter buried throughout the hemispheres and especially near the base of the brain, where it joins the spinal cord. Over the last hundred years or so, neuroanatomists have pieced together a fairly complete three-dimensional map of the brain, from surface to core, with descriptive Latin or Greek labels for all the important gray areas—thalamus, hypothalamus, hippocampus, amygdala, and so on. But simply naming these
areas and describing their size, shape
and position does not tell us what they
do. A hand *looks* like something t
grasp with, and the anatomy of th
heart suggests some *kind* of pump
but to get any idea of the function o
the amygdala or the hippocampus o
the neocortex a researcher must brin
to bear the investigative techniques c
many difficult disciplines, among ther
the "classic" brain sciences of neurc
physiology and neurochemistry.

Everything we know about the ou
side world, and about our own bodi
as well, comes to us through senso
organs, which convert patterns of ligh
sound, pressure, and so on into patter
of neural impulses. These patterns m
be said to encode the information v
need in order to survive in a constant
changing environment. When a traf
light changes from red to green, sp
cialized sensory cells in the retina a
stimulated to fire off impulses. Oth
cells in the ear may fire simultaneous
if an impatient motorist blows his hor
The brain does not "see" light
"hear" sound directly; it only recei
trains of neural impulses. Impul
coming in on one pathway are int
preted as visual information; impul
coming in on another pathway are i
terpreted as auditory information. So
details of each message are encoded
the firing pattern. By the time t
neural signals reach the cerebral cort
the form of the coded message v
have been greatly modified by int
vening structures, just as a diploma
message may be put into a high-le
cipher for transmission over telegra
lines, then decoded and translated i
another language, and finally conden
to a brief memo for a busy head
state. But all the relevant details—
color of the light, the sound of the h
and its location—will arrive intact;
the basis of this information, the br
will send coded commands along ot
nerve pathways, telling muscles, glan
and internal organs how to respond
the changed situation. And at le
some part of the experience will be p

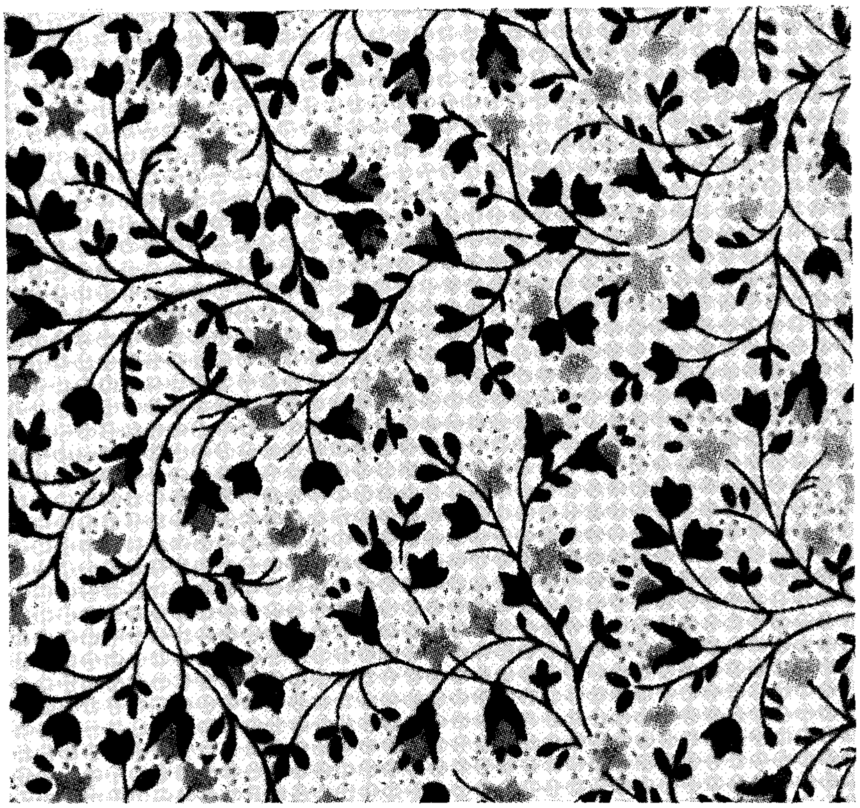
JOHN CORCORAN

"*Quick, Linda Sue! The Gatorade!*"

served in the brain—in another kind of neural code—for future reference.

All this activity involves both electrical and chemical changes in and between nerve cells. In trying to break the various codes of the nervous system, neurophysiologists rely on electrical clues, neurochemists on chemical clues. Among their colleagues, they are sometimes known as the "drys" and the "wets" of brain research, and this distinction is reflected in their basic research tools—the electrode and the Waring Blendor. Neurophysiologists ise electrodes—metal discs pasted to he scalp, or fine wires or glass pipettes mplanted in the brain itself—to eavesdrop on the electrical activity of nerve cells. By relating this electrical activity o external behavior, they hope to hrow some light on the mysteries of nemory, learning, motivation, and the ke. Dr. José M. R. Delgado, chairman of the department of physiology t the Madrid Autonomous Medical chool and until recently a professor of hysiology at Yale, specializes in the udy of brain mechanisms that control ehavior in monkeys. A tall, handsome an in his late fifties, with a Castilian cent and a dazzling smile, Dr. Delado speaks of the brain with a flamoyance that frightens even some of his llow-scientists. "Oh, yes," he said, ith a smile, when I asked him if his periments could tell us anything about ch a complex phenomenon as human ve. "We have found the source of ve—it's in the amygdala."

While neurophysiologists study brain uctures in action, neurochemists work th brain tissue from laboratory anials or human cadavers. They break is tissue down into its chemical contuents by a series of operations, usuy beginning with "homogenization" a more powerful version of the ndard kitchen blender. By isolating d analyzing various fractions of the iginal homogenate, they hope to exin the mechanisms that enable nerve ls to store and retrieve information, apt to stress, and perform other ıctions. Georges Ungar is a professor pharmacology at the Baylor College Medicine, in Houston. Four years o, he announced the isolation of a stance he called scotophobin (from Greek for "fear of darkness"), iich he had found in the brains of s that had been trained (by repeated ctric shocks) to avoid the dark. Acding to Dr. Ungar, when scotobin was injected into untrained ce, the mice began avoiding dark ces, just as the trained rats had done. a series of papers that set off a furis controversy in the field, Dr. Ungar



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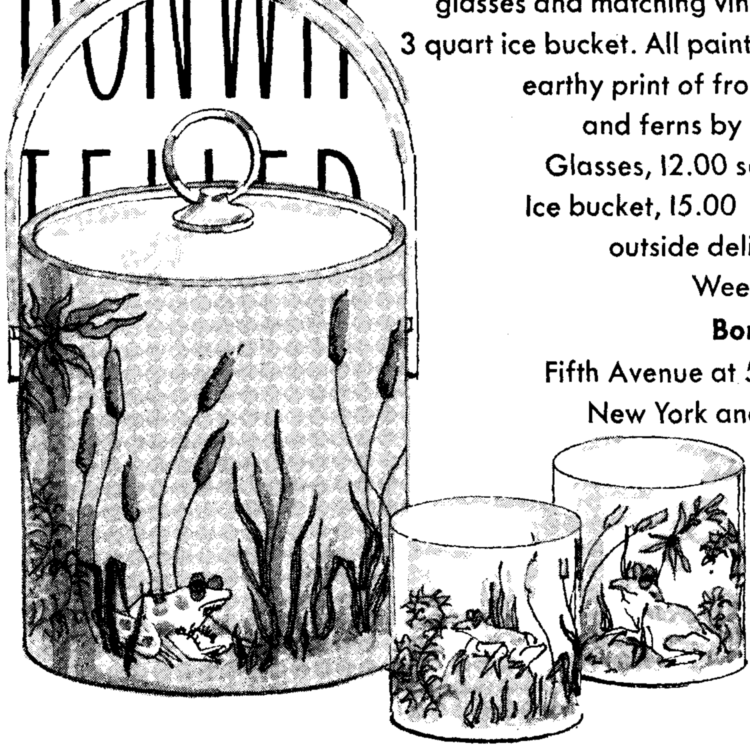

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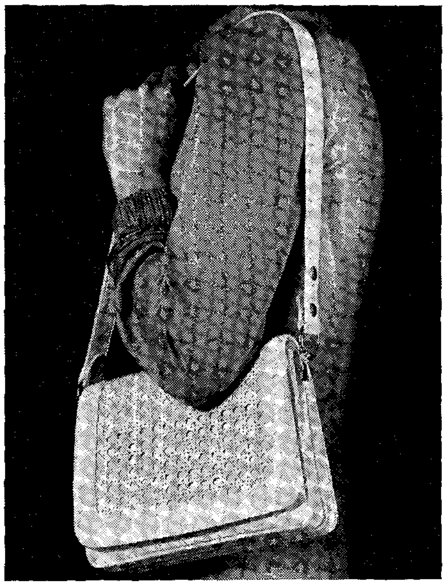

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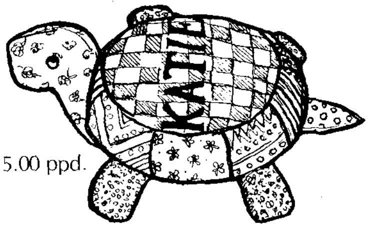

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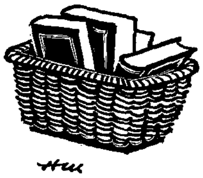
interpreted the behavior of these mice as evidence that learning could be transferred from one living creature to another by chemical means.

The discoveries of neurophysiologists obviously bear on the work of neurochemists, and vice versa, but brain research is so complicated that two scientists approaching a neural event from different angles often find that they cannot understand each other's work. One purpose of the Fifth International Interdisciplinary Conference was to get the wets and the drys of brain research talking to each other. By and large, this goal was accomplished—with results that can best be described as unpredictable. On the first day of the conference, one eminent neurophysiologist fell asleep during a talk by Dr. Jordi Folch-Pi, who was born in Barcelona and is now a professor of neurochemistry at the Harvard Medical School and director of biological research at McLean Hospital. Dr. Folch-Pi, a short, intense man with a non-stop, no-nonsense speaking style, was discussing an unusual class of substances known as proteolipids, on which he is the world's leading authority. Proteolipids are found in the fatty tissue that is wrapped around some nerve fibres like insulation around electric wires. This fatty tissue, known as myelin, gives white matter its characteristic appearance. Although all the functions of the myelin sheath are not yet understood, it apparently helps speed the conduction of neural impulses, and it presumably insulates one nerve fibre from another. Diseases like multiple sclerosis, which attack the myelin sheaths of nerve pathways in the central nervous system, result in serious deficits in muscle control. As for the specific role of the proteolipids in the myelin sheath, Dr. Folch-Pi said that virtually nothing is known about their contribution to the behavior of the healthy nervous system. And with that brief bow to the neurophysiologists in the audience he went on to what was obviously his main interest—how the proteolipids behave in a laboratory.



Like most of the speakers at the conference, Dr. Folch-Pi had brought along slides showing graphs and statistical tables that summarized his experimental data. As one slide followed another on a huge screen at the rear of the stage, his gestures became more and more animated, and he began to talk faster and faster, as if he were trying to cram as much information as possible into his allotted half hour. His aim was to explain each step in the process that he and his colleagues had used in isolating and analyzing the proteolipid fraction of fresh bovine and human brain and to describe the unique structure of the proteolipid molecule—which gives it some of the properties of protein and some of the properties of fat.

In the question period immediately afterward, Dr. Karl H. Pribram, a former neurosurgeon, who is now a professor of neuropsychology at Stanford University, stood up and asked, "Dr. Folch-Pi, why the hell did you do all this work on proteolipids?"

Dr. Folch-Pi's immediate reaction was a shrug and a smile. Then he said, "Why climb Mount Everest? Because it's there." He reminded his audience that this particular Everest happened to be situated on the outer membranes of nerve fibres. Wasn't it likel that the unusual chemical properties o the proteolipids had something to d with the complicated business of nerv conduction? "In our present state o ignorance about such matters," he said "any new fact is welcome."

At this point, the conference chair man, Dr. Samuel Bogoch, intervene Dr. Bogoch, whose own specialty the biochemistry of the brain, with a emphasis on memory, is an enthusiast advocate of increased communicatio among brain scientists. Addressing hi self to the entire audience, and choosin his words with care, he said, "T great desire of neurophysiologists that everything in the brain be explai able on the basis of just *one* grou of chemical compounds, so that th needn't worry about learning the stru tures of all the others. Regrettably, w chemists have to confess that no grou of compounds that has yet been isolat in the nervous system can account f all the magnificent findings of neur physiology." Dr. Bogoch, a tall, yout ful-looking man with sparse carro colored hair, seems to thrive in the ha friendly, half competitive atmosphe of scientific get-togethers. He is a m of many titles, among them executi vice-president and general director the Dreyfus Medical Foundation, New York; research director of t Foundation for Research on the Ner ous System, in Boston; associate r search professor of biochemistry a psychiatry at the Boston Universi School of Medicine; and chairman the scientific-medical advisory board the Manfred Sakel Institute, of Ne York. The brain conference was spo sored by the Foundation for Resear on the Nervous System and the Manfred Sakel Institute, which, together with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, footed the bill for a worldwide tour of brain-research centers that Dr. Bogoch had personally conducted the previous month. Before landing in New York for the summing up, the tour had touched down in Milan, Bristol, Madrid, Strasbourg, Leningrad, Moscow, Montreal, New Haven, and Boston. The idea was to allow a group of brain scientists to travel en masse to one another's laboratories, examine one another's equipment, ask one another candid questions, compare notes on common problems, explore the possibility of joint projects, and identify new research techniques that could have early beneficial application to the diagnosis and treatment of brain disorders. Besides Dr. Pribram, Dr. Delgado, and Dr. Bogoch (and Mrs. Louis S. Gimbel, Jr., the chairman of the Manfred Sakel Institute), the touring group included Dr. W. Grey Walter and Dr. Ray Cooper, the former and current directors of the Burden Neurological nstitute, in Bristol; Dr. Maurice Donier, a professor and chairman of the epartment of psychiatry at the McGill University Faculty of Medicine, in Montreal; Dr. Rodolfo Paoletti, the irector of the Institute of Pharmacoloy, at the University of Milan; Dr. Paul Mandel, the director of the Neuochemical Research Center, at the University of Strasbourg; Dr. Elenore Bogoch, director of the Foundation for Research on the Nervous System; Dr. Arnold J. Friedhoff, of the New York University School of Medicine; and Dr. Natalia P. Bechtereva, the director f the Institute for Experimental Medine, in Leningrad. Senior scientists and dministrators like these are usually jealous of their prerogatives, and are accusomed to describing their work in the olumns of professional journals rather han defending it in continual encouners with other senior scientists. But, acording to Dr. Bogoch, it did not take ong for most of them to get into the pirit of the tour—a spirit that he later haracterized by saying, "I haven't seen uch frank mutual criticism since I left raduate school."

ONE of the most formidable members of the tour—from both a rofessional and a personal standpoint—was Dr. Bechtereva, the only particiant from a Communist country. Her randfather, Vladimir Bechterev, had een a colleague of Pavlov, and her wn high standing in the Russian scientific hierarchy was evident from her membership in the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Medical Sciences of the Soviet Union, and from her post as chairman of the Committee on Public Health of the Supreme Soviet. An explosively energetic woman with dark-red hair, she seemed determined to take back to her fellow-scientists in the Soviet Union a complete report on the state of the brain sciences in the Western world. During the conference, she got to her feet after almost every presentation to take issue with a particular statement or to ask for clarification. Her command of English, though she tendered constant apologies for her accent, was always equal to the task. "Excuse me, please," she would say. "Don't be offended, but could you please tell me what is new in your presentation?" At one point, she tried to get another neurophysiologist to explain in detail his view of the relationship between "short-term" and "long-term" memory. When he declined, with the offhand remark "Nobody really knows," she immediately replied, "Don't be so sure about nobody."

Dr. Bechtereva's own presentation dealt with recent research on verbal learning and memory at her institute in Leningrad. The Institute for Experimental Medicine works with patients suffering from severe neural disorders that do not respond to conventional medical treatment. By the time these patients come to the institute, they have exhausted all other avenues of relief, and are willing to try literally anything. For example, it is now known that the symptoms of Parkinson's disease and so-called intractable pain can sometimes be brought under control by short bursts of electrical stimulation delivered to structures deep in the brain through implanted electrodes. But this is a delicate business, to say the least: no one knows exactly why the treatment works, and a burst of stimulation delivered a fraction of a millimetre off target can seriously impair, although only for a moment, what Dr. Bechtereva repeatedly referred to as "the systems of the brain that maintain mentality."

To insure accuracy, the doctors at the Leningrad Institute insert as many as forty electrodes, in bundles of six or seven, through several small holes in the patient's skull. The electrodes are superfine gold wires insulated in plastic except for a tiny exposed tip. In each bundle, the wires vary slightly in length, and each wire can be activated

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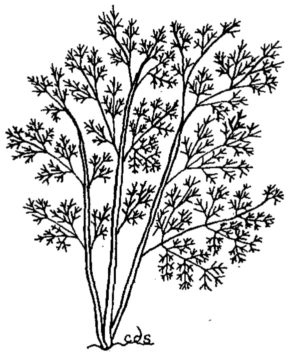
separately, either to deliver a burst of stimulation or to monitor electrical activity in the surrounding neurons. (The wires themselves cause no discomfort to the patient, because in brain tissue there are no sensory nerves to register their presence.) Before the Russian doctors begin treating a patient, they run through a comprehensive series of tests to find out which of the implanted electrodes will provide, with the least disturbing side effects, the greatest relief from neurological symptoms. Dr. Bechtereva emphasized the point that these tests are designed solely for diagnostic purposes. "We don't do any 'research' on human guinea pigs," she said. However, she added, there is nothing to prevent her team of researchers from examining the results of the tests for clues to the brain's "structural-functional organization." The Russians obviously expect great things from this approach. With the proper computer analysis, Dr. Bechtereva told the conference, it should eventually be possible to unravel the "neuronal code" that underlies man's supreme intellectual achievement—the development of language. In fact, she said, certain steps in the linguistic coding process—involving the brain's ability to distinguish rational discourse from nonsense—have already been identified.

Each patient with implanted electrodes was asked to listen to spoken words and nonsense syllables, and, after a slight delay, to repeat what he had heard, first silently and then aloud. During each test, recordings were made of the electrical activity in such brain structures as the thalamus, the amygdala, and the hippocampus. According to Dr. Bechtereva, the pattern of activity in these structures was markedly different for a known word and for a similar-sounding syllable that had no meaning. In both cases, there was an immediate upsurge of activity, which presumably represented the initial processing of the "input signal," but from that point on the two patterns diverged. In the case of a recognizable word, after about five seconds the level of activity diminished—as if the brain had shifted gears and were trying to match the new input against the store of previously encoded "meanings" in its long-term memory; and then, after about ten seconds, came another brief upsurge, which presumably coincided with the moment of "recognition," since it occurred even before the subject repeated the word to himself. In the case of a nonsense syllable, the level of activity remained fairly constant for about thirty seconds—as if the brain were mulling over the new input while awaiting more information or new instructions—and then dropped back to the earlier level. The same patients were also tested on foreign words. As might be expected, a totally unfamiliar (English) word provoked the same reaction as a nonsense syllable, but once the subject had been taught what the word meant, the neuronal activity fell into a pattern resembling that for a known Russian word. Dr. Bechtereva cautioned that she and her colleagues were still a long way from being able to identify a characteristic brain pattern for a particular word. All they had done so far, she said, was to identify two different brain patterns that correspond to "sounds with meaning" and "sounds without meaning." And even this relatively simple distinction had to be teased out of the raw data by the most complicated computer programs.



All researchers who try to recor specific electrical events in the brai come up against one nagging difficulty there is so much happening in the cerebral hemispheres at any one time tha the background "noise" tends to mas the particular signal they are lookin for. A large part of Dr. Bechtereva' *talk was devoted to explaining how he* team of physicists, engineers, and mathematicians had overcome the proble of "noise" in the te records—a feat involv ing such techniques a signal averaging, wave form analysis, ampl tude analysis, and in terval analysis. By th time she had finishe none of her listene needed to be convince that the Soviet Unio had achieved a hig level of technology i this field. But not everyone was pe suaded that her interpretation of th data was correct. Indeed, Dr. Mand remarked later, in private conversatio that he thought the Russian work "u terly meaningless." Why? "Becau the experimental situation is much t complicated—forty electrodes in sever different brain structures! If a stude came to me with an idea to do th experiment, I would tell him to something else. What we need now simplification. *Simple* experiments. Fir

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we must know what is going on in a single neuron before we can understand the functioning of neurons in complex circuits."

WHAT everyone would like best, of course, would be to find simple explanations for complicated phenomena, and this is the tantalizing prospect held out by Dr. Ungar's scotophobin experiments. In these experiments, laboratory rats were allowed to run freely into either of two boxes—a brightly lit box and a dark box. When the rats were left to their own devices, they :hose to spend most of their time in the lark box, as might be expected of ani- nals belonging to a species that nor- nally lives in dark places. But if the ·ats received a painful electric shock as oon as they entered the dark box, they ·uickly learned to shun the dark and tay in the light. In other words, their :atural preference for the dark was re- ersed by training. Immediately after nis training, the rats were killed, and n extract of their brains was injected ıto the abdomens of mice that were ‹perimentally "naïve"—that is, they ıd not previously been subjected to any boratory manipulations. The single jection of brain extract from the ained rats had a powerful effect on e behavior of the mice. Reversing eir own natural preference, the mice gan to avoid the dark—just as if ey "remembered" the lessons that the ts had learned.

These findings were first reported 1968. Two years later, Dr. Ungar nounced that he had isolated the :cific substance responsible for dark- oidance behavior in rats and mice— ; scotophobin. Since then, he and his sociates have determined the molecu- ˙ structure of scotophobin—it turned t to be a basic protein molecule own as a peptide—and have syn- :sized it in their laboratory. They ,o claim to have discovered several ıer brain peptides that can apparently ınsfer learned habits from one animal another. Two such substances come ›m goldfish that have been trained to ıke different responses to green hts and blue lights in their tank. 'hey swim from green to blue or ›m blue to green, depending on ıich color was associated with an ctric shock during their training.) :cording to Dr. Ungar, a peptide ex- .cted from the brains of these trained ı causes untrained goldfish to dis- minate between green lights and ıe lights in the same way. And— ıat is even more remarkable—sco- ›hobin can make goldfish avoid the

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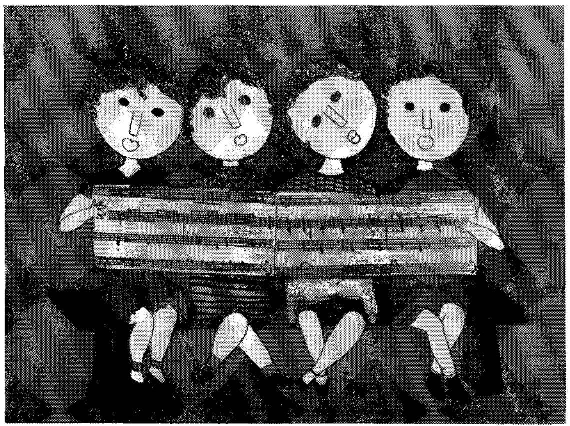

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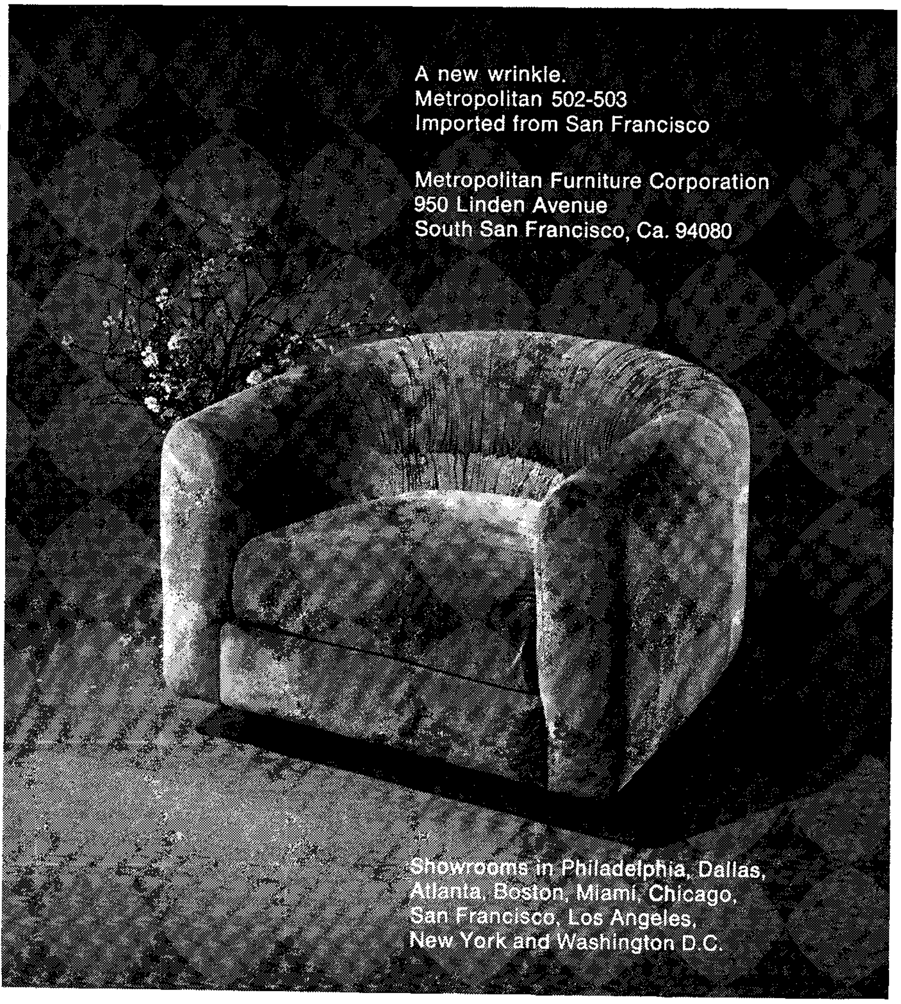

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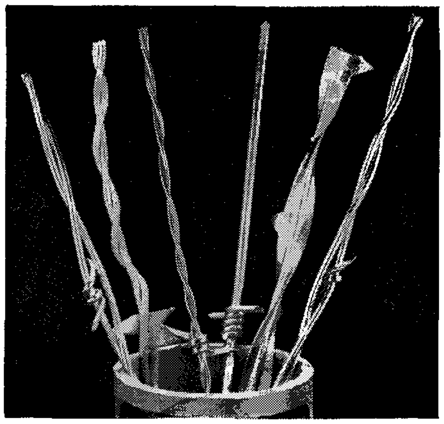

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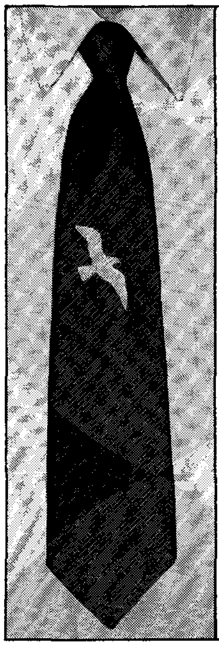

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dark. Dr. Ungar emphasizes that each peptide appears to carry an unmistakable message to the brain of the recipient animal; for example, an injection of "green-blue" peptide does not affect the animal's dark-light preference, and an injection of scotophobin does not affect green-blue preference.

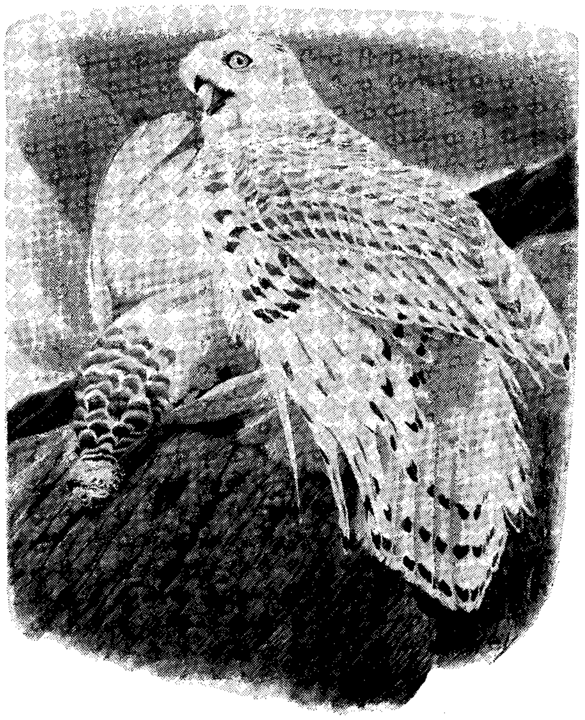
Dr. Ungar's reports of these "memory-transfer" experiments were initially greeted with caution, skepticism, or outright disbelief. The mere suggestion that some learning experiences leave distinct chemical residues in brain tissue was enough to upset many scientists, who felt, on the basis of their own laboratory experiences, that the brain just could not work that way. Neurophysiologists, in particular, have found it convenient to picture the brain as if it were some kind of super-efficient electronic computer. Despite the obvious differences in "hardware," the computer analogy has given researchers valuable insight into how the nervous system might process and preserve information necessary to the survival of the organism. Neurons are linked together in elaborate pathways, and these can be mapped out in the manner of electrical circuits, even though nerve impulses are not conducted along nerve fibres in exactly the way metal wires conduct electricity. The mechanism of nerve conduction is based on the movement of electrically charged particles known as ions (from the Greek for "one who goes"). Each ion is said to have either a positive or a negative charge, depending on its atomic structure. Normal chemical processes produce a difference in ionic concentration between the inside and the outside of the nerve cell. This difference, together with certain unique properties of the neuronal membrane, results in an electrical potential across the membrane, which is expressed quantitatively by saying that the neuron has a "resting potential" of minus-sixty millivolts relative to the fluid outside. The resting potential can be thought of as stored energy waiting to be released under the right conditions, much as energy stored in an automobile battery is released when the driver turns the ignition key.

This energy is released from individual nerve cells according to what is known as the all-or-none law. A certain threshold of excitation must be reached before a neuron fires. Below that threshold, there is no discharge. Once the threshold is reached, the neuron discharges in virtually the same way each time. Whenever a neuron fires, a series of changes takes place in the cell membrane; these changes, according to the present accepted theory, alter the relative ease with which two different kinds of positive ions—sodium and potassium—can enter or leave the cell. Once the process is set in motion, it keeps on going until the negative potential inside the cell swings all the way over to the positive side and then returns to its original resting state. This sudden swing in voltage—known as the action potential—is what shows up on the neurophysiologist's recording equipment. At any moment, only a small section of the nerve-cell membrane produces an action potential. But the change in voltage in one section triggers the same process in an adjacent section, so that a nerve impulse propagates itself down the length of the fibre—which in man ranges from fraction of a millimetre to a metre—like a spark along a fuse. (A metre i 39.37 inches.) The speed at which ar impulse travels is constant within th fibres of any one type of nerve, but i varies from nerve to nerve. Thic fibres that are sheathed in myelin con duct impulses much faster than thi unsheathed fibres. Even the fastest rat of conduction, however, does not com pare with the flow of electric curre through a copper wire. Telegraphi messages travel at approximately a hu dred and eighty-six tho sand miles a second. In t human nervous system, t fastest impulses move about four hundred fe a second, the slowest about two feet a second.

Neural circuits a made up of two or mo neurons separated by ti gaps known as synaps For such a circuit to ope ate, a discharging neur must be able to make its influence f across a synapse. Although a synapse only about two millionths of a cen metre wide, the action potential in o fibre is not usually strong enough trigger an action potential in a neur on the far side of the gap. The impul that reaches a synapse would sim die there if it were not for small su cellular bodies, known as vesicles, i side the tip of the first neuron. Und the proper conditions, the arrival an action potential causes the vesic to release their contents—a chemi known as a neurotransmitter—i the synapse. This substance, act as a messenger, briefly alters the properties of the neuronal membrane on the other side. In some cases, the neurotransmitter unlocks a flow of ions that can set a new action potential in motion. In other cases, the neurotransmitter has just the opposite effect, stabilizing or increasing the resting potential and making it less likely that the second cell will fire. At any given moment, a nerve cell will be receiving both excitatory and inhibitory influences from neighboring neurons; the threshold for firing is reached whenever excitation outweighs inhibition by a sufficient margin.

Most brain scientists believe that learning involves long-lasting changes in neural circuitry, so that certain existing synaptic links between nerve cells are somehow "strengthened" or entirely new connections are formed. But no one really knows how individual neurons are linked together in circuits in the first place, or what mechanisms make it possible to reactivate a particular circuit after a learning experience. Dr. Ungar contends that when an organism learns something, a unique chemical substance is produced which "labels" the synapses in a particular circuit, thereby making future repetitions of the learned response easier. He does not claim that man's purely symbolic thought processes are based on such a labelling mechanism (which would require a separate peptide molecule for the lesson "One plus one equals two," another for "Two plus two equals four," yet another for "Two minus one equals one," and so on), but he does claim to have proved that at least some learning is chemically coded in a very specific way in the brain.

Dr. Ungar is not the first researcher to try to relate learning and memory to measurable changes in brain chemistry. Indeed, the present furor over Ungar's work is actually a continuation—and an escalation—of the Great Flatworm Controversy of the early nineteen-sixties. At issue in those days was a startling series of experiments involving flatworms of the genus *Planaria*. These worms, about the size of a thumbnail, were first trained, by means of electric shock, to make a simple physical response to a bright light; then they were ground up and fed to other flatworms, which had received no training. Like the primitive tribesmen who eat captured enemies in the hope of adding the captives' strength to their own, the cannibal worms seemed to ingest some of the memories of their sacrificed kin; at least, they learned to respond to bright light much more quickly than worms



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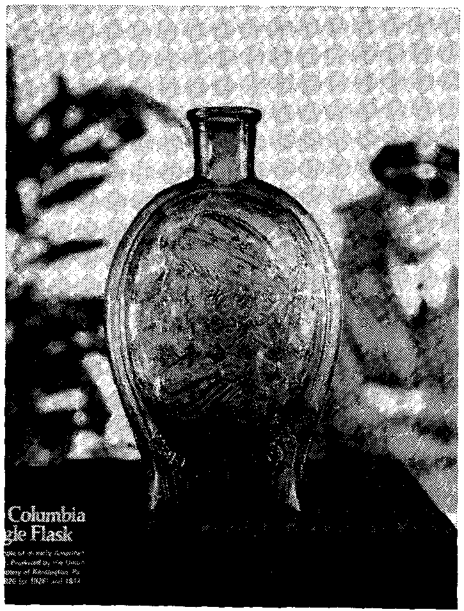

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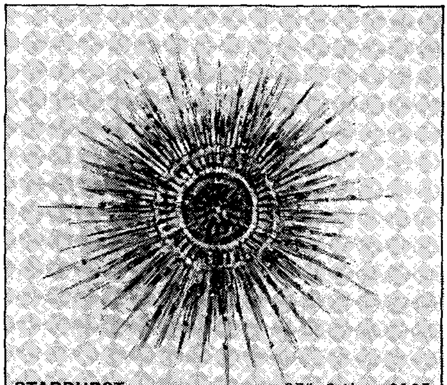

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that had not been treated to the special diet. The flatworm experiments were so bizarre, and the results so hard to accept, that many scientists simply ignored the whole business. A few researchers in other laboratories tried to duplicate the results; some succeeded, some failed. Meanwhile, the methodology of the original experiments came under extremely close scrutiny; skeptics questioned everything from the design of the training apparatus to the assumption that a primitive organism like the flatworm could learn anything in the first place. (Obviously, if flatworms were not "trainable" in the sense that rats and dogs and men are, then the experiments could hardly be said to prove anything about the chemical basis of learning.) The flatworm researchers tried to answer these criticisms with new experiments, which were then criticized on much the same grounds. Scientific debates of this nature rarely end in a clear-cut victory for either side. What usually happens is that after a few years a consensus emerges in the scientific community about whether or not the disputed work should be taken seriously. Research that fails to gain enough support simply fades from the literature. In recent years, not much has been heard about the cannibal worms and their miraculous brain food, and many scientists are now betting that scotophobin will suffer a similar fate.

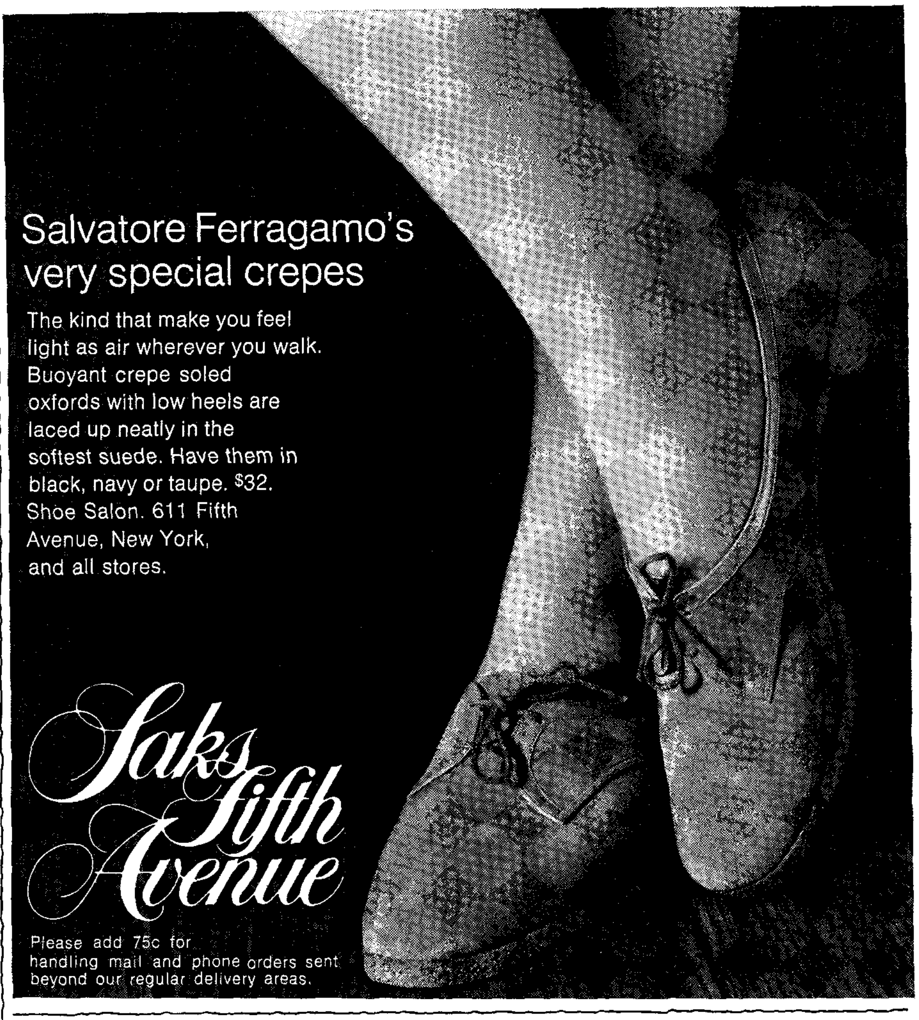
Some of the harshest attacks on Dr. Ungar have come from his fellow-chemists and, in particular, his fellow-pharmacologists. This was to be expected, since the procedures for isolating a substance like scotophobin from brain tissue are so complicated that nonspecialists have trouble grasping the details, to say nothing of judging the results. To get enough brain tissue to work with, Dr. Ungar and his associates first had to train more than four thousand rats to avoid the dark. The trained animals provided about five kilograms—eleven pounds—of whole-brain homogenate. This material was then put through six different stages of laboratory analysis (which included such operations as dissolution in various solvents and whirling in a centrifuge at twenty thousand revolutions a minute). At each stage, the material left over from the previous stage was broken down into at least two fractions; a small amount of each fraction was injected into naïve mice to see if their behavior in the light-dark boxes was affected; and any "inactive" fraction was discarded. The remaining material was broken down further. Eventually, this process yielded the merest smidgen—about a hundred and thirty micrograms—of what the researchers believed to be pure scotophobin. (A microgram is a millionth of a gram, and there are twenty-eight and a third grams in an ounce.)

A detailed article on the isolation, analysis, and synthesis of scotophobin by Dr. Ungar and his associates appeared two summers ago in the British journal *Nature*. Ordinarily, when the editors of *Nature* decide that a piece of research is worth taking seriously the rest of the scientific world follows suit. But in that same issue (July 28, 1972) the editors saw fit to publish some highly critical "comments" by an American biochemist who had originally been asked to referee the scotophobin article, and who found fault with almost every step of the laboratory procedures described by Dr. Ungar. The comments, which took up more space than the article itself, were followed by a brief rebuttal from Dr. Ungar and his associates. While admitting that this was an "unusual procedure," the editors of *Nature* said they felt that it was justified by two considerations: the potential importance of the authors' conclusions—*if* they could be substantiated—and the fact that the authors and the referee disagreed completely "both on the amount of data needed to support the conclusions and the interpretation of the data already provided."

Since then, several other laboratories have reported success in inducing dark-avoidance behavior in naïve mice with synthetic scotophobin supplied by Dr. Ungar. Still other laboratories have tried to duplicate the results and have failed. And Dr. Ungar and his critics have continued to debate the issues in the scientific press. Even scientists not directly involved have tended to take sides in the debate, because Ungar's work—or, rather, his interpretation of his work—runs counter to a fundamental assumption of the modern brain sciences. The assumption is that the information-processing ability of the brain, like that of an electronic computer, depends on the logical organization of great numbers of more or less interchangeable components. In a computer, for example, the physical makeup of the individual transistors and copper wires reveals nothing about what the system can do; it is the way these components are arranged in circuits that is crucial. In a brain organized according to

similar principles, there would be no reason for the proliferation of specific chemical "labels" like Ungar's scotophobin. Nerve cells do come in a variety of shapes and sizes, and there may be as many as ten different neurotransmitters, but the basic method of carrying messages—action potential and synaptic transmission—appears to be the same throughout the nervous system. This suggests that the making and breaking of particular circuits could be modified by a handful of factors that influence the activity of neurotransmitters in synapses. Like the neurotransmitters themselves, these factors—conceivably hormonal in nature—would carry no specialized information per se, but their role in affecting neural traffic would be essential to learning and memory. It is already known that minute amounts of chemical substances can affect brain functions in curious ways. For example, the injection of certain hormones secreted by the pituitary gland can enhance the learning abilities of white rats, and the injection of other substances, such as a chemical called puromycin, can produce amnesia in laboratory animals. Dr. Ungar's critics are willing to concede that some substance with a general effect on behavior might be produced in the brains of rats during their training in the light-dark boxes. Getting shocked in the dark is obviously a very stressful experience; perhaps the stress triggers the production of a chemical in a rat's brain which befuddles the recipient mouse and makes it behave abnormally. But this is a long way from believing that a specific message to "avoid the dark" has somehow been encoded in a unique peptide molecule. If the brain really works like a computer, then a head full of specific chemical labels, or "memory molecules," makes about as much sense as an I.B.M./360 stuffed with three-by-five filing cards.

Dr. Ungar, however, keeps insisting that a suitable theoretical niche for his memory molecules can be found if only enough people will start looking in the right place. His own theory, which he expounded to his colleagues at the Interdisciplinary Conference, is that the action of substances like scotophobin can be explained as a special case of the general biological phenomenon known as cell recognition. The brain of a mammalian embryo begins to take shape out of the amorphous egg mass in the first few weeks after conception. During this period, large numbers of neurons somehow organize themselves into distinct groupings, and their fibres begin to form pathways, which are al-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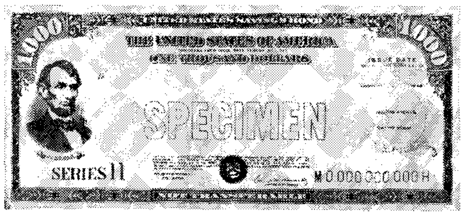

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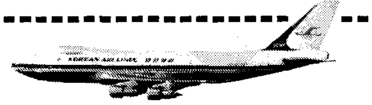

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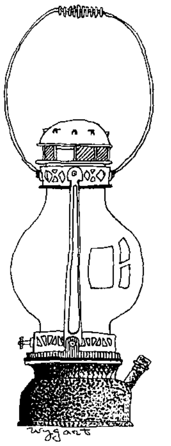
ready functioning by the time the animal is born. Although not much is known about the initial sorting-out process, it appears to be based, in part, anyway, on chemical interactions between cell membranes, with some types of cells showing a greater mutual affinity than others; that is, each cell "recognizes" the type of cell it belongs next to. As Dr. Ungar points out, this means that the brain is already "a chemically labelled structure at birth." And if one can accept this theory, he argues, then the idea of unique chemical labels for newly learned habits is not so farfetched.

DR. UNGAR was actually the second speaker at the conference to espouse a theory of learning and memory based on the chemistry of cell recognition. Dr. Bogoch has been amassing evidence for a theory of molecular recognition in the brain for nearly two decades. But Dr. Bogoch is not much impressed by the information-storing capacity of Dr. Ungar's relatively small peptide molecules. His own candidates for the job of memory molecules are the brain glycoproteins—long chains of amino acids chemically bound to one or more sugar molecules. Ordinary table sugar, or glucose, is one of more than a dozen sugar molecules that have been identified as components of glycoproteins in nature. Each sugar can be attached to a number of different sites along an amino-acid chain by fast-acting enzymes known as sugar transferases. The result is a "macromolecule" that can assume a great variety of configurations, depending on which sugars are present and where they are attached. And each configuration can have slightly different physical and chemical properties. According to Dr. Bogoch, brain glycoprotein molecules have an almost unlimited capacity for coding and storing information through the orderly rearrangement of their "terminal sugar units."



The role of glycoproteins in biological codes on less exalted levels has already been demonstrated. "When one bacterium meets another bacterium comin' through the broth," Dr. Bogoch says, "much of the behavior that the two organisms are capable of depends on the structure of the glycoproteins in their outer membranes." Will the two bacteria touch and stick together? Will one or the other swim away? Will one or the other emit a nasty toxin? Will they mate sexually? In each case, one determining factor is the arrangement of sugar units on the cell surfaces. The same factor underlies the distinction between the three basic human blood types—A, B, and O. In Dr. Bogoch's words, "whether or not you can safely receive a pint of blood from another person depends on the sugar units sticking out of the red blood cells."

About seventeen years ago, it occurred to Dr. Bogoch that the same kind of mechanism might be responsible for cell recognition at *all* biological levels—from the sexual advances of the lowly bacterium to the transmission of neural messages across a synapse in the mammalian brain. At the time, however, there was no evidence that glycoproteins occurred in the brain at all. In 1964, Dr. Bogoch demonstrated that glycoproteins do exist in brain tissue, and in very high concentrations. Since then, he and his associates at the Foundation for Research on the Nervous System have discovered a large variety of brain glycoproteins, many of which are concentrated in or near synapses. Working with pigeons in a learning situation and with patients recovering from psychoses, they have shown—to their own satisfaction, at least—that changes in the concentration of these molecules are closely related to changes in learning and behavior. Dr Bogoch believes that the sugar units jutting into synapses from adjacent nerve cells actually provide the make-or-break elements in neural circuits The passage of a neural impulse through a synapse may rearrange certain sugar units into a kind of signpost, so tha the next neural impulse i much more likely to follow that particular route than any other. According to Dr. Bogoch's theory, the preservation of past neural events by mean of glycoprotein signposts is the chemical basis for all learning and memory.

In contrast to the scathing attacks that have been directed at Dr. Ungar, Dr. Bogoch's even more ambitious hypothesi has, until recently, gone largely unnoticed. This is not an uncommon fate for theories that purport to explain the so-called higher mental functions Those researchers who distrust broad generalizations tend to ignore *all* new theories, while those researchers who feel the need for new organizing principles are usually too busy formulating their own.

Indeed, there were times during the Fifth International Interdisciplinary

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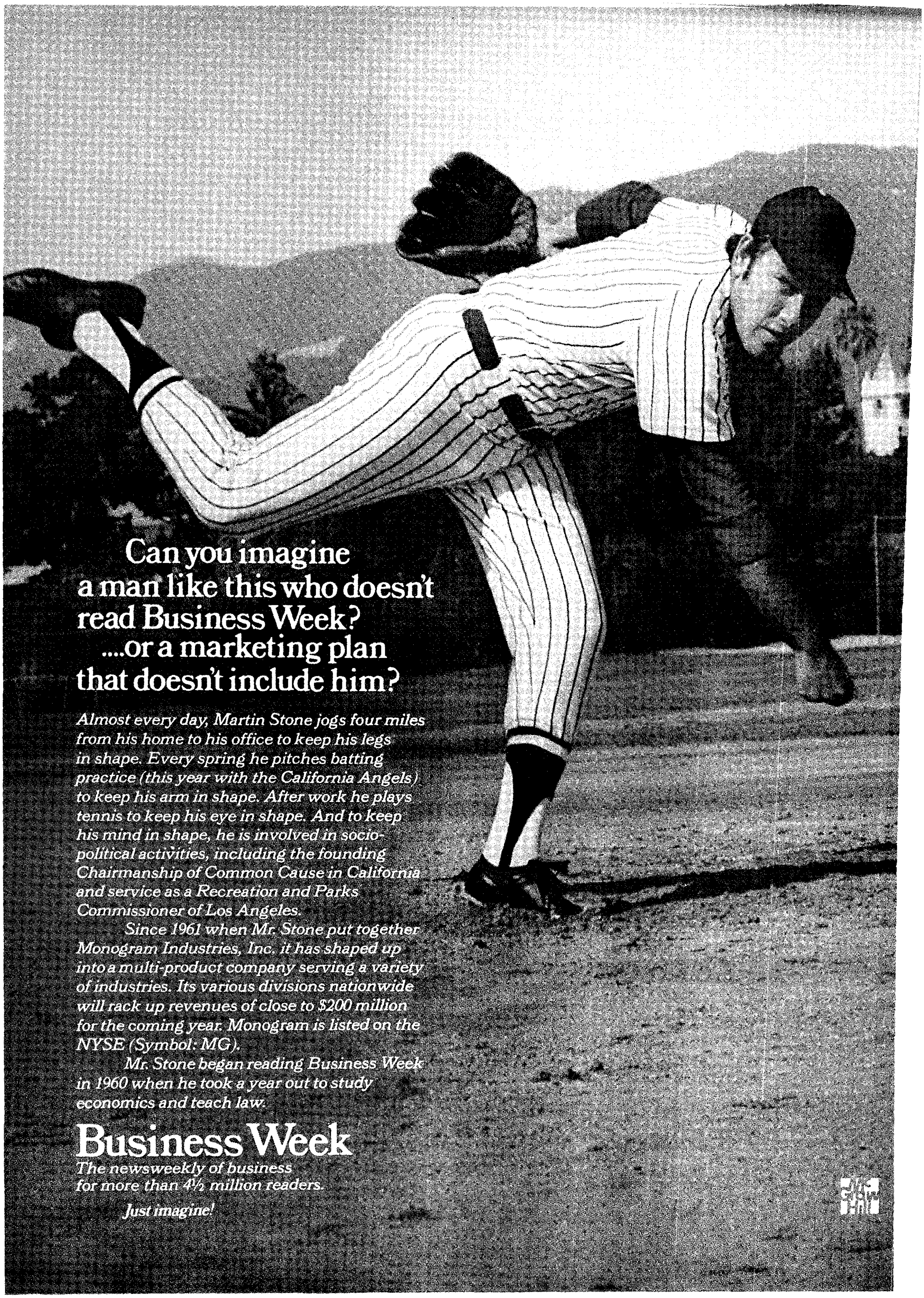
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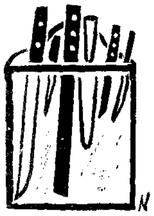
Conference when it seemed as if every other speaker had a pet hypothesis about the brain which he was trying to sell to his colleagues. (After Dr. Bogoch had finished talking about glycoproteins, a neurochemist in the audience stood up and asked the conferees not to forget about "the glycolipids.") Given the complexity of the subject matter, however, there is an undeniable need for increased coöperation—even collaboration—between brain scientists of the most varied persuasions. One testimonial to the benefits of such coöperation came from Dr. Maurice Dongier, of McGill University, who described his efforts to devise a reliable diagnostic test for several forms of severe mental illness. Dr. Dongier, a psychiatrist, acknowledged that his work was based on a discovery that Dr. Grey Walter and his colleagues had made at the Burden Neurological Institute in the early nineteen-sixties. In the original experiments, normal subjects were told to listen for two closely paired clicking sounds, and to press down on a button with one finger as soon as they heard the second click. In the brief interval between the first click (the "warning signal") and the second click (the "imperative signal"), a buildup in negative potential was registered by electrodes affixed to each subject's scalp. As soon as the subject pressed the button, this potential shifted into the positive and then returned to its baseline. When the next warning click sounded, the cycle began again, with a negative buildup. Dr. Grey Walter described this buildup as a "contingent negative variation," or C.N.V.; it has since become known as an "expectancy wave." A C.N.V. recording is not to be confused with a standard electroencephalogram, which shows the rhythmical ups and downs in voltage (alpha waves and such) that occur when a subject is simply told to relax and close his eyes. The C.N.V. is also quite different from an "evoked potential"—a sudden burst of electrical activity in the brain that occurs when a subject is presented with a bright light or a loud noise, or when he moves a part of his body. The C.N.V. seems to fall somewhere between these two extremes; though it is obviously related to an overt act, it still represents a purely "cerebral" event.



Dr. Grey Walter and his colleagues were properly cautious about interpreting the results of their early experiments. For one thing, elaborate computer manipulation of the raw data was required before the C.N.V. could be distinguished from background noise. Furthermore, "brain waves" recorded through scalp electrodes are necessarily a composite picture of the electrical activity of large numbers of neurons, and no one knows what relation exists between such signals and specific brain functions. Nevertheless, it appeared that the researchers at Bristol might have found a way to eavesdrop on brain cells that were "getting ready" to perform a specific task. And follow-up studies showed that psychotic subjects, although they had no trouble understanding the instructions and pressing the button on the second click, did not react to the warning signal with a normal expectancy wave.

As a psychiatrist, Dr. Dongier was interested in translating these experimental findings into useful clinical terms. Over the last seven years, he has run tests on more than five hundred mental patients and more than a hundred healthy control patients. He has looked for abnormalities not only in C.N.V. patterns but also in what he calls "a whole family" of cerebral events, including the "post-imperative negative variation" and the "readiness potential." The post-imperative negative variation is a record of what happens in the brain *after* the subject presses a button on cue. The readiness potential, like the C.N.V., is a rise in negative potential which occurs a second or two before the subject presses a button but in circumstances in which all external cues are omitted and the subject is told simply to press whenever he feels like it. All these cerebral events are known as "slow-potential changes"—to distinguish them from events associated with the sudden discharge of action potentials.

Dr. Dongier informed the Interdisciplinary Conference that he had found "statistically reliable differences" between the slow-potential patterns of psychotic patients and those of normal subjects. By analyzing these differences, Dr. Dongier was able to make predictions about the severity of each patient's illness—predictions that turned out to be at least as good as the standard clinical diagnoses. In a complementary study, Dr. Dongier recorded the slow-potential patterns of a group of young doctors at a Belgian university. His goal was to "detect those residents whose neurotic or psychotic potential was too high to enable them to take up psychiatric training;" once again, predictions based on slow-potential analysis

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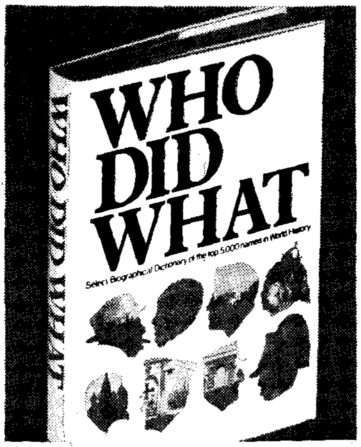
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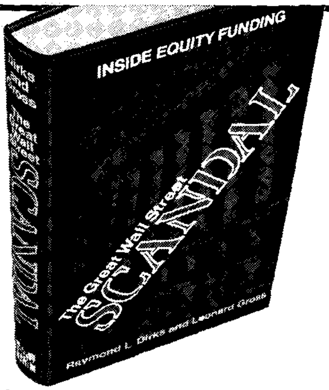
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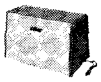

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were as accurate as those based on conventional screening methods—including extensive personal interviews with staff psychiatrists. When the researchers at the Burden Neurological Institute heard about Dr. Dongier's clinical studies, in 1970 and 1971, they were skeptical. From their own experiments, they knew how difficult it was to keep all extraneous "artifacts" out of slow-potential recordings; common sources of distortion ranged from undetected eye movements to undetected equipment failures. But Dr. Grey Walter and Dr. Cooper assured the conference that after visiting the laboratory in Montreal, observing the work at first hand, and even trying to introduce mechanical artifacts that would mimic the reported results, they had found no flaw in the apparatus or in the experimental design which could account for Dongier's findings. This is not to say that Dr. Dongier's tests are foolproof. Other laboratories have yet to duplicate his work. And Dr. Dongier himself points out that a small percentage of apparently normal people have abnormal slow-potential patterns, and vice versa. For this reason, and because very little is known about the neural mechanisms that lie behind slow-potential changes, Dr. Dongier does not recommend using his method to search for psychotics in the general population. However, he says, "with a person who has recently exhibited pathological behavior, that is different." Suppose, for example, that a young man with no history of mental illness is brought to a hospital after threatening to throw himself out of a window. Dr. Dongier's tests might help the doctors decide whether they are dealing with the onset of schizophrenia, a less serious psychotic episode, or a severe neurotic depression. There is no guarantee, of course, that clinical psychiatrists will display any interest whatever in Dr. Dongier's slow-potential work, but, as several speakers at the conference emphasized, the time has come for research scientists to begin worrying about the ethical and social problems that arise when the sophisticated techniques of basic brain research are adapted for use outside the laboratory.

WHATEVER else the brain may be, laymen and scientists agree that it is the seat of personality, of consciousness, of identity. The generally accepted scientific definition of death is the cessation of electrical activity in the brain. If a person loses his right arm, or his eyesight, or if he has someone else's heart sewn into his chest, he remains himself; we think of him as the same person with a changed body. But the brain *is* the person, and it can be argued that any attempt to lay bare the brain's secrets is a violation of personal privacy in the most profound sense. No one questions the right of society to test the eyesight of a person who applies for a driver's license, or to require that every child have a smallpox vaccination. But if society assumes the right to peer into a man's brain, does that imply the right to change what it finds there? It is one thing to hook up electrodes to a few volunteers in a laboratory and ask them to press a button or repeat a word while a researcher records their brain waves. It is something else entirely to ask large numbers of people to submit to such procedures, even for the avowed purpose of preventing misery through the early diagnosis of mental illness. Already, somewhat crude techniques of controlling behavior through surgical, electrical, and chemical intervention in the brain are being tried on an "experimental" basis. The question for society now is: Who shall apply these techniques, and to whom?

In addressing himself to this issue on the last day of the conference, Dr. Pribram proposed that brain scientists define the precise circumstances under which psychosurgery, for example, could be used, and also that they draw up a "biological bill of rights"—an over-all moral program for clinical applications of brain research. To begin with, he said, a firm line must be drawn between recognizable "brain pathology" and aberrant behavior resulting from other causes, possibly unknown. If the brain itself is damaged, by all means treat it directly, but if behavioral disturbances are not accompanied by clear evidence of abnormal brain function, then treatment should be limited to methods of behavioral control, such as psychotherapy and incarceration. The problem, as Dr. Pribram acknowledged, is to make sure that we know what is normal to the brain and what is abnormal. "There's a fantastic difference between individual brains," he said. "Brains are just as different as faces. But this doesn't mean that we can't define a normal population." From his own experience in the laboratory, he thinks it should be possible to design a few easily administered tests that would elicit brain abnormalities under stress. Large numbers of ordinary citizens would be asked to perform some simple motor task, like pressing a button on cue, and the evoked potentials in different parts of their brains would be recorded. Computer analysis could then determine the characteristic waveform associated with the performance of each task. Once this was determined, the same tests could be given to people with obvious behavioral disturbances. "When we find a disturbed person whose evoked potentials fall outside the normal range, we will have evidence of brain pathology," Dr. Pribram said. "And if we can demonstrate that something is going on in the brain which directly relates to abnormal behavior, we can go in *very specifically* and administer electrical stimulation or whatever other techniques are necessary to alter the behavior."

For obvious reasons, most studies of behavioral control through electrical stimulation of the brain, or E.S.B., have been conducted with laboratory animals—rats, cats, dogs, monkeys, apes. For equally obvious reasons, the most dramatic work by far has been with monkeys and apes, and this is the field in which Dr. Delgado has made his reputation. In a typical experiment, ine steel wires are inserted into a monkey's brain. These wires are connected to an instrument approximately he size of a postage stamp which Dr. Delgado calls a stimoceiver—a combination radio receiver and stimulator of lectrical activity of the brain—which s anchored to the outside of the animal's skull. By broadcasting orders to he stimoceiver, Dr. Delgado can jolt he monkey with E.S.B. from as far way as three hundred feet. Stimulation of different parts of the brain an produce remarkably diverse results. When the thalamus of one male monkey was stimulated, he tried to mount ther monkeys in his cage forty-nine mes in an hour. When the central ray matter—an area in the posterior f the brain, close to the medulla—of nother monkey was stimulated, the nimal became aggressive and tried to ttack the nearest suitable target. This ime monkey became completely submissive when another part of its brain was stimulated. E.S.B. can trigger specific, consecutive responses without fatigue: one monkey smiled four hundred thousand times in a row on four hundred thousand consecutive stimulations f the rhinal fissure, which is another central area. Yet Dr. Delgado insists that most of his work does not involve here "push-button control." For example, a male monkey who gets a burst f E.S.B. in an "aggression area" will y to bite a rival or a stranger, but he will not attack his own girl friend. nd if he finds himself in the presence

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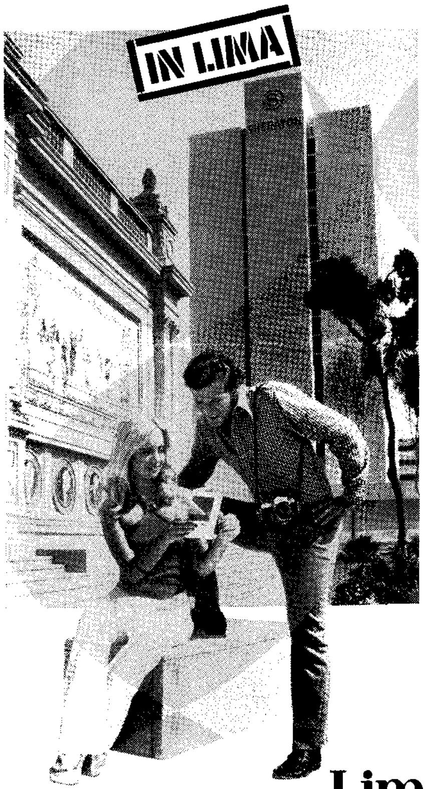

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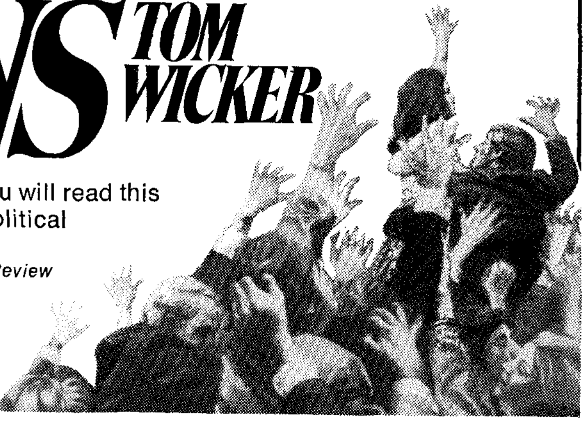

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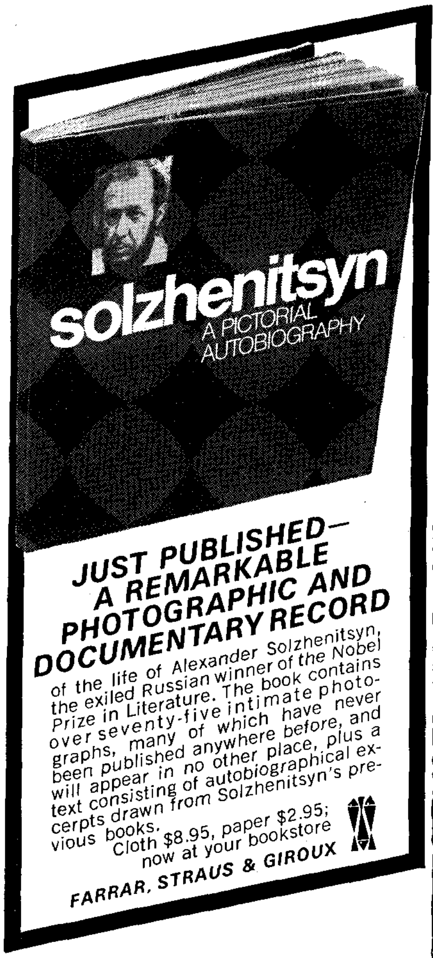

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of a monkey he is normally afraid of, he will sit and smile—apparently sublimating his artificially induced aggression rather than risk a beating.

Although Dr. Delgado says that his main objective is to study "the neurological correlates of normal behavior," some skeptics maintain that his real interest is in the technology of brain control. Unquestionably, he is fascinated by the tools he uses in his work. He began his presentation to the Interdisciplinary Conference with a quick summary of the latest developments at his laboratory. First, he mentioned the "dialytrode"—a device that resembles a hypodermic needle combined with a bundle of electrodes. This can be implanted in an animal's skull and left there for months. With the dialytrode, an experimenter not only can stimulate and record electrically but can also inject minute amounts of chemical compounds into a particular area of the brain and remove small samples of metabolic products for laboratory analysis. According to Dr. Delgado, the new device will enable him to follow the complex interactions between electrical and chemical events in the brain. "The biochemists are mostly doing the neurochemistry of the dead brain; what we want to explore is the neurochemistry of the living, working brain," he said.

Dr. Delgado and his associates have also designed a stimulator that is small enough to be buried under the skin of a monkey's scalp. Once the incision heals, nothing is visible on the surface; there is literally no way for an observer to guess that the monkey's behavior is being controlled from the outside. But this is only an interim development, Dr. Delgado said. He went on, "I predict that in the next two years, with the new technique of integrated circuitry, it will be possible to implant microminiaturized *computers* subcutaneously." Such computers would provide even more sophisticated control of freely moving animals; for example, a computer could be programmed to adjust the timing of E.S.B. bursts in relation to the animal's changing responses, so that new kinds of behavior-regulating circuits could be added to those already operating in the nervous system.

In order to study the behavior of animals in a setting more natural than laboratory cages, Dr. Delgado has established a colony of gibbons on a small uninhabited island off Bermuda. Like a proud parent displaying family snapshots, he showed color slides of his gibbons cavorting in the sunshine; the animals seemed to be oblivious of the wires in their heads. "This is the trend in primate research," he said. "To bring the laboratory to the jungle and the jungle to the laboratory." The logical next step, of course, is to bring the laboratory to human society. Dr. Delgado does not see how anyone can object to the use of E.S.B. in human beings to alleviate pain or to control the symptoms of epilepsy or Parkinson's disease. Medical men should always be conservative, he says, and E.S.B. therapy is actually a conservative procedure—compared to the surgical destruction of large areas of brain tissue. But when it comes to socia problems, Dr. Delgado told the conference, we must be as daring and imaginative as possible in applying the latest discoveries of the brain sciences "In my humble opinion, the most important thing is not to 'know thyself but to 'construct thyself,' " Dr. Delgado said. "We know that input modify the structures of the brain. A we gain knowledge into this process we can start planning the constructio of the future mind of man, what I ca 'psychocivilized man'—a man civilize not only in his tools and surrounding but also in his morals, ethics, ideas. Ur less we construct this psychocivilizatio our great technological power will sur ly destroy us."

When Dr. Delgado starts talkin about "psychocivilized man," many his fellow-scientists cringe. He *seems* be saying that the tools of neur physiology and neurochemistry shou be used to create a race of supermen— a notion that would only confirm t layman's worst fears about the hubris brain scientists. But whenev Dr. Delgado is challenged this point he claims that he h been misinterpreted.

During the discussion pe od, Dr. Dongier said to hi "You seem very ambivale toward your own metho You say that you are not e gaged in push-button control, and th you show us examples of turning 'aggression' and 'smiling' in monke Isn't this push-button control?"

"No, no," Dr. Delgado said. "W are only activating what is alrea there. When we stimulate a monke brain, we are simply one more eleme in determining his behavior. We m change his threshold for aggression, b we cannot make him attack a tota unsuitable target."

As for the question of who sh tamper with whose brains, Dr. D gado seemed surprised that it shou come up at all. Whatever regulations are finally worked out inside the clinic to govern psychosurgery should apply to the less drastic E.S.B. therapy as well, he said. As for "constructing psychocivilized man," he insisted that this meant nothing more than redesigning our social institutions on the basis of what we have learned about the brain. "For example," he said, "we can use the neurophysiological data from electrode research to improve our educational methods, just as we now use information from sociological and psychiatric research."

Not all the participants in the Fifth International Interdisciplinary Conference on the Future of the Brain Sciences were completely reassured by Dr. Delgado's clarifying remarks. Dr. Bogoch, for one, saw no sense in denying the obvious: that there are some risks in direct approaches to the brain. At the moment, he noted, it is easier to intervene in the brain than to understand it. And it is impossible for the layman to hear about this new technology without conjuring up images from "Brave New World" and "Nineteen Eighty-four." But Dr. Bogoch insists that the potential benefits to be gained from pursuing brain research far outweigh the potential risks. In addition to the few things we can already do for patients, he says, we can expect to see, within the next century, chemical or electrical treatments to prevent senility, to cure most kinds of neuroses and psychoses, and to prevent the great majority of mental deficiencies resulting from birth defects. Beyond that, we must face the prospect that man will someday have the power to build what Dr. Bogoch calls "a better brain." No one can predict how this power will be used, or for whose benefit. But, considering all the possible routes to self-destruction that we have devised, one can at least hope that man's attempts to remodel his cerebral hardware will lead to the next great step in evolution—a brain smart enough both to understand and to control itself.

—GERALD JONAS

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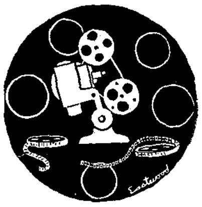
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Private Nose

NEVER a nose toward which one felt so tenderly. Jack Nicholson's handsome nose in Roman Polanski's "Chinatown" spends a lot of its time under gauze and tape after it has been slit for its owner's being "nosy." Every time a car door bangs or a window crashes or a fight ensues, one cringes on the nose's behalf. By the end of the film, enough time has passed for the gauze wrapping to come off, and we are treated to a horribly realistic makeup job of inflammation around stitches. The intrepid owner plays a private detective who, as in Sherlock Holmes' relationship with Scotland Yard, irritates the dumber professionals but commands their awe. Called J. J. Gittes, he foils them at their own game by uncovering a conscienceless millionaire's dastardly plan. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert.



Faye Dunaway plays a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray. To track down the puzzle of her husband's death, which turns out to have more to do with venality than with violence, she hires J. J. Gittes, a non-gun-toting 'tec. You suspect him of not carrying a revolver because it would spoil the line of his debonair suits, which are worthy of Fred Astaire. Her father is a Biblical-looking figure called Noah Cross, and he is played by John Huston, whom we are so accustomed to see dealing with floods and arks elsewhere that when the character proposes to dabble with the water system of the City of Los Angeles he seems more likely to succeed than he otherwise might. Since the end of the film is laid in Chinatown, and since a good deal of play is made with a stage-Chinese gardener who calls grass "glass"—though maybe he does mean glass after all, since a key piece of evidence is a pair of broken bifocals that he fishes out of a pool in the back yard of Mrs. Mulwray's house—it passes through your mind that "Noah Cross" may have been suggested as a name to the writer by the way a stage-foreign villain might say "No cross me," the white-headed prophet not being slow to get a strong man to plant a pistol in the ear of J. J. Gittes when he turns out to know more than he should. Know? Knows? Nose? Oh, never mind.

Property-owning and power over the police are much more the topics of this film than the murder and incest that are part of the plot. The villains—one of them full-blown and irresistibly attractive, many of them aides in high places—are guilty of disguising their purpose in persuading the city to build a dam that is secretly meant to enrich the soil of undeveloped land that has been bought for a song. "If the water won't come to Los Angeles, Los Angeles must come to the water," says the hardest-hearted villain, who has an epigrammatic way of speaking and the smugness lent by a colossal bank balance.

Roman Polanski's mood of oblique farce is everywhere: in this line, for instance; and in the moment when an irate but helpless shepherd brings a flock of baaing sheep up the aisle of a city meeting where the officials are being persuaded by the city's chief water engineer that the proposed dam, which would aid the productivity of the shepherd's grazing land, is an unworkable project; and in an old-people's-home scene; and in the use of a sinister lettuce that leads our eyes slowly to a corpse surrounded by spilled groceries, including Cream of Wheat looking its blandest. Like Hitchcock, Polanski can spring a non-happening on one which is as frightening as anything that happens. There are dreadful moments of suspense in a dead-quiet strange house that we suspect of containing a murderer when J. J. Gittes, who has earlier gone to bed at home in one of the few complete pairs of pajamas I have seen worn in the cinema of the last twenty years, dresses again nattily in response to two ominous telephone calls from the place and searches it with inimitable cool while we expect him to be zonked on the head any moment. Because of its emphasis on greed, "Chinatown" is a thriller for grownups. It is exempt from the usual exile filmmaker's romanticism about Los Angeles, is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood thriller-masters, but is full of young verve, bowing to no one.

THE Marx Brothers' famous "Animal Crackers" (1930) hasn't been seen since the copyright of the original stage show ran out in 1956. Now that MCA has braced itself and paid for the expensive renewal, don't fail to go to the film, even though the print is faded. "Animal Crackers" is a fast curveball, a jaunt, a spree.

The film was taken from the musical stage play by George S. Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind, Bert Kalmar, and Harry Ruby. The story is about how Harpo, Chico, Zeppo, and Groucho wreck a houseparty given by Margaret Dumont, playing a frigate of a hostess called Mrs. Rittenhouse. Groucho makes his entrance carried by four Africans in what seems to be a jungle version of a sedan chair, and grumbles about their having chosen to come from Africa via Australia. He wears low-slung white riding breeches and a topee, and he carries a riding crop, thwacking it hopefully against the flanks of a nonexistent horse, which, he says, "slipped right out from between me." To Mrs. Rittenhouse he is unfailingly rude. When she apologizes negligently to her guests about the contretemps the evening before, grandly referring to the chaos of a painting's being stolen, Groucho asks cheerfully if she means the dinner she served. He goes on to say, with the famous wobbling leer that he beams on his undesirable broads, "If I were a man, you'd resent me for that."

Roscoe Chandler (Louis Sorin), a rich man with an accent you could cut with a teaspoon, whom the brothers suspect of being Czech, says furiously about the theft, "That's my picture." Groucho responds, with his usual maddening buoyancy, "Well, it doesn't *look* like you." Various things are shot in the film. Nothing serious. A pendulum, a pair of athletic-looking nude Greek statues who look as if they were the models for the fireside fight in "Women in Love" and who suddenly fire back: no one wounded. The moment of trauma comes when Groucho, as the steely-hearted Captain Spaulding, who looks as if he had devoted his life to exploring something even more dangerous than Margaret Dumont suddenly faints at the thought of a caterpillar. Groucho's way of telling Mrs Rittenhouse that he loves her is to ask her to wash out a pair of his socks When she says that she thinks marriage is a very noble institution, appearing to be addressing some unseen gallery, he neighs, for reasons known only to himself: chatting to his escaped horse, perhaps. Groucho's mixture of the surrea and the rude seems entirely his, however much of it must have come from writers who, like Kaufman and S. J Perelman, knew how to invent dialogue to fit the marks of his insulting comic genius. Groucho stands alone—

bends, rather, with his misleadingly lecherous walk that buckles at the knees. His rolling eyes promise some lovelorn remark but lead to the most uncourtly and purposeful gaffes in the world.

Harpo's Semitic-Ariel look persists, with its flickering trace of weariness, or even acidity; so do his nineteen-thirties-peroxided-shopgirl mop of hair, his erotic greed, and his intent harp playing, to which he here sublimely adds a yawn, as though musicianship were bound to take it out of a man. (In the brothers' very early days in vaudeville—see "The Marx Bros. Scrapbook"—Harpo's musicality was used in an act called "The Four Nightingales." Richard J. Anobile: "I gather Harpo just sang." Groucho: "If you could call growling singing.") Harpo in "Animal Crackers" has one of the most charmng quick-change—or undress—rouines in show biz. Cast as someone alled The Professor, he wears an opra hat, cape, white stiff collar, shirt, nd bow tie, with hooter-topped cane nd mouthful of bubble gum. His dress or some reason puts Captain Spaulding n mind of the entrance of a Fig Newon. When a stammering and obviously riminal butler takes The Professor's ape, the whole caboodle of evening lothes comes off in one, leaving him quipped with only the opera hat, satin unks, hooter cane, and bubble gum, hich he obligingly blows into the shape f a strawberry when asked. Chico, plaid trousers, corduroy jacket, and e famous hat that looks as if it had ffered in the wash, plays a characr called Signor Emanuel Ravelli. harged by Groucho with resembling a an called Ravelli, he says that he *is* avelli. Eventually, after a mess of oubletalk, he crumbles, and says, "He inks I look alike."

Of all the brothers, Groucho aims e volleys of wit that have the eeriest vists on them. He may be the brainiest tirist to have acted in pre-Second orld War films, although he shows t an inkling of a working cerebral rtex, depending instead on apparent anity. He never seems to allow himlf to be burdened by his public. If we n't catch his weird throws of wit, e've lost, that's all—like Margaret umont, whose dowager face makes a rn straight-woman's complaint that e doesn't understand half of what's ing on. He does some very peculiar ings with language. A classic piece of gal nonsense is sent to a lawyer in Animal Crackers," dictated through chinless wonder of a secretarially inded guest. The missive means noth-

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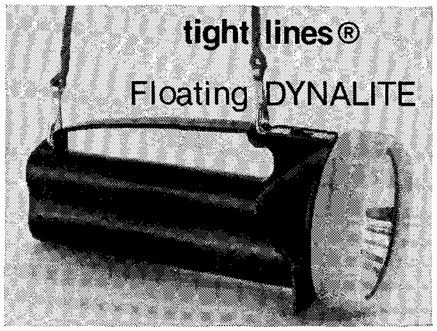

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ing at all and leaves you wondering whether the "lieu" of "in lieu" might be a town. (Long ago, in the stage musical "I'll Say She Is," Groucho played a Napoleon who kept lousing up his brother's attempts to make love to Josephine by constantly coming back, saying at one point, "Beyond the Alps there are more Alps, and the Lord Alps those who Alps themselves." Kaufman once told Groucho that he was the only actor he would allow to ad-lib in one of his shows.)

It is beside the point to say that "Animal Crackers" isn't one of the Marx Brothers' best movies. Their worst is a lot better than most things one can think of, and this is by no means their worst. Anyway, they have a way of hoisting up even the rotten by its drooping trouser belt as though that were what they had meant to do all the time. The musical numbers and Groucho's dance in "Animal Crackers" may look dated, but the period zest is beguiling through the fog of the years, and the wisecracking is tonic.

BORN May 25, 1943. Occupation: None. No, housewife. And secretary and translator. Married March 18, 1966. Elisabeth Charlotte Odelsdorf (Margarethe von Trotta) has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers. She has left her home in Germany. She wants custody of her young son. Claptrap about women's freedom has led her to think that she is now unfettered and will be able to find a job that has some worthier purpose than chasing dust.

Volker Schlöndorff's "A Free Woman" is the story of Elisabeth. (He made "Young Törless.") This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, whom one suspects of contributing a good deal of the irony and humor. A "free" woman? Well, free to buy a wig in celebration of change, and free to talk without guilt to a man over coffee, but not free from untrue truisms ("A woman never leaves a man except for another man"), and not free to have a life with anyone else, for fear of jeopardizing the custody of her child. She hears people speak of "starting too late." How old is she? Hitting thirty. She finds herself dealing with prejudices about working women that she hadn't reckoned on. The will to accomplish is called ambition in a man, and admired; the same will is found unpleasant, unfeminine, ignoble in a woman. She is offered jobs as a nurse, a social worker: "real women's jobs." Men seem to want to give her work, but they soon start flirting with her. Even at a holdup, she learns, you have to be a man to be taken seriously. A woman, it seems, has to be a vamp or a housewife—can that really be so? Elisabeth doesn't want to be a doll or an intellectual or a lady, either. Just a woman. Changes are called for, but they are difficult without aid—though this would be called a feminine attitude in itself. A building engineer whom she is fond of, an old friend called Oskar (Martin Luttge), tries to tempt her into remarriage, but she holds off. Which is unwise, as women know, in the case of mothers fighting for custody. Her husband is a formidable rival: newly remarried, to a kindergarten teacher whom the courts would think ideal, whereas Elisabeth has an art-gallery job that takes her abroad for long stretches. The black marks mount up. The courts rule against her, although a few moments of the film showing her alone with the child are enough to make it obvious that they adore each other irreplaceably.

"A Free Woman" sounds muc more polemic than it is. Some of th script is like a play by a funny, tender-hearted Ibsen. The characterizatio and the acting are finely tuned, and th sad irrevocability of the ending is entirely believable. To keep her son, sh says yes to Oskar. A mistake, of course But in the balance, as things are . . That's the grief in this film, which also blithe and gallant.

—PENELOPE GILLIAT

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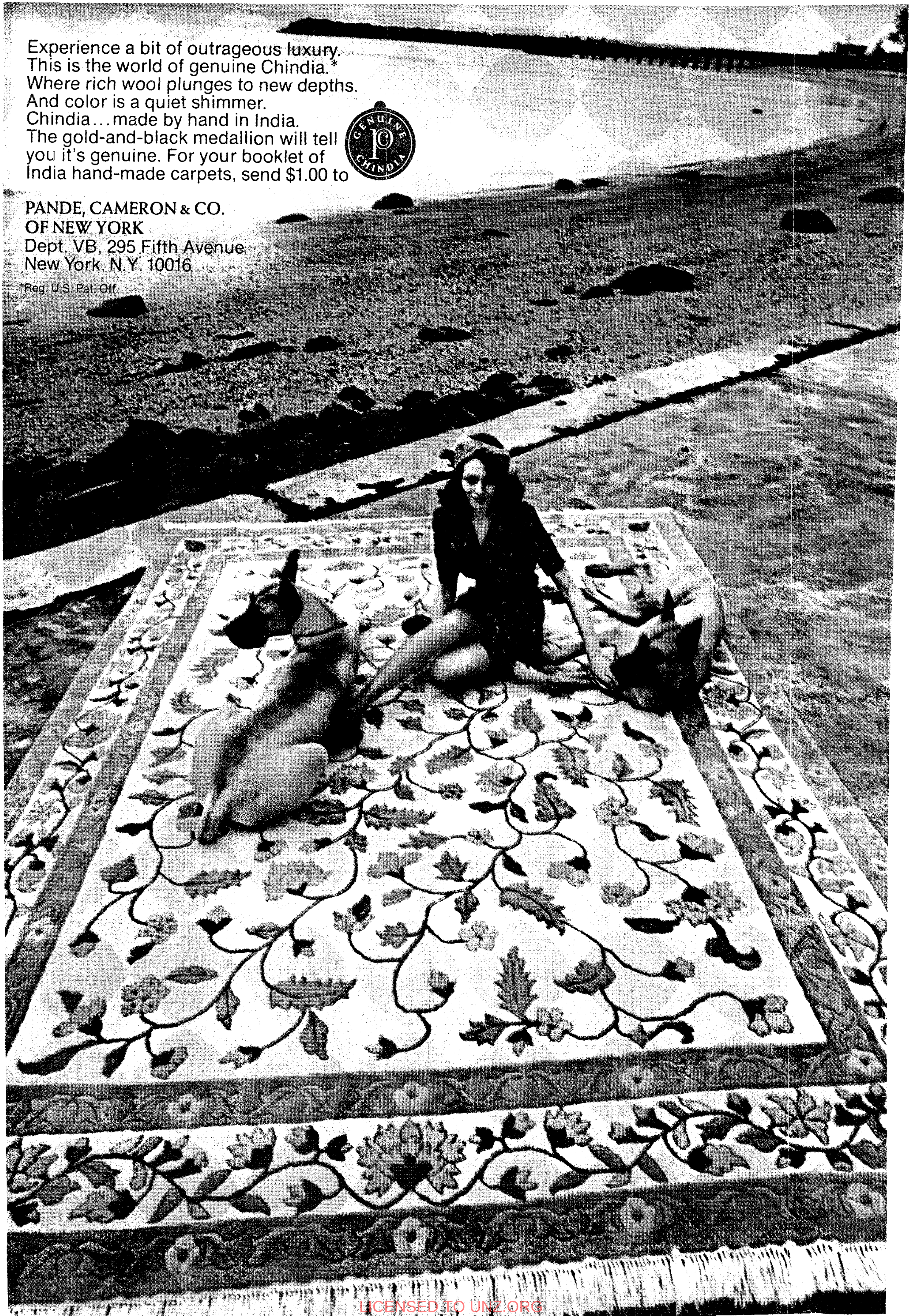

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